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DUBLIN REVIEW.

VOL. IX.

PUBLISHED IN

AUGUST & NOVEMBER, 1840.

LONDON:

C. DOLMAN, 61, NEW BOND STREET:

(*Nephew and Successor to J. Booker.*)

BOOKER & CO. 37, RANELAGH STREET, LIVERPOOL.

J. CUMMING, DUBLIN:—W. TAIT, EDINBURGH.

1840.

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LONDON: C. RICHARDS, PRINTER, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

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French and German Catholic Literature.

THE

DUBLIN REVIEW.

AUGUST 1840.

ART. I.—*Der Geist des Christenthums dargestellt in den heiligen Zeiten, in den heiligen Handlungen, und in der heiligen Kunst.* (The Spirit of Christianity exhibited in sacred Seasons, in sacred Actions, and in sacred Art.) In Two Parts. By Dr. F. A. Staudenmaier, Professor of Theology at the University of Freyburg, in Breisgau. Second edition, enlarged and improved. Mayence: 1838.

THE festivals of the Church are not arbitrarily appointed, but succeed each other in beautiful order and systematic arrangement. The first part of the ecclesiastical year, from Advent to Lent, is devoted to the contemplation of the mystery of the Incarnation. The second part, from Lent to Pentecost, is dedicated to that of the mystery of the Redemption; and the third, from Pentecost to All Saints, commemorates the descent of the Holy Spirit, the foundation of the Church, and the propagation of the gospel; while the concluding festivals of All Saints and All Souls recall to our minds the glories of the Church triumphant, the tribulations of the suffering Church, and the terrors of the Last Judgment.

Within this grand cycle, there is an epicycle of festivals, devoted to the celebration of the blessed Mother of God, and the other saints.

But, if the order in which the festivals of the Church succeed be admirable, the subjects which they commemorate are of the most touching, impressive, and sublime nature. It is now the Divinity taking our flesh to rescue lost man from the penalty of sin, that is brought before our spiritual contemplation; now the Son of God expiring on the cross in most bitter torments; here the holy maid of Nazareth receiving with trembling joy the glad tidings of human salvation; there the Saviour of

men rising triumphant from "his glorious tomb," victorious over death, and leading away captivity captive; and there, again, the Holy Spirit descending on the apostles, to found the everlasting kingdom, and fashion a new spiritual generation. These are some of the momentous subjects which the Church celebrates on her festivals. But the liturgy, in which these religious commemorations are embodied, is equally entitled to admiration. With what wonderful wisdom is it framed! With what propriety has she selected the various epistles and gospels of each Sunday and festival, adapting them to the circumstances of the occasion, and the spiritual wants of her children! What beauty, what gravity, what exquisite fitness, reign in the subordinate parts of the liturgy, such as the introits, the collects, and the graduals! These prayers, like the minuter ornaments of a gothic cathedral, are in perfect keeping with the whole of the majestic service; yet, like those ornaments, their very fitness and propriety are often the cause of their being overlooked. The antiquity, too, of the liturgy, imposes on the imagination, and excites the most reverential feelings. It is frivolous to allege that the language in which it is composed, is unknown to the greatest part of the faithful. Mankind have always been sensible that an ancient tongue was a more fitting and dignified vehicle for the celebration of religious worship than a vulgar and a recent one.

The oriental Christians, as well those who have seceded from, as those who have remained faithful to, the communion of the Catholic Church, have retained the use of the ancient Greek, Syriac, and Coptic tongues in their respective liturgies; though those languages are no longer spoken nor understood by the majority of their present members. The same practice prevails in the Jewish Church, where the ancient Hebrew, which, since the Babylonish captivity, has been unintelligble to all but the lettered Jews, is the language consecrated to public prayer; and it is remarkable that the Buddhists of Thibet, to this day, employ in their public worship the hieratic tongue—the sacred Sanscrit—a foreign speech, which, like their religion, was brought to them many centuries ago from India.

It should also be borne in mind that the most solemn service of the Catholic Church, unlike that of the modern Jews and of the Protestants, is an awful, tremendous sacrifice, which, independently of the particular words wherein it is solemnized, commands the attention, and excites the reverential piety, of the faithful. Moreover the Church, in the abundance of her

solicitude and love, provides translations and explanations in the vulgar tongue, of all the prayers that precede, accompany and follow this august sacrifice. But we should form an inadequate idea of the excellence of the Catholic liturgy, were we to leave out of consideration the beauty of the ceremonial. Here actions embody, enliven, and enforce the outpourings of the heart. Hereby the eye, the imagination, and the feelings, are alike enlisted in the service of God;—the supplications of the Church are typified and represented in outward acts; and every avenue is seized and occupied, whereby religious impressions can be conveyed to the soul. As the Catholic sacrifice is incomparably the purest and the most sublime ever offered up in the temples of man, so the ceremonial of the Church, according to the avowal of its very adversaries, is the most solemn, impressive, and majestic, ever exhibited to human eye.

Let us hear on this subject the striking testimonies of two eloquent Protestant writers:—

"There is something extremely touching," says Count Von Löben, "in the maternal, accessible, and poetical character of Catholicism; and the soul finds a constant asylum in her quiet chapels, before the Christmas candles, in the soft purifying atmosphere of incense, in the outstretched arms of the heavenly mother, while it sinks down before her in humility, filial meekness, and contemplation of the Saviour's love. The Catholic churches, with their ever-opened portals, their ever-burning lamps, the ever-resounding voices of their thanksgiving, with their masses, their ever-recurring festivals and days of commemoration, declare with touching truth, that here the arms of a mother are ever open, ready to refresh every one who is troubled and heavy laden; that here the sweet repast of love is prepared for all, and a refuge is found by day and by night. When we consider this constant occupation of priests, this carrying in and out of the Holy of Holies, the fulness of emblems, the ornaments, varying every day, like the changing leaves of the flower; the Catholic Church will appear like a deep, copious well in the midst of a city, which collects around it all the inhabitants, and whose waters, perpetually cool, refresh, bless, and pervade all around."—Count Isidore von Löben, *Lotosblatter*, 1817. Part 1.

"If the pilgrim, (says M. Clausen,) after the completion of his pilgrimage, weary, but full of pious joy and devotion, kneels down on the steps of the church, and returns thanks to Him who hath smoothed his way, and guided and protected his steps; if the mother, in the still, vacant temple, lies sunk at the foot of the altar, and commends her infant to the care of the saint invoked; if the evening sun glimmers through the dim, yet gorgeous colouring of the Gothic window, and sheds its last rays on those individuals who select for their devotion

the quiet hours after the completion of the day's work; if the altar-lights, at vespers, illume the dark vaults, and the organ murmurs forth its tones in holy chorus; if the hours of midnight and of sun-rise are announced by the convent-bell, which calls the monks from their cells to praise the Lord by day and by night, and to pray for all sufferers near and remote;—so it is clear and evident, (and the Catholic Church has the merit of rendering this truth still more evident), that life should be a continued worship of the Deity; that Art and Nature possess an eternal and universal language for the expression and awakening of the highest feelings in the human breast; and we must *esteem that Church as happy*, which is enabled to appropriate this language in its whole extent."—*Clausen*, c. 1, p. 790.

This ceremonial, beautiful, impressive, and majestic as it is, must needs exert a powerful influence upon art. Man is by nature an artistic being.

The German poet has beautifully observed,

> "Science, O man, thou shar'st with higher spirits;
> But Art thou hast alone."

If man, whose consciousness is composed of understanding, imagination, and sense, be in a manner driven by his compound nature to embody his feelings in outward representations, he must naturally seek his highest inspirations in that principle which has ever exerted the strongest empire over the human breast,—we mean religion. Hence, in every age, the noblest efforts of art have been directed to the honour of religion, and have been hallowed and dignified by her influence. This influence was more or less sound, according as the religious system itself was more or less vigorously constituted, and according as it contained more or less elements of divine truth. In architecture, sculpture, and painting, this gradation of religious influence is clearly perceptible. Thus, while the light, airy, graceful temples of Greece and Rome corresponded well to their gay and voluptuous mythology; while the sombre, massive, and often subterraneous temples of the old oriental nations fitly symbolized the dark magical rites of demon-worship, solemnized within their walls; the Gothic, or northern architecture, with its majestic arches, its soaring columns, its profusion of mystic ornaments, its long narrow aisles, lit "by a dim religious light," like the shadowy light of the Christian mysteries themselves, the gothic or northern architecture typifies the exalting power of that religion, which lifts man above the world of sense, and amid the darkness and tribulations of this valley of death, cheers his soul with bright glimpses of eternity. Nor when Christian art renovated and perfected the forms of the old Roman architecture, was its influence less mysterious, or its power less striking.

In painting and sculpture, the triumph of Christianity was no less conspicuous. The extravagant doctrines of Paganism, its sensual worship, its mere local and national traditions, the earthward tendency of its whole spirit, contributed much to narrow the sphere, as well as debase the conceptions, of ancient art. On the other hand, the sublime dogmas of Christianity, its pure morality, its universal sympathies, the mystical, supernatural character stamped on all its institutions, have at once spiritualized the views and immeasurably enlarged the field of the artist.

These general observations on the Christian festivals, liturgy, and art, will not, we trust, be considered an inappropriate introduction to a reviewal of the excellent work at the head of our article.

The plan of our author is, to go through the whole cycle of the ecclesiastical year, explaining the nature and object of each festival, elucidating the more important parts of the liturgy appropriated to the celebration of such festival, and citing, or referring to, the most remarkable productions of ancient and modern poetry, or describing the most celebrated works of art raised or composed in its honour.

The book is full of interest, variety, and instruction. Sometimes the author conducts the youth to whom it is addressed into the temple of the Catholic church, displaying to his astonished eyes the majesty of her worship, the beauty of her liturgy, and the import of her ceremonial; sometimes he leads him to the great temple of nature herself, revealing to him all the wonders of creative love and wisdom, explaining her mysterious symbols, and interpreting her mute but significant language. Now, he unfolds to him the depth, and sublimity, and secret connexion of the dogmas of religion; now he brings before his contemplation the glorious monuments of art, pervaded and hallowed by religion, and reflecting in turn the splendour of her holiness.

The present work has much analogy with Chateaubriand's "Génie du Christianisme;" though, from the national, as well as individual character of the two writers, there are many points of difference between them. The production of the Frenchman aims more at pointing out the external beauties and social blessings of Christianity—that of the German, its internal harmony and moral influences. The former is more eloquent and imaginative—the latter more thoughtful, at once, and more feeling. In short, one treats the ideal, the other the more practical part of his subject.

As Dr. Staudenmaier's work is divided into the four cycles of the ecclesiastical year, we shall give a rapid summary of its contents under each of those heads, citing such passages as best reveal the nature of the book, or set the author's talent in the fairest light.

In the first portion of the ecclesiastical year, from the commencement of Advent to Easter, the author, in the first place, expatiates on original sin and its consequences, describes the character of Heathenism, the old covenant, the object of the Mosaic law, the nature of the Jewish priesthood, the prophetic office, and its relations to the past and to the future. In the next place, he points out the signification and beauty of many parts of the liturgy of Advent; and, after noticing the object of the festival of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, shows the nature and object of her mission. The life and mission of the Baptist—the coming of Christ—the relation between the season and the religious commemorations of Advent—the birth of the Lord—the solemnities of Christmas, and the pious entertainments of that period,--pass next under consideration. The author then enters into an elaborate disquisition on sacred poetry, music, and painting, in relation to religion in general, and to the festivals of this cycle in particular. The feasts of St. Stephen, St. John, Holy Innocents, the Circumcision of Christ, the Epiphany, the Vocation of the Gentiles, the Flight into Egypt, the festival of the Purification, the ceremony of churching women, and the infancy of Christ, come successively under review; the author closing this section of the work with some excellent observations, wherein he demonstrates the intimate connexion between the life, ministry, and doctrine of our Lord.

After this brief analysis of the first section of the work, we shall now proceed to lay before our readers a few passages of the greatest interest or beauty, or which best illustrate the author's peculiar manner.

The following remarks on the mission of the Baptist, are, we think, elegant and ingenious:—

"The words which the Redeemer himself, in Matthew (c. xi. v. 14) pronounces on John, in reference to his calling and destination, are truly remarkable. He calls him one who is more than a prophet—he is, moreover, the Elias who is to come; nay, he speaks of him as one who is the greatest amongst those born of women; and yet he adds, the smallest in the kingdom of heaven is greater than John the Baptist. And wherefore this? Anciently, the Messiah who was to come lived only as a promise in the darkness of prophecy. But John saw the prophecy already fulfilled, for he beheld with his own eyes the

Promised One. Wherefore he could point out with his fingers the Messiah walking, and say—'Behold, this is the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world.' Hence is John, Elias, for in him, as a prophet, is fulfilled all that the other prophets have seen only in images. But he is, on this account, the greatest of prophets, for the other prophets could only foretell the advent of the Messiah, whereas John could indicate and announce the Messiah when he was already come.

But the greatest of prophets is the least in the kingdom of heaven. How are we to understand this expression of our Lord?

Although John could point to the Redeemer and his kingdom, yet his whole mission forms a part of the old covenant, and not of the new. Nay, he was but the termination of the old covenant—its last historical personage. Hence this personage, while recognizing its own limits, points beyond them to him who commences the new kingdom. The last and greatest prophet, like the whole ancient covenant itself, is only there to prepare the way for the Redeemer of the world, not to become a member of the higher kingdom for which he prepares the way. . . . . Hence, he retired from the theatre of his activity before Christ consummated the work of atonement, and before the spirit which took from his own to give it us, graciously descended on the chosen members of the divine kingdom. He stood not in that intimate, holy, vital communion with Christ, which is necessary to make men members of his covenant. John is himself that which he announces. He is, to express our meaning in one word, the soul of the ancient world, which is preparing, and hath prepared, with earnest austerity, for the coming of Christ; but wherein the Lord hath not yet solemnized his entry."—vol. i. pp. 175-8.

There is a deep, affecting moral in the following passage, where the spiritual state of man prior to Christ, is compared with the drooping, cheerless aspect of nature in that period of the year wherein the coming of our Lord is commemorated:—

"The latter half of autumn, in which the beginning of the ecclesiastical year falls, is that period wherein the seed is cast into the earth, for the future germination, growth, and maturity of the fruit. But to receive into its womb the seed so cast, the earth must be tilled, and, as it were, made new by the edge of the ploughshare. In the same manner, before man can receive those germs of divine life, which his coming Saviour, whose gradual approach the Advent solemnizes in stillness, brings with Him into the world, he needs a total renovation of sense and heart, without which the divine seed can neither germinate, grow, nor ripen. But what the furrowing and scattering ploughshare is to the earth, the word of God, especially as it resounds from the lips of John, is to the soul of man. It is the word of penitence and of total renovation of life. And this is the word, whereof it is said, 'For the word of God is living and effectual,

and more piercing than any two-edged sword: and reaching unto the division of the soul and spirit, of the joints also, and the marrow: and is a discerner of the thoughts and intentions of the heart. Neither is there any creature invisible in his sight; but all things are naked and open to the eyes of Him to whom our speech is.' (Heb. iv. 12, 13.)

"While now the penitential spirit produces such effects in the soul, those feelings of repentance, sorrow, and grief, are awakened, to which I alluded above.

"To excite these feelings, as well as that of humiliation, many things concur, partly in the aspect of Nature at this period, partly in the occurrences which are brought before our spiritual contemplation. We see the days becoming ever briefer and more sunless; and soon, in the last week of Advent, on St. Thomas's Day, dawns the shortest day of the year, preceded and followed by its two longest nights. Thus doth Nature at this time truly exhibit the poverty and the obscurity of our life, as well as the spiritual night into which sin hath plunged humanity. And this briefest of days is St. Thomas's Day, which is rightly the figure of the unbelieving and timid nature of man, when destitute of grace. And should not this image cause us deep confusion and deep humiliation? Is not our glimmering existence like to the agitated and unhappy life of that unbelieving disciple, ere his Lord came, brought him peace, and converted his scepticism into steadfast faith? for he who believeth not, abideth not. Lastly, in these dark, sunless days, nay, in the very last, cometh the day of Adam and Eve, our first progenitors, by whom sin came into the world. So are the first and the second Adam, who is Christ, brought near together; they, as it were, touch one another; and yet is each the patriarch of his own race, each is separated at an infinite distance, one from the other. But they are brought together, to signify that the first Adam rendered the second necessary, and that Christ, the Redeemer of the human race, hath the most necessary relation to all times; for He is the great centre-point of all ages, and as the future is founded on Him, so was the past in expectancy of Him."—pp. 181-4.

M. Staudenmaier eloquently describes the moral state of man, prior to the coming of Christ; his profound spiritual ignorance—his pride—his self-worship—his subjection to the iron sway of destiny—and withal, his consciousness of his primeval fall, and all the guilt and misery it involved. How well is this condition pourtrayed in the beautiful lines of Novalis, cited by our author, and which, trusting in the indulgence of our readers, we will venture to translate.

I.

"An old and stifling sense of sin
Lay heavy on the lab'ring breast;
Blindly we wandered in the night,
By shame and grief alike oppress'd:

Each work we wrought seem'd stain'd with crime,
And man to God 's the deadly foe,
And if high heaven vouchsaf'd to speak,
Yet spake it but of death and woe.

II.

" The heart, exhaustless spring of life—
An evil spirit dwelt therein—
And if a light flash'd o'er our mind,
What but disquiet did we win?
An iron bond press'd down to earth
The trembling captive as he lay;
The fear of death's avenging sword
O'erclouded hope's last ling'ring ray.

III.

" Alone—with love— desire consum'd—
Day wore to us the brow of night;
We track'd along with burning tears
Life in its wild impetuous flight.
We found disquiet in turmoil—
We found at home a hopeless woe—
Ah! who without a friend in heaven
Did e'er endure his lot below?"

The author describes at much length the solemnities of Christmas, and dwells on the beautiful and touching services of the Church at that holy season. The civil entertainments, too, of that period, consecrated as they are by religion, claim his attention; and he gives an extremely interesting account of the Christmas festivities of a German family circle, at which he himself once assisted. Nowhere are the amiability and true-heartiness of the German character more strikingly displayed than in the interior of a Christmas circle.

Dr. Staudenmaier now proceeds to speak of art in its connexion with religion, and opens the subject with the following beautiful passage:—

" True art is at all times, howsoever and whatsoever it may produce, *the exposition of the infinite in the finite.* For the *beautiful,* which it exhibits, is *only a revelation of the divine;* or, as we might say, *a transfiguration of the divine in the earthly.* Hence true art ever exalts us from the finite world unto eternity; and from this it is evident that art must have the nearest relation to religion. For as art can find its perfection only in eternal objects, so is it directed for its representations to religion, which alone is capable of raising man from earthly to heavenly objects, from time unto eternity. For religion, as it is the living communion with God, is the happy, immortal, and glorified life itself, as far as we are able to contemplate it here below.

Thus, art ministers to faith. Nay, art itself is an emanation of the Divinity—a revelation of its glory.

"As all intuition is two-fold in time and in space, so the holy intuition of art. For all intuition should become sanctified by it. Thou mayest still remember what I said to thee in the introduction, upon space and time. On art the task seems to be imposed of realizing in its own way what I there said, since it represents the relations of space and time as pervaded and vivified by the Holy One. The art of time is music; the arts of space are architecture, painting, and sculpture; the art of time and space together is poetry.

"But the artist himself, whether he embody his thoughts in language, colour, marble, or melody, must be animated by a creative power; and this power is genius, rightly denominated a spark of the divinity. Genius works in its productions according to its peculiar laws, and after a typical manner; for the prototype must first reside in the artist's mind, ere it can be called forth by the creation of art. By this creation, man, as it were, produces a world out of himself in beautiful and noble images, forms, and shapes, and imparts to them spiritual life and spiritual expression. Thus in the artist not only doth Nature repeat her operations, but God hath really vouchsafed to him to be a second creator, and to work after the inborn image of the Divinity.

"Hence it must be evident to thee that it is only in Christianity art can possibly attain its supreme perfection; nay, that true art must from its very nature always be Christian. For it is only in the Christian religion we find divine truth, and its true connexion with the human and the finite. In heathenism, the sensual, the ungodly, strove to array themselves in the forms of beauty, and to give themselves a divine appearance. Darkness wished to clothe itself in light, and spared no means, in order, by a false glimmer and delusive splendour, to fascinate and corrupt the truly divine part of man. On this account art sighed for redemption; *and this redemption is Christianity itself.*"—pp. 237-41.

The author enforces and illustrates these observations by citing the whole of William Schlegel's elegant and ingenious poem, entitled *The Alliance between the Church and the Fine Arts*—a poem, which, together with other productions of his youth, proves how well this great writer once appreciated the noble influence of Catholicism on the human mind. If the indulgence of the reader will excuse our feeble attempt, we shall take the liberty of giving a rhymeless translation of some stanzas of this beautiful sonnet.

The poet begins by personifying the Christian Church, and after an appropriate description of the mien, port, and aspect of the celestial maid, represents her as bending her steps towards Greece, the once brilliant but now desolate shrine of the pagan muses.

I.

"She turns her steps to Greece, where tow'ring rise
Apollo's fabled heights, whereof the world
Sang such vain things; yet fair were still the forms
Wherein those vanities themselves array'd.
Apollo's altar hath been long o'erthrown;
In sterile desolation lie his groves;
Defil'd the water of the famous springs,
That murmuring thro' fens and briars creep.

II.

"Here have the arts despis'd a refuge sought;
And idle droops now the once practis'd hand,
Since Gods and heroes to the dust are sunk,
In whose high service it had spent its toil.
The high is fallen—the low exalted high:
Art deems eternal banishment her lot,
Since mortal eye, undazzled by the charm
Of sensual pleasure, turns to living truth.

III.

"Her rainbow veil all torn doth Painting change
For dusky flowers; while Music's half-strung lyre
Neglected hangs; e'en the proud organ's tube
Emits a hollow brokenness of sound.
No more glows Sculpture with Promethean fire;
The proudest sister of that choral band—
Architecture—like Niobe, all mute,
Sits on the stones whose ruins she laments."

The Christian Church tells the mourning Arts that what they bewail "never will return;" that they should rather grieve that they had lent their charms to adorn sensuality; but that if they will now devote themselves to her service, a far higher destiny awaits them.

"She spake: Ye know, how they who passed for Gods—
The dominations of the Gentile world—
Christ's first disciples scorned as rebels base,
And strove by torture to exterminate.
By night in tombs, or in the cavern'd rock,
They meet for secret worship, where all mute
Before their tyrants' menace, they observe
Their humble vigils, and low hymns rehearse.

"Yet foes promote what God himself ordain'd:
The Cross assail'd springs stronger from assault;
The blood of martyrs hath bedew'd its stem,
And the dry wood grows like the living tree.
Rome's eagle spreads its wings to seize the spoil—
Its bloody beak must henceforth kiss the cross,

Under whose shadow righteous millions kneel,
Far, from the rising to the setting sun."

But the period of the Church's triumph is at length arrived; the catacombs must be transformed into glorious temples, and loud canticles of jubilation succeed to the low dirge-chant of persecution. The poet represents the Christian Church as invoking the aid of Architecture, Sculpture, Painting, and Music, to adorn her triumph, directing and vivifying their labours, and pointing out to each the proper term and sphere of its efforts. Our limits will not permit us to give any further extracts from this interesting poem; but we cannot forbear translating the two fine stanzas on Michael Angelo and Raffaello with which it concludes.

"From the great Michael, who with courage wing'd,
Victorious hurl'd the Dragon to the deep,
Is the first nam'd, whose mind unchain'd by fear
Rapid and piercing as the lightning flew.
His daring pencil hath reveal'd the things
That frail mortality durst scarcely bode,—
The Saviour's coming—the all-wak'ning trump—
The death of Death—and Nature's wonderment.

"And Raphael, too, an angel of the Seven,
That stand before the all-tremendous throne,
Who hid his glory from the traveller's eye,—
As a true messenger he led his way;
And when the thankfulness for love reveal'd
All hearts o'erflow'd; escap'd with gentle words:
He who hath here a mortal guise assum'd,
By food invisible hath been regal'd.*

"He lends his name to a mild beam of love,
And art that kindles in a youthful breast;
As if with mind, not colours, it portrayed—
Such fervid soul is stamp'd in ev'ry trait.
Oft he invites Devotion to the feast,
Where by the brow serene it is refresh'd
And virgin glance of that celestial maid—
The Godhead's joy, bearing the Boy-God too,
Her heart's own joy, as both the joy of all.—

(*Der Bund der Kirche mit den Künsten. Von A. W. Schlegel.*)

Dr. Staudenmaier, with great acuteness of observation and force of reasoning, shows that the arts have an intimate connexion with each other—that they have their origin in the nature of man, and that they are necessary and essential organs of religion.

* What an elegant allusion does the poet here make to the history of the younger Tobias!

All art has the two-fold object of manifesting externally the sense of the beautiful innate in man, and of resuscitating that sense when it is dormant. But as every production of the human mind, which is not founded on eternal ideas, is of a vain, frivolous, and perishable nature, and as religion alone can furnish those ideas, it follows that religious art is the highest, the most necessary, and the only one truly valuable.

"If the idea of the Christian religion," says our author, "be developed on the side in which it is *infinite truth*, Christian science arises. But if it unfolds, what in its heavenly essence constitutes *eternal beauty*, or the *primal spiritual beauty*, Christian art arises."—p. 260.

But if Christian science stands in immediate connexion with the dogmas of religion, Christian art is intimately allied with its worship. That worship, as it is the representation of the most solemn mysteries of religion, must be performed with all outward pomp, dignity, and splendour, to manifest at once, and to excite, the due feelings of reverence; and here Art, which, as we have seen, is only a reflection of eternal beauty, has her noblest and most natural mission to fulfil. Those who would fain pretend that all this pomp of ceremonial, all this magnificence of art in the celebration of divine worship, are incompatible with the spirit of meekness and simplicity prescribed by the Gospel, show that they are alike unacquainted with the essence of religion, the object of art, and the wants and weaknesses of human nature. They are justly rebuked by our author, who appeals to the example of our divine Lord, who, when the pious Mary, that had chosen the better part, "took a pound of ointment of right spikenard of great price, and anointed his feet, and wiped them with her hair, so that the house was filled with the odour of the ointment," approved of her conduct; nor was any one found to rebuke her, save the apostle that afterwards betrayed him. (John xii. 1, 8.)

After these general reflections on art, Dr. Staudenmaier proceeds to examine each particular art in its relation to religion; and commences with sacred poetry. He defines the different kinds of Christian poesy, and cites several, and refers to many more, beautiful specimens from the old ecclesiastical hymns that have been received into the liturgy, as well as from the productions of modern writers. The German critics assert, however, that Dr. Staudenmaier does not appear sufficiently well acquainted with this branch of sacred literature, especially with the many old beautiful hymns in the German language.

The following passage on the nature and destination of religious music has struck us as eminently beautiful:—

"With sacred poetry, sacred music stands in the most intimate connexion; for every thought which powerfully seizes on the soul, whether it be in joy or in sorrow, will be converted into music or song. Music is poetry in tones—the language of feeling—and, in so far, the general language of man. Every true thought, and every true emotion, find accordingly in music their right tone, and become endued with vitality, and are rendered intelligible to all. But the reason wherefore music pierces so mysteriously into the inmost depths of the human soul, and lays hold of it with such mastery, is no other than this—that universal harmonies stir within it, and hereby especially the music of the higher eternal world descends here below. In it we apprehend the unison of all natures, and in this respect we are not astonished at that saying of the ancient, 'He who practises music, imitates the Divinity itself.' We can also now better understand the extent of the service which music can and will render to that religion, which of itself, by the reconciliation of the world with God, solemnizes in its holiest actions, the most sovereign harmony that can exist. Hence we may conclude that it is in Christianity alone music can attain its summit of perfection, as well as its true object. Is not Christianity itself the holiest music, the purest and most splendid harmony which can be conceived? The one theme of this religion is the atonement; and the internal harmony of this one theme is repeated through an infinite multitude of variations, which are all connected by the great and profound spirit of Christianity. Did not the Saviour come into the world amid the choral song of angels? And had not thus our religion really a musical beginning? Are we not daily summoned to our devotions in the temple by the harmonious ringing of bells? Let us, then, recognize the great affinity of Christianity with music!

"But here we understand that true music which is alone entitled to the appellation of holy. In this I do not include the modern method, whose property it is to overload the song, at the cost of melody and expression, with ever-recurring ornaments and devices, whereby the original idea is entirely set aside, and it is at most but the words and the time which distinguish one air from another. Hence the elder and purer method, wherein simplicity prevails, and the deepest feelings are faithfully expressed, is still found incomparably superior. Hence the artificial flourishes, shakes, and quavers, mar the holiness of every great impression. Amid the profane degeneracy of church music, which is so utterly adverse to the dignity of the Christian worship, the necessity of recurring to the old, venerable, and stately style of the Gregorian chant, or to the noble improvements of Palestrina, the regenerator of sacred music, cannot be too urgently enforced."—pp. 274-6, part I.

Our limits will not permit us to analyze our author's reflections on the different schools of Christian painting; much as

we should have wished to have noticed his beautiful critique of some master-pieces of the old Rhenish school, whose naïve piety, and captivating amenity of genius, have something singularly analogous to the mind and character of our amiable author. We must now proceed to the second section of the work.

In the second cycle of the ecclesiastical year, from Easter to Pentecost, the author expatiates on the divine fact of the Redemption of the world; then the preparation for Lent, then the fast of Lent, Ash Wednesday, the transfiguration of Christ, and the master-pieces which art has consecrated to that event; (particularly the celebrated painting by Raphael,) pass successively under review. The offices of Holy Week, and the feelings which they are calculated to excite, are more minutely analysed. The author then passes to Rome, and describes with much enthusiasm the solemnities of that holy season in the eternal city. The eternal priesthood of Christ, his resurrection, the festival of Easter and its liturgy, Low Sunday, and the first communion of children, are severally the subject of many excellent reflections. The royalty of Christ, the last discourses of Jesus, Rogation Week, (with an interesting account of the rural processions of that season) and the ascension of our Lord, come next under consideration; the section being closed with a description of the more celebrated monuments of art consecrated to the celebration of the religious doctrines and mysteries commemorated in this cycle. After pointing out the signification of Shrovetide, and commenting on the liturgy of Lent, the author has the following beautiful passage on the transfiguration of Mount Thabor:—

"Amid the gloom and darkness of Lent, this delightful and wondrous event, the transfiguration of Christ on the mount, rises like a lovely joy-beaming star. See! on Thabor He soars like a luminous cloud above the earth, his face shining like the sun, his garments radient as light. By his side stand the two high, venerable, godly witnesses, Moses and Elias, the one representing the law, the other the prophets; confessing that this is He whom the law pointed to, and whom the prophets foretold; and attesting that in Him all is fulfilled, all is glorified and consummated. And what they vouch, God himself confirms; for out of a cloud comes forth his voice: 'This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him.'"—(Matt. xvii. 1, 9.) * * * *

"Thou wilt now, O youth, comprehend the transfiguration on Mount Thabor. In it thou seest the fulfilment of the law and the prophets; but in it is also typically comprised all that the sacred Scriptures announce concerning Christ. As often as I have read the sacred narra-

tive of this mysterious and sublime event, I have remembered the words of a German theologian, lately a high dignitary of our Church: 'Christ,' says he, 'is the high centre-point of ages. The past and the future alike turn to Him. Between Genesis and the fulfilment of the Apocalypse, between the infancy and the destruction of the world, Christ stands in the middle.' The transfiguration of Christ on Thabor is the first dawn of his kingdom of light. In prayer, in the still converse of his soul with the Father in heaven, his terrestrial body passes to the glory of a divine transfiguration. To the yet limited perception of his disciples, the veiled glory of his divine person, the eternity and divinity of his kingdom, could not be represented in a more clear, intuitive manner than on the mount of Thabor, where the son of God manifested himself robed in the light of the other world. And since he hath been raised from earth to heaven, all springs, all aspires thither; the tomb itself is no longer tenanted by death, but contains the germ of incorruption, expecting its maturity. Like Stephen, we also see the heavens open."—pp. 435-6.

Dr. Staudenmaier now arrives at the most important season in the whole ecclesiastical year—that which has been emphatically denominated by the Germans "the week of sorrows." After pointing out the earnest beauty and deep pathos of the prayers and ceremonies of that holy season, he transports his youth to the eternal city, and discloses to his astonished eyes all the splendour of devotion in that centre of Catholicity. Here he treads the same ground which a distinguished English Catholic divine has lately passed over; but the want of personal experience is not the only disadvantage which our author labours under, when this portion of his work is compared with Dr. Wiseman's *Lectures on the Offices and Ceremonies of Holy-week.* It is, indeed, the happy union of antiquarian learning, poetic fancy, and high devotional feeling, which lends an indescribable charm to the last-named production.

However, even after the interesting descriptions of those ceremonies, which these lectures have already made familiar to the British public, the following account of the celebration of Good Friday in the Sixtine Chapel, and in the Church of St. Peter's, will be read not without pleasure:—

"And now the lights are extinguished one after another, and it becomes darker and darker. The figures of the prophets and the sybils appear duskily veiled, like spirits. The deepest silence prevails. Already through the wide circuit of the chapel the last notes are dying away; and yet we linger for minutes behind; and it is only the assistants successively stealing away that reminds us the psalmody is over, whose holy tones yet resound in our breast. We have had a foretaste of celestial life, and feel by no means disposed to return to vulgar existence.

"And now, O youth, let us quit the chapel* with those feelings of eternal life, which I read imprinted on thy brow. We wish to join the procession to the Capella Paolina, which is preceded by the pope; for in this chapel the sacred sepulchre has been erected, and the blessed sacrament, amid a gorgeous illumination, is exposed for forty hours. From hence, where we behold other paintings by Michael Angelo, we shall repair with the general procession to St. Peter's Church, which we had quitted at daylight. This immense majestic temple is at this time lit by no other light than by a luminous cross, which in colossal shape hangs from the gigantic cupola, radiant with thousands of lamps, like so many burning diamonds. See, O youth! this sign of suffering, shining alone through the vast, dark aisles of this mighty edifice, is the only light in the night of this life. The great multitude of living men, rolling in, like the waves of the sea, and the statues on the tombs of the dead, form together the world whereon the light of Christ hath shone. Under the cross, where the illumination is strongest, the holy father kneels in his white vestments, and behind him are the cardinals. There, in still fervour, they pray for themselves, and for all Christendom."—pp. 487-8.

The author, after dwelling at much length on the high-priesthood of Christ, makes some elegant reflections on the ceremony of the blessing of fire, which takes place on Holy Saturday. The great mystery of the Resurrection—the sentiments which it should excite in the breast of the Christian—and the liturgy and ceremonies prescribed by the Church on Easter Sunday, next engage the author's attention. Some fine old ecclesiastical hymns in celebration of this festival are cited by him; and he has in particular enriched his work with Manzoni's splendid ode on the Resurrection.

He then passes on to Low Sunday, and gives the following naïve and touching account of the first communion of children, as celebrated in Catholic countries:—

"To this union with Christ, on the following Sunday, which we call White Sunday, those children are solemnly admitted whose childhood is drawing towards its close, and who are approaching the period of youth. White Sunday (Low Sunday) is this day called, because in the first ages of the Church, the catechumens, who, as we remarked above, were baptized on Holy Saturday, put on, on that day, as signs of innocence, white garments, and wore them until the Sunday after Easter. To this the Introit on this Sunday alludes in the following words, taken from the first epistle of St. Peter, (c. xi. v. 2):—'As new-born babes, desire the rational milk without guile, that thereby you may grow unto salvation.' This is the reason why, on Low Sunday, the children are not only admitted for the first time to the

* The Sixtine chapel.

table of their Lord, but are made solemnly to renew their baptismal vows in the presence of the whole community.

"What an all-important, beautiful, and never-to-be-forgotten day is this, thou knowest, dear youth, too well from thine own experience, to render it necessary for me to draw your attention to the subject; and if I now refer to it, it is to excite in our mutual breasts a reminiscence of early feelings. For our whole life should be a continuation of the Sunday of our first communion.

"For a long period prior to this event has the pastor prepared the youth for this two-fold solemnity. In some places, as at Rome, the children spend the last ten days in a monastery allotted for the purpose, in order that, living there in seclusion from the world, their parents, and relatives, they may devote themselves to meditation, and to still preparation for the mighty event which is to occur. At last arrives the expected day. Early the church bells give the signal The children assemble in the school-house; and thence, each sex apart, they proceed under the conduct of their teachers to the church. This is a highly affecting spectacle! The boys are clothed alike—so are the girls; the latter being mostly clad in white dresses, simple, beautiful and modest. But the most beautiful and touching of the whole is the expression of devotion in their countenances—the piety manifested in gait, look, and demeanour. As they approach the church, their delicate infantine voices pour forth a hymn; and as they enter singing, the organ strikes up its sweetest notes, accompanied by a chorus of the clearest, but withal the tenderest, harmony, like an angelic salutation from above. Then the community joins in saluting the young members now admitted into its bosom. At the altar, the priest stands awaiting them, robed in a long white vestment, and wearing his stole. He, too, salutes them with amiable dignity, and, after they have formed themselves in a semicircle round the altar, calls their attention, in words few, but persuasive and strong, to the important action which they are about to solemnize.—pp. 544-5.

In the third cycle of the ecclesiastical year, from Pentecost to the Feast of All Saints, the author expatiates on the descent of the Holy Spirit, and the establishment of the Christian Church. The solemnities employed in the celebration of the Feast of Pentecost, and the monuments which Christian art has devoted to the subject, are detailed at considerable length. The life, essence, and history of the Church, and the blessed influences of Christianity on moral and social existence, give next occasion to some beautiful reflections. The seven sacraments, considered in their nature and effects, as well as the prayers and ceremonies with which they are administered, form the subject of many interesting pages. The author proceeds to speak of the Sacramentalia, and here makes some very ingenious and profound remarks on the relations of na-

ture to God and to man; and on the motive of the ecclesiastical benedictions of natural objects. The various special festivals, which fall within this cycle of the year, pass successively under examination. Among these we may notice the festivals of Corpus Christi, those of the apostles St. Peter and Paul, of the apostle of the Germans, St. Boniface, of the Assumption and the birth of the Blessed Virgin, and of the Holy Angels. We cannot but regret that under the head of the Feast of the Apostles St. Peter and Paul, the author should have confined himself to a few general remarks on the propagation of the Gospel, and have devoted no special considerations to the supremacy of St. Peter and his successors. This omission, which evidently has arisen from inadvertence, will, we trust, be repaired in a subsequent edition. A detailed and very beautiful æsthetic survey of Christian architecture in all its parts, and in its various forms, makes a noble conclusion to this section of the work.

Conformably to the method we laid down at the beginning of the article, we shall now proceed to cite such passages as display most interest or talent. The following, in which the deep import of the ecclesiastical benedictions of nature is described, has struck us as at once singularly beautiful and profound :—

"Doth not this condition, oh youth, in which Nature droops, excite thy tenderest love and deepest sympathy? That such thoughts and such feelings must exercise a great influence on the treatment which we manifest towards Nature, must be evident of itself. And the Church, at least, by her benedictions of Nature, seemeth to wish to exert this higher influence, for she comprehends the deep sigh of Nature.

"But she hath another reason also to pronounce her benedictions on Nature. We have seen from Holy Writ, that by the fall of man Nature had been subjected to *vanity and nothingness*. In this vanity and nothingness she hath become a dangerous region for the human mind. What man by sin hath brought on Nature,—to wit, vanity and nothingness, he regards as Nature's essence; and the evil principle—the tempter from the beginning—will not fail to convert this vain, idle being into an instrument of seduction. It is sensuality, in all its phenomena, which attracts man, and which draws him away from God, as he himself had averted Nature from God. Hence she appears to him to speak no longer the language of God, which is the language of virtue, but to utter only the language of sensuality; and thus, Nature, which once was a revelation of God to man, an organ of celestial influence, becomes the means and instrument of sin. And this, my dear friend, the Church hath in her eye, when she sheds her benedictions on Nature. These benedictions are a liberation of Na-

ture from that vain, idle element, which excites to sensuality, and are also a sanctification and initiation in the service of God. Even the soil on which we stand must be blessed and consecrated. Not as if there were inherent in nature a principle absolutely evil, and as if it could draw man to wickedness by force; but Nature hath its part in that vain, idle illusion, and must be liberated from it. This takes effect now through the sacramentalia, whose blessings and consecrations prepare the way for the holy actions of the Church. The sacraments are constantly preceded and accompanied by the sacramentalia; as, for instance, baptism, holy orders, extreme unction, &c., by the sign of the cross, by breathing, by imposition of hands, by anointing with oil, &c. Hence, if we comprehend aright the true nature of all the various Christian benedictions, we cannot fail to understand the sacramentalia. As all things point to the Eternal, so all things must become the symbols of the Holy One; and this is the universal symbolism of Christianity, or the divine symbolism."—vol. ii. pp. 734-6.

Throughout this work we have remarked in the author a deep poetical sense of the beauties of nature. As he contemplates her aspect by the light of revelation, many of her charms, hidden from the vulgar eye, become perceptible to him. From a higher oracle, he has obtained the spell that can elicit her secrets, and solve her most perplexing enigmas. The verdure of the mead, the perfume of the opening flower, the warbling of the bird, the low rustling of the forest, the roar of the cataract, and the howling of the tempest, speak to him of the power, wisdóm, and love of the Creator.

The following passage on the symbolical language of flowers, is alike creditable to the elegant taste and amiable feelings of our author:—

"On the earth, too, in infinite numbers, shine forth the flowers, the gracious children of the spring, decked out in all the brilliancy of colours, while they shed their soft balmy breath like incense though the air. And these lovely children, O youth, have they never addressed thee in a soft, tender voice? Oh, assuredly God hath given to them a language to address us; and the language of flowers was ever, for reflective minds, a beautiful tongue.

"But this mysterious sense which every where pervades, and manifests itself, through all creation, what is it else than a sense of the Eternal and the Divine? All flowers—those luminous stars sown in the grass—are, like the stars above them, letters for the great name of the Eternal, which mortals cannot utter nor pronounce. Each manifests to thee His omnipotence, wisdom, goodness and love; each is a gentle revelation of the Deity. And as thou, youth, hast a divine principle within thee, and by this divine principle canst recognize, seek, revere, and love the God who hath given it to thee; so have these flowers, in particular, much to say to thee. Contemplate their

innocent nature, their still existence, their calm workings according to eternal laws; and consider, moreover, how lovingly they turn to the sun, how humbly they bow before him, to imbibe strength, and vigour, and life from his rays, and to borrow all their lustre from the splendour of his beams. *The great sun, divine love,* hath given them to us to excite corresponding love in our breasts, as they themselves, in love and joy, turn to the sun, the source of all light. And now thou canst comprehend the deep import of that expression of Calderon's, that '*flowers are only the sweet thoughts of love.*' And another poet hath beautifully said,

'From God descends the gentle light,
It falleth from his aspect bright,
A reflex of his love.
Twinkle the stars, the blossoms blow,
The purple wings of Morning glow,
Stirr'd by his breath of love.' "*

The author proceeds to explain the emblematic properties of the different flowers:—

"The fair lily is an image of holy innocence; the purpled rose a figure of heartfelt love; faith is represented to us in the blue passion-flower; hope beams forth from the evergreen, peace from the olive-branch, immortality from the immortelle; the cares of life are represented by the rosemary, the victory of the spirit by the palm, modesty by the blue, fragrant violet, compassion by the peony, friendship by the ivy, tenderness by the myrtle, affectionate reminiscence by the forget-me-not, German honesty and fidelity by the oak-leaf, unassumingness by the corn-flower (the cyane); and the auriculas, 'howfriendly they look upon us with their child-like eyes.' Even the dispositions of the human soul are expressed by flowers. Thus, silent grief is portrayed by the weeping willow, sadness by the angelica, shuddering by the aspen, melancholy by the cypress, desire of meeting again by the starwort; the night-smelling rocket is a figure of life, as it stands on the frontiers between light and darkness. Thus, nature, by these flowers, seems to betoken her loving sympathy with us; and whom hath she not often more consoled than heartless and voiceless men were able to do?"—vol. ii. pp. 795-8.

We must now pass over many interesting pages, describing the celebration of other festivals in this cycle, as well as the productions of poetry and works of art consecrated to their honour. We cannot, however, refrain from noticing the very pleasing remarks our author makes on the ceremony of the consecration of a new church; as, indeed, these popular religious festivals he in general describes with a naïve simplicity, and exquisite tenderness of feeling.

* From the German of Frederick Von Schlegel.

We shall conclude this article with an analysis of his ideas on ecclesiastical architecture—a subject, in the treatment of which he has been perhaps more successful than in that of any other.

After briefly noticing some characteristics of the Greek architecture, Dr. Staudenmaier expounds the nature and principles of the church architecture of the Christians. He shows what a deep symbolism every where pervades it. Thus, in the form of the building, in the image above the altar, in the various works of painting and sculpture with which the interior is decorated, the cross—the symbol of redemption—is every where displayed. The high altar is placed on the eastern side, to signify, that towards the orient sun of justice, that hath risen over the world, our eyes should ever be directed. The pulpit is erected in the nave of the church, indicating that the word of God is to be announced to the community; and the nave itself, in the relation in which it stands to the choir, with the high altar, represents the connexion of the community with Christ. The baptismal font is fixed in the porch of the church, to show that he only who is born again of water and the Spirit, is capable of being admitted into the society of the faithful. In the same way the confessionals are placed in the side-chapels, or behind the nave, to signify that repentance and humility can alone prepare the way for reception into the kingdom of God.

"The bell, too," says our author, "the bell is the voice of the Church; it summons man to prayer and devotion; it excites the highest emotions of the soul; it conducts us into life, and through all the stages of life accompanies us with its sacred tones."---p. 184.

Dr. Staudenmaier here gives a short history of ecclesiastical architecture; and no higher praise can be bestowed upon it than by asserting, that his remarks may be perused with pleasure even after the masterly exposition which Frederick von Schlegel has given of the same subject. Our author considers church architecture more immediately in its connexion with the Catholic worship; while Schlegel views it not only in that connexion, but also in its relation to the general principles of art. In a series of beautiful letters,* this writer has given an account of a tour made, in the years 1804 and 1805, through the Netherlands, the Rhenish Provinces, Switzerland, and a part of France, descriptive of the most remarkable monuments of

* They are found in the sixth volume of his collected works, under the title "Grundzüge der Gothischen Baukunst."—p. 223. See F. Schlegel's Sämmtliche Werke, Wien, 1823.

Gothic architecture; whose profound symbolical import, as well as general artistic beauty, were at that period so little appreciated. Written about the time when the author was preparing to embrace the Catholic faith, these letters evince a high religious enthusiasm, akin to that of the mighty masters who raised these splendid domes; and in none of his æsthetic works are the exquisite taste and profound genius of Schlegel more strikingly displayed. We wish that space permitted us, by a few extracts from these letters, to enable our readers to compare the manner in which he and Dr. Staudenmaier have treated this interesting subject.

The following passage from our author, on the Gothic architecture, is very beautiful:—

"The architecture whereof we are now going to speak, is, from its origin, called the Gothic, but with more propriety might be named the German. It was only a new race of men, who, to the energy of vigorous, unenervated nature, united the higher force of Christianity, that had been capable of the bold, lofty conceptions embodied in the German architecture. Its distinguishing characteristic is the pointed arch, with the almost uninterrupted continuation of vertical lines, wherein the heaven-aspiring, cloud-piercing thought is symbolized. It is the deep essence of the Christian spirit itself, which in these high, colossal edifices, in this admirable symmetry of masses, in these definite, significant forms, as well as in the all-prevailing unity of thought, stands revealed before us. It almost appears (and why should it not be so?) as if the Christian spirit, which in these lofty domes would fain symbolize the universe, had one and the same tendency with nature. For in Nature we find an architectural spirit every where actively at work, in the porphyry pillars, in the windings of rocks, and in mountainous ridges, to build up, in the most majestic forms, a temple to the Deity. In like manner, the Christian spirit, urged forward by its own instinct, seeks to construct a dome, which should be a profound symbol of the universe wherein God is worshipped and glorified.

"The great whole of the temple is founded on the idea of unity; the parts stand in such an immediate connexion with the whole, that they are but images of the first great idea. This idea itself must be conceived by the artist in the hour of fervent devotion and sacred enthusiasm."

The author now proceeds to describe the several parts of the interior of a Gothic church. After noticing that the symbol of redemption—the cross—constitutes the ground plan of the sacred edifice, he says:—

"Opposite to the choir below, and at a vast distance, the great portal opens between two towers. The porches, with earnest silence, invite to meditation, and the comer-in may here prepare himself ere he enter into the inner sanctuary. In the nave rise the gigantic pillars,

which, in a double row, lead from the portal to the choir. In the two aisles, there are as many corresponding pilasters. The high windows, with their coloured glasses, are like transparent walls, giving pictorial representations of various parts of sacred story. All is replete with holy and celestial images and forms. For the capitals of the columns, the juttings and recesses in the walls, the pointed arches of the doors, the walls, and whatever space can be found, are decorated with images of saints, and of benefactors of the church. The walls, besides, are covered over with half-finished work, in the way of arches, buds, flowers, and vegetables of all kinds. And in the columns, springing, as they seem, out of a bundle of reeds, in the gorgeous fulness of ornamental leaves and flowers, of leafy boughs and serpentine windings, we think we see Nature herself, with all her gardens, meadows, and forests, come into the temple to join us in the worship of the Lord. . . . . Something solemn, mysterious, must pervade the house of God, because God himself is the highest and most unfathomable mystery. Our earth is also dark, and of this darkness of the earth we are doubtless reminded on entering into the porch of the temple. But how utterly different from all earthly darkness is this, when we enter into the inner part of the church, and cast our eyes along the massy pillars, columns, and arches, to the giddy heights above; while on the dim aisles the roseate light streams down in glory through the painted glass. Here darkness is swallowed up in celestial life, as death is swallowed up in the life of eternity. The earthly world is sunk—the eternal hath arisen."—pp. 872-7.

Our limits forbid us to notice the author's account of the concluding festivals of the ecclesiastical year—that of All Saints and of All Souls. In this account we find a beautiful and touching description of the visit to the tombs of relatives and friends on All Souls' Day—a custom which is still very much followed in Catholic Germany.

In conclusion, we strongly recommend the present work to our readers, especially the more youthful portion, as one calculated to confirm faith, ennoble the feelings, and refine the taste. It is characterized by generosity of sentiment, lively piety, a keen, poetical sense of the beauties of Nature and Art, and ingenious and sometimes profound reflections on the doctrines and practices of our religion. The style is clear, elegant, and simple; yet it is evident it has not yet reached that maturity of excellence which it is destined to attain. In the style of writers, youth, manhood, and age, leave perceptible traces of their existence. An artlessness in the construction of periods—a meagreness of expression—a certain hesitation and abruptness of manner, generally mark the productions of the youthful writer, however highly gifted he may be. The manhood of genius is distinguished for a

copiousness of diction, a vigour and vivacity of conception, and an elaborate harmony of period; while age, though it may preserve unimpaired the fervour of fancy, and the powers of understanding, frequently betrays a garrulous diffuseness, and faltering debility of expression. We should be inclined to place our author in the first category.

ART. II.—*The Monk and the Married Man.* By Julia Rattray Waddington, Author of *Misrepresentation, Janet,* &c. 3 vols. London: 1840.

"MEN call this Lutheranism a tragedy," wrote Erasmus to his friend Adrian Arivutus; "for my part, I consider it as a comedy; for the dispute never fails to end in a marriage." When the title of the volumes above, fell under our eye, we took them to promise a sort of commentary upon this ready jest; a practical contrast between the cold and joyless seclusion of the monastic cell, and the peaceful bliss of wedded life, when

> "The wee-bit ingle, blinkin bonnilie;
> The clean hearthstane, the thrifty wifie's smile,
> The lisping infant prattling on our knee,
> Does a' our weary carking cares beguile."

The sex of the author, too, went to confirm the impression. We turned to the reading of the work, as to a panorama of the horrors of celibacy, an elaborate apology for matrimony, sadly wanted, we fear, in this speculating Malthusian age.

If such had been its object, no selection of a title could possibly have been more judicious. The first member, even by itself, contains a volume of hidden meaning, and awakens a thousand thrilling recollections of mystery and terror. But the second completes the interest by touching another and a softer chord. The contrast is irresistible. Appealing to the sympathies through a double channel, it tries at once the piety and tender feelings; and, by the same effort, enlists the fiery zeal of the devotee and the softer sensibilities of the matrimonial expectant! *The Monk and the Married Man!* Misery and bliss! Tartarus and Elyseum!

Had this in reality been its character, we should have left it to produce its effect in peace, nor put our sickle prematurely into the harvest of wedding-favours which might be expected to follow. It would scarcely be fair to deprive the "lending-libraries," and pious "repositories," of an ornament so ap-

propriate; or disturb the sanctified spinster in the very harmless gratification of reading and admiring. But, "what's in a name?" A very few pages satisfied us that its purpose was far different; and, we must add, far less innocent or reputable. We had hoped, indeed, that the time was past when a publication, such as we are sorry to pronounce *The Monk and the Married Man*, would be tolerated in this country. The day of *The Confessional of the Black Penitents*, and its compeers, we fancied, had gone by. The horrors of the *Monk*, we hoped, had outlived the sympathies of the British reader, and although the passing sneer is still as ready as in the darkest days of anti-Catholic prejudice, we could scarcely bring ourselves to believe that the coarse and wholesale slanders of our religion, long antiquated, could again be made a staple ware in the literary-market of England. But a review of the publications of the past and present season forces us to acknowledge that we had over-calculated the spirit of the times. The political outcry against us which the last three or four years has revived, would appear to have found a lasting echo even in our lighter literature.

It is with great reluctance, indeed, that we yield to the necessity of adverting to the subject; more especially as the present work, which, as being very recent, we take as a sample of the class, is the production of a lady. But we owe it, no less to ourselves, than to the friends of charity in every party, to raise our voice against the unworthy attempt to revive prejudices which should long since have been forgotten; and employ, as the instrument of their revival, slanders, which, in every reasonable and right-minded community, have long been exploded. The present work does not stand alone in the unworthy service. Perhaps it is a favourable specimen of its associates; and it is no unequivocal index of the feeling, that the home-manufacture of bigotry is insufficient for the demand. We have importations fron the most orthodox, that is, intolerant, marts of the continent. Within the last few months we have observed a second translation of Spindler's bitter, but we must say coarsely executed novel, *The Jesuit*, which had already appeared in the *Library of Romance*, nor should we be surprised to see it followed by his equally offensive *Der Jude*, or *Die Nonne von Gnadenzell.*

But although these things indicate an unhappy and deplorable state of mind in that section of the community whose feelings they express, yet we question whether, if the choice were given, we should not prefer the openly and professedly anti-

Catholic novel to the silent and covert sneer from which we are never secure, even in the purely literary. The avowed party-fiction must be managed with consummate skill indeed, in order that, with most readers, its object may not, at least partially, be defeated. Suspicion is aroused by the very appearance of hostility; the mind is, of course, prepared against its influence, and like the traveller in the fable, who wrapped his cloak more tightly around him as the fury of the wind increased, closes all the avenues of confidence with a determination proportional to the display of virulence and malignity. A single insinuation, stolen in, when the mind is deprived, by the interest of the absorbing scene, of the inclination, or perhaps the power, to discuss its merits, will be remembered and felt, where pages of invective have failed to leave a trace upon the memory. A simple sketch of character, developing, perhaps, without seeming to intend it, some unpopular point of Catholic doctrine or practice, will do more than a whole volume brimfull of horrors, and appealing to the feelings at every page. If a doctrine be falsely imputed, it is easy to detect and expose the fraud. But here there is nothing definite to be combated; no tangible principle which it is possible to test. Facts, discreditable to our religion, are interwoven with the story: there is no means of questioning their accuracy. Characters which bring out our opinions into unfavourable relief, are introduced casually upon the scene, or perhaps have a part in the general machinery of the plot. For still there is no principle directly involved; no statement which admits of contradiction or dispute, and yet the impression is made, silently, but securely—an impression against which, as the experience of most readers will testify, not even positive knowledge is a protection. We need not refer to the *Waverly Novels* as an illustration of this insidious process. Occasionally, it is true, the mask is laid aside, and the attack made without cover or disguise. But occasionally also, and more frequently, without a single allusion to our principles, or a single direct statement which it would be possible to fasten upon, the unfavourable impression is made. The author's success lies in the use of that spell peculiarly his own, the portraiture of character and manners; and, when we remember the effect of this seductive reading upon our own boyish mind, we can feel no doubt, that the *Waverley Romances*, whose scene is laid in the Catholic times, *Ivanhoe*, *The Crusaders*, *The Abbot*, and more than all, *The Monastery*, have produced, and continue to produce, an impression far beyond the horrors of the Radcliffe coterie, or the equally terrific, and more coarsely revolting, machinery of the Monk Lewis school.

Of the professedly anti-Catholic novels which later years have produced in England, the reader will have remarked two very distinct classes, the controversial and the purely narrative or historical. The strictly controversial novel, if written in a spirit of fairness and impartiality, is, of course, the least objectionable of all. It is but an attempt to render the dry details of discussion more palatable, by presenting them in a more attractive form.

> "Cosi a l'egro fanciul porgiamo aspersi
> Di soave licor gli orli del vaso."

The reader enters upon it with a knowledge of its tendency, and a mind at least partially prepared for the discussion which it brings before him. But unhappily the use of fiction, as a vehicle of controversy, affords too many opportunities of pious artifice—leads too necessarily, if not to the *suggestio falsi*, at least to the no less dangerous *suppressio veri*—not to betray even the ingenuous unconsciously into the character of a partizan; while, in the hands of the thorough-going advocate, it is a ready instrument of mischief and misrepresentation. The unrestricted power of selecting topics, of disguising or mis-stating the question in dispute,—the irresponsible privilege of advancing or withholding arguments at will, or of preparing them in such a form as to render their refutation easy and satisfactory—these advantages are but too apt to pervert the religious novel into a mere snare for the candid and unsuspecting student of controversy. To these pernicious facilities we may add another, even more fatal—the control which the writer possesses over the imagination, and the unlimited use which he can make of the feelings of his reader in influencing the decision of his understanding. A judicious plot, a skilful combination of circumstances,—above all, a well-conceived selection and apportionment of character, may be used with incalculable advantage. The argument, which would interest the imagination, and thus find its way to the intellect, in the mouth of an ardent and enthusiastic youth, will fall cold and powerless, if not disgusting, from the lips of an intriguing Jesuit; and in the court, when the feelings sit in judgment, there is little chance for a cause however good, however ably defended, whose advocate appears in the repulsive form of a bigoted monk, or a crafty and cruel inquisitor.

A very superficial acquaintance with the most ordinary controversial novels in our language will be sufficient to satisfy any person, who knows even the first principles of the Catholic religion, that each and all these advantages have been zealously

improved by our adversaries. Doctrines which we never professed are disproved with a triumphant flourish of logic, and practices which we abhor as cordially as the most orthodox of our antagonists, are held up, as ours, to scorn and execration; in imitation of Butler's hero, who

> "Would raise scruples dark and nice,
> And after solve 'em in a trice;"

arguments which no educated Catholic would for a moment entertain, are put into our mouths for the purpose of "making play;" and a mine of learning and research exhausted in pulling down piles of argumentation, within which no Catholic in his senses would dream of entrenching himself. It reminds us of that magnanimous amusement which in our schoolboy-days we were wont to call "cock-shot." The unhappy papist is secured by the leg in the theological stocks of his tormentor, who takes care to manage so that, no matter how the game goes, he is sure, in the long run, not to miss his mark!

And yet the controversial novel, sadly open to abuse as it must be acknowledged, leaves, notwithstanding, some loophole through which the understanding can escape from the snares which surround it at every step. The arguments, however clipped or garbled, cannot be altogether suppressed; or, however unfavourably presented, cannot be deprived of all their intrinsic weight. A spirit of inquiry, at least, is created, and the reader may, perhaps, be induced to turn to other and less unfaithful sources of information. Fallacies, however specious, have a chance of detection; misrepresentation, or misquotation, is open to the possibility of exposure; and the very disposition to read a religious novel *at all*, may be expected to carry the inquirer further in the search after truth. But the second class of anti-Catholic fiction to which we have alluded, would seem to reduce this to a bare possibility,—remote, and almost hopeless. They exclude controversy almost entirely; or, if they can in any sense be called controversial, it is only because they draw upon the doctrines and practices of Popery for the character or incidents of their plot. They are, in fact, but false and distorted pictures of the habits and opinions of the Catholic body, and owe all their interest to the calumnies of the priesthood and people with which they abound. Keeping discussion altogether out of view, they present only the pretended results to the reader. If they address the judgment at all, it is only through the medium of the prejudices. Controversy is too heavy and uninteresting to be popular. Their purpose is to confirm prepossessions al-

ready existing, not to strengthen the wavering, or confound the gainsayer; and instead of grappling openly with the doctrines which they assail, they confine themselves to an imaginative picture of the frightful consequences to which, it is pretended, they lead. If conversions from Romanism are introduced—and they are almost a matter of course—they are performed behind the scenes—

"non tamen intus
Digna geri, promes in scenam."

The eyes of the Papist are opened, perhaps by the secret reading of the Bible—perhaps by the private admonition of some intelligent friend. But all pure controversy is eschewed; the reader is left to imagine for himself the machinery by which the conversion is effected. This was the general character of the old school of anti-Catholic fiction—the controversial novel being a comparatively modern invention; and we are sorry to observe a return to it in the publications of the present day. It is now a considerable time since we took occasion to call our readers' attention to a long list of religious tracts, which, however one-sided and unfair, at least bore the semblance of discussion. We regret to say, that the later publications, while they give evidence of dispositions even more decidedly hostile, would seem to be intended for a class with whom prejudice alone can speak, and reasoning is utterly unnecessary.

The shape in which the present work comes before us is another evidence, no less equivocal, of this unhappy spirit. It is no longer in the form of the humble tract, intended for gratuitous distribution; or the modest volume, accessible, by its moderate price, to the lowliest class of readers. We have now the regular fashionable novel, in three post octavo volumes, and at the fashionable price of a guinea and a half! It is announced in Messrs. Saunders and Otley's list as the "New work, by the author of 'Misrepresentation'" (singularly ominous title!)—and aspires to a place in the boudoir or the drawing-room, beside the last of the pen of Sir E. L. Bulwer or Mr. James!

The story is laid almost in our own times, commencing shortly after the return of Pius VII from captivity, and coming down to the passing of the Catholic relief-bill in 1829. We rather fear that in the anxiety to form a new scene, the chances of effect have been destroyed. Had it been laid in the dim and distant ages usually selected, the writer might have indulged her fancy at will in the invention of horrors, to

add interest to the tale. But the old-fashioned absurdities will not bear the broad day-light, to which she has injudiciously exposed them. The clumsy fictions to which hereditary prejudice may lend some probability in the reader's mind, when related of our "blind and benighted ancestors," become all but ridiculous when applied to those with whom he is in habits of daily intercourse. Men will use their own eyes and ears in examining what is within their reach; and there are few now-a-days with whom Popery is completely an unknown land. The increased knowledge of our principles and practice, which our growing numbers and more prominent position have diffused and are diffusing, demand an increased ingenuity, and a new system of tactics, from those who would make fiction a vehicle of attack. The portrait of the "ruffian monk" of the olden time will require some fresh touches, in order to present a plausible likeness of the modern ecclesiastic; and whatever prejudice may believe of our calumniated forefathers, we are not so utterly strangers to our Protestant fellow-countrymen, that it may be still safe to draw entirely upon fancy or prejudice for our character. There are monuments enough, for instance, of the learning and zeal with which we fail not to give a reason for the faith that is in us, to make even a bigot laugh at the sweeping charge which our authoress makes, that we are "usually latitudinarians to the very verge of infidelity."—(Vol. iii. p. 251.) No, no, the Catholicism of the middle age may still be a fertile subject for attack; there are many, doubtless, still, who will swallow all that is told of the corruption of morals to which it led—the utter exile of virtue and religion from earth during its gloomy reign; but it is a clumsy mistake to transfer the picture to the present times, of which the reader is himself qualified to judge. It would not be easy to persuade the public, who see us every day, that we continue to wear the doublet and hose of the fifteenth century. We cannot help thinking that there is as little chance of obtaining credit for the assertion that our religion is "a moral mildew, beneath whose poisonous breath nothing good or lovely can survive;" and that, of course, we ourselves, who have "met its pestilential breath unharmed," are—to adopt the very forcible metaphor—"worthless weeds, and loathsome reptiles!"—(Vol. iii. p. 106.) And yet the authoress would seem unconscious of any—we will not say injustice, but even unkind or unfriendly feeling, in the character which she has drawn of us. Her heroine is all charity and indulgence towards her erring brethren.

"Clara was fain to acknowledge the erroneous doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, but she could not hate its members; and more than once she questioned whether the tyranny of opinion so lavishly indulged in by some Protestants, were not in effect equally an encroachment on the right of private judgment. Then the narrowness of mind, the entire want of Christian charity, to which I have alluded, shocked and astonished her; for the persons belonging to Mr. Burton's congregation were, in their own estimation, the only members of the one true Church; while every other class of Protestants was only one degree above the Roman Catholic. And, utterly revolted by their bickerings and envyings, their gloominess of temper and littleness of mind, she asked herself whether a tree bearing such bitter fruit could be, indeed, the gospel vine? Or if a light which seemed to flash but to destroy all tenderness, lowliness, and kindliness of spirit, could be an emanation from the God of love?"—Vol. ii. pp. 238-9.

"Oh! wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as ithers see us!"

We cannot imagine how she ventures in her own person to close the third volume with the following very amiable, but to us, with the volumes before us, inconceivable profession:—

"In the hope of freeing myself from even the suspicion of harbouring an unkindly feeling towards the individual members of the Church of Rome, I cannot forbear from blotting another half page. My quarrel is not with the adherents of the Latin Church; but with its system, its policy, and, above all, its departure from the simplicity of Gospel truth, both in its doctrines and its offices sometimes even in its practice. At the same time I am aware, painfully aware, that on our side we Protestants are very far from being blameless. I blush for the rancour, the bitterness, the pride, with which, too frequently, we treat all those who differ from us in matters of religion; forgetting that we ourselves, in very many things, are also blind; and that, if in some respects light has been vouchsafed us, we may not still give way to exultation; for, what have we that we have not received? Were we not once, in all things, blind as those we look down upon?"—Vol. iii. pp. 318-19.

It is not without great pain that we feel ourselves obliged to speak in terms of censure of one who, on the score of sex, at least, should claim our indulgence. But we have a duty to perform, before which feeling must give way. The laws of charity and truth are more inviolable than the conventional ceremonial of politeness; and we owe it to the lovers of both, in every party, not to shrink from the duty of denouncing their enemies, whoever they may be. But, to say the truth, we must own that, beyond the name which the title proclaims, *The Monk and the Married Man* bears but little trace of a

female hand. We look in vain for the delicacy of feeling, the kindliness of heart,—above all, the indulgent charity towards all,—which are true characteristics of the sex. We discover everywhere the working of the unfeminine motto which is blazoned upon the title page—"There is no weapon more powerful than well-directed satire; and, strange to say, satire is a weapon which women sometimes wield with more effect than men:" and in the cold, contemptuous sneer, or the harsh and unmeasured attack, the petulant irreverence with which the highest and holiest personages are assailed; and the occasional insinuations, which, were they not professedly from a female pen, we should say leaned towards the indelicate, we cannot recognize the shrinking and modest female, who commands respect because she is too diffident to claim it. We see but the literary Amazon, who has unsexed herself for the contest; and as she denies, so neither can she claim, consideration or quarter. Such were our first feelings on reading these far from lady-like volumes. But we are unwilling to give pain even where no tenderness is shown for ourselves. We have no vindictive feeling to gratify, no object to advance, but the great cause of charity, in which all are interested. We shall endeavour, therefore, to remember as far as possible what the writer has herself so completely forgotten; and while we speak the truth, which it is our duty to make public, labour to suppress the indignation which this strange perversion of its first principles is but too well calculated to provoke.

And indeed, if the subject were less serious, we could laugh at the extraordinary ignorance of our plainest doctrines which this singular production betrays. We conceived that our opinions with regard to marriage and divorce were so well known that it would be impossible to misunderstand them. Yet the hero of this elaborate tale,—a zealous and well-instructed Catholic,—in whose family, too, several similar alliances have already taken place, is thrown into despair, when he learns the invalidity of his marriage with a lady because she was a Protestant.—(Vol. iii. p. 41.) A penitent is represented as making the confession of his sins by handing in to the priest an ivory tablet, upon which they are written; and, more ridiculous still, the aforesaid hero, on another occasion, finding reason to believe that a former wife, whom he had imagined long since dead, is still alive, spends several years at Rome in expectation of a divorce from his first wife, still living, and a confirmation of his second marriage; which divorce, to crown the absurdity, is actually granted upon certain conditions!! (Vol. iii. p. 164.) The

story is made to hinge mainly upon these glaring blunders; into which we could not have conceived it possible that any well-informed Protestant, much less one who would venture to make us the subject of a book, could possibly have fallen.

But let turn to the story. The great actors in the plot of the *Monk and the Married Man*, are the De Veres, an English Catholic family of rank, and of considerable fortune. Sir Hugh De Vere had been twice married. His first wife, sister of the Marchese di Montalbano, an Italian nobleman, having died within a few years, Sir Hugh contracted a second alliance with an English lady, who had been educated a Protestant, but upon her marriage conformed to the observances of the Catholic Church. A son, Clement, and two daughters, Catherine and Henrietta, were the fruit of the second marriage; and Sir Hugh, "as Reginald, his only child by the former, appeared to inherit his mother's delicacy of constitution, had little difficulty in consenting to the proposal of his late lady's brother, the Marchese de Montalbano, that the child should be entrusted to his care, and pass the opening period of his life in the more genial clime of Italy." While yet a child, he had witnessed, and only by accident escaped, the barbarous massacre committed in the church of Nepi, by the French revolutionary troops in 1798. The bloody scene imparted a tinge of gloom to his young mind, which was fostered by the "unfortunate system of tuition" under which he was placed: and as he was "educated at Rome, and under the guidance of the Roman Catholic priesthood, each revolving year found him more narrow in opinion, and more intolerant in creed." There was one of that order, a Franciscan friar, Louis Fitzgerald, who exercised an especial influence over his future destinies. Under his care, he grew into the "bigoted adherent of a superstitious creed." The contrast of the two characters, master and pupil, is in the author's peculiar style.

"De Vere was a bigot, Fitzgerald a fanatic. Blind veneration for his ancient creed, coupled with a sincere desire to fulfil each duty she enjoined, were the characteristics of Reginald's belief; while zeal, fiery enthusiastic zeal, was the leading feature, or, it may be, the prevailing hue, of that possessed by Fitzgerald. The stake, the instrument of torture, base deceit, or pious fraud, all were alike to him, provided by such means the interests of his Church might be advanced. It mattered not what engine he employed; let Rome be served, her power augmented, or her votaries increased, and the grand object being gained, *the end, he thought, would justify the means; an error common with members of the Church of Rome;* one also into which ill-regulated zeal sometimes betrays the enlightened Protestant."—vol. i. p. 14.

The gloomy and ascetic disposition of Reginald, who, from his early years, was disposed to take orders, afforded too favourable an opportunity of advancing this grand object, the Church's aggrandizement, to be overlooked by the zealous Franciscan. But as the youth, in his present circumstances, was "a prize of trifling value," compared with Sir Reginald De Vere, the representative of an ancient English baronetcy and the heir of a rich domain, Fitzgerald used all his arts to defer the fulfilment of his intentions till the death of his father should place him in the possession of the title and the estate. These deep and well adjusted plans are rendered abortive by the causes traditionary in the art of novel-manufacture: a secret attachment to a lady of humble rank, whose father is at feud with Reginald's uncle, leads to a private marriage. But, in a short time, the faithlessness of his bride, who elopes with a French adventurer, and, as he conceives, perishes at sea, destroys his hopes of peace for ever, and determines him to put his early resolutions into execution without delay. Meanwhile, he becomes accessory in another capacity to the service of the Church; which, "where her interests are at stake, has never been remarkable for fastidious notions of morality." (p. 67.) A certain Cardinal G., who, of course, "has been so long accustomed to the tortuous paths of court intrigue, that suspicion and concealment had become his very nature, (p. 68), has a mission of importance to the Spanish court. Fitzgerald proposes Reginald De Vere to undertake it: and the discussion of his fitness is a capital opportunity for the development of the "tortuous policy" of Rome.

"'He is a good Catholic,' enquired the cardinal.

"'A most upright conscientious one!'

"'Conscientious?' replied Cardinal G., in a tone which seemed to indicate that he considered nicety of conscience no particular recommendation in an emissary, 'conscientious did you say?'

"'Aye, your eminence, such was my expression.'

"'And what if conscience should, through mistaken notions, interfere with duty. These are times, when men of pliant, supple principles, will often prove themselves more useful and efficient instruments, than their more stubborn, conscientious fellows. Zeal, led by knowledge, tempered with discretion, is a weapon better adapted for our present purpose, than nicety of conscience. You understand my meaning, holy brother.'

"'Perfectly. Yet may I ask your eminence, with much humility, if all men may not be considered as machines, and as such, used and guided? surely there is in every breast a string, which, if we have sagacity enough to pull aright, the puppet moves, and speaks, aye

even *thinks* as we would have it. Let De Vere be persuaded he stands on holy ground, is acting upon holy principles,' (an almost imperceptible smile flitted across his eminence's countenance), 'and his obedience will prove itself as unreserved, as his courage is unflinching.'

"A wise man is said to have remarked, 'he wished men had been created without either conscience or spirit of inquiry,' observed the cardinal, returning to his old position.

"'In forbidding the exercise of private judgment, our Church stifles the one, and binds the other wholly to her will.'

"'And she does well and wisely,' quickly rejoined the cardinal."—vol. i. pp. 60-3.

With regard to the nature of this mission, at the Spanish court, we are left in ignorance; but may draw what conclusion we please, from the characters of its worthy projectors, and from the fact that it fails through the *honesty* of Reginald. Being thus relieved at his post, in consequence, by the more supple Fitzgerald, he takes the opportunity to visit his relatives in England. The family picture of the De Veres is the very opposite of attractive. Clement is highly gifted, but haughty and vindictive; Catherine, cold, selfish, and little-minded; Henrietta, good-natured, but destitute of mind or energy; Clara Montgomery, a niece of Lady De Vere, who, though brought up at her house, *has been educated a Protestant*, is the only tolerable person amongst them.

In religion it is even worse: nor indeed is there a single Catholic portrait in the work which is not the same. Lady De Vere is but nominally a Catholic. Sir Hugh, a perfect indifferentist, professing that "the next world is not a nutshell." With some, the attachment to religion is the result of habit or convenience: with others, of blind unreasoning superstition. Clement is an undisguised unbeliever; and Helen Templar, his intended bride, is free in her religious opinions.

"'Are you quite certain that the opinions you attribute to Miss Templar, were not in fact your own?' asked Reginald.

"'No. I am not vain enough to imagine, I have the power of influencing her. At the same time I am bound to confess, I cordially agree with her in contemning the puerile, childish frivolities.'

"'Clement,' interrupted Reginald, 'are you an unbeliever?'

"Clement remained silent, and a thrill of horror crept over the more serious Reginald.

"'Reginald,' at length replied Clement, 'I cannot bow my mind to receive as truth, that which appears to me a mass of fabulous imposture, nor can I see devotion in a set of ceremonies, which, whatever they may be to others, to me are little better than absurdities.'

"'You mean then to apostatize, turn Protestant?'

"'No; I still adhere to the family faith; it is not only the oldest, but as the merry monarch wittily enough observed, the most gentlemanlike.'"—vol. i. pp. 174-5.

We doubt not, that the author describes us according to her own impressions; and can only regret that she did not take more pains to inform herself upon a matter so important in its own nature, and involving so directly the candour and sincerity of the entire Catholic body. Who does not perceive the tendency of this family sketch? Is it possible to doubt that this series of Catholic portraits, without a single exception, such as we have described them, is intended, just as much as if the purpose were openly avowed, to represent the Catholic creed as an absurd and incongruous system, whose votaries are attached only by the bond of external, but unbelieving, conformity, or the degrading fetters of dark and unreasoning superstition? What can be more unfair than this covert species of attack? But we shall not dwell upon it here, nor shall we stop to combat the flippant note, which, without producing or referring to a single authority, assures the reader that this claim to antiquity which Clement puts forward, is "entirely fallacious;" that "in fact, all the peculiar tenets of Popery are innovations, and some comparatively recent. The doctrine of Transubstantiation was first broached by a monk named Paschasius Radbertus, of the abbey of Corbay, about the year 820. The papal usurpation dates from the year 800. Image worship, from the commencement of the eighth century; auricular confession, from about the year 1215; the elevation or adoration of the Host, a few years later!" These are serious truths, too solemn to be discussed in this rapid page: and indeed we believe there is not much imprudence in leaving "old Popery" to fight her own battles with this shallow though dogmatical assailant.

Clement De Vere's vindictive temper increases with his years. An instance of its exercise, betraying great littleness as well as pride, which comes to the knowledge of Miss Templar, determines her to break off her intended marriage with him. His affections appear to have been but little engaged, but the refusal is a mortal blow to his pride; and in a paroxysm of rage and disappointment, he declares, that if she do not revoke her decision, he will immediately take the vows of some religious order upon the continent. Helen, after a violent struggle, has the firmness to persist; and Clement's proud and obstinate temper, proof against the prayers of his father, and the remonstrances of Reginald, who now relin-

quishes his own intention of going into the Church, and even against the consciousness that he possessed not one of the dispositions, but rather despises them all, hurries him into the noviciate in the Dominican convent of San Ignatio, (Ignazio) at Rome. He openly avows to his brother the determination of winning his way, not to the perfection of the monastic state, but to the power and authority over the minds of men, which ecclesiastical rank is sure to bestow upon the master spirit. Upon this absurd and unnatural proceeding, a perfect caricature of passion, without even disappointed affection to give it probability, the remaining plot of the story is constructed.

Then comes, as a matter of course, a full exposure of the arts employed by the crafty superior, to secure the valuable novice from the possibility of withdrawal. The picture is as old as the art of novel writing; but the author seems to calculate that there are some for whom, if it possesses not the smack of novelty, it will be sure, notwithstanding, from its genuine savour of orthodoxy to be agreeable.

"Decies repetita placebit."

"Pending the duration of Clement's probationary year, the superior of St. Ignatio, a keen discerner of the human heart, had carefully adopted his treatment of the young disciple to the peculiar bias of his mind, and the motives which so evidently swayed him in choosing the monastic life. Marks of distinction that raised him above his fellow-novices, were perpetually awarded him. One of the brotherhood, a man of talent, family, and knowledge of the world, attached himself to Clement, and, by his artful flattery, soon gained no trifling ascendancy over the young man, and through the medium of this individual, not only was De Vere's character, and even inclinations, fully displayed to the astute superior, but his ambitious cravings were encouraged, his self-sufficiency fed, and his visionary hopes upheld. Did Clement weary of the monotonous confinement, it was hinted, aye, more than hinted, that the rubicon once passed, and he a professed member of the community, the restraint which ever galled and irritated his fiery spirit, would be withdrawn. Did he evince the faintest symptoms of repentance, his pride was instantly invoked; and it was asked, even with taunts, whether he would, indeed, retrace his steps, and prove himself a weak, irresolute, unstable man? Did yearnings of natural affection arise, his eye was quickly pointed to the bright track ambition spread before his half-bewildered brain, and lest the supplications of his family should avail to shake his purpose, their letters were carefully withheld, and, excepting in the abbot's presence, all intercourse with relative or friend, was strictly prohibited.

"And the rubicon was crossed, the infatuated Clement pronounced the awful vows; and, when repentance was impossible, when the irksome fetters had been rivetted for life, he discovered his mistake.

All tokens of distinction were withdrawn; or, if he were in any measure singled out from his companions, it was by the severity and harshness of the superior's bearing towards him."—vol. i. p. 285-8.

The mistake once discovered, Clement, by his unmonastic spirit, soon draws upon himself the displeasure of the superior. Upon one occasion, however, policy induces the wily abbot to overlook the rebellion, and the young monk feels as if he had obtained a triumph over his oppressor. Nothing could be more puerile than the picture which is drawn of his proceedings. He struts about with a jaunty air among the solemn brotherhood; accosts gaily, and in unseemly tones, the gravest among the number, and concludes by whistling an operatic air! But these false spirits soon subside, and the cold realities of conventual life rise in all their weariness before him. But he has passed the rubicon indeed, and retreat is impossible. He seeks to forget his misery in the pursuit of ecclesiastical ambition; and to find in the hollow dreams of craft-bought power, a substitute for that social happiness which he feels that he has dashed from his lips for ever.

Several years have elapsed. Lady De Vere, broken-hearted by the desertion of her favourite child, has declined by slow degrees, and died. Her daughters are married: Catherine to Lord Woodstocke, a political Papist peer, and Henrietta, to Captain Wyldeman, a Protestant and a soldier of fortune. Sir Hugh, in silent despondency, is fast following his wife to the grave; and his only consolation is in the unremitting attentions of Clara Montgomery, who has now grown up to womanhood. In this position of affairs, Reginald returns to England; and, according to the established rules of romance, begins to fall in love with Clara. This is an admirable opportunity of bringing out the bigotry of the papistical creed.

"The pleasurable train of thought into which Reginald had fallen, was suddenly suspended, by the, to his mind, startling recollection, that Clara was a heretic; and almost instantly his feeling assumed another colouring. He wished that she had not received him kindly; that she had left his mother's portrait uncopied, had neglected to preserve his sketches. For, so proud and bigoted had Reginald De Vere become, that he felt it a degradation to be in any measure beholden to a member of, as he believed, a false and blinded Church; and, quickly leaving the apartment, he shut himself up in his own room, where he remained till after the second dinner bell had sounded, and in place of this little incident becoming the means of drawing them to closer intimacy, it seemed only to increase the distance and formality of his deportment."—vol. ii. 54-5.

And Reginald De Vere is the only conscientiously profes-

sing and practising Catholic in the entire three volumes! What is the necessary inference? That our creed is a narrow and intolerant system, which, if we act up to its dictates, not only shuts us out from all friendly intercourse with the members of another Church, but makes it a duty to hate and despise them,—to shrink from receiving any obligation or contracting any tie, which may subvert or weaken this pious detestation —that we conceive ourselves bound to eschew every friendly office,—that we wish not to be treated with ordinary kindness, —to receive no mark of affection or esteem,—that no heretic pencil should copy the portrait of our venerated mother, no heretic hand preserve our early sketches as a remembrance of ourselves,—lest it should tempt us to violate the holy abhorrence of heretics, which is the true characteristic of pure untainted orthodoxy.

The struggle between growing passion and waning orthodoxy was long and painful, but it terminates, as in a novel it must, in the triumph of the former, and the marriage of the heretic Clara Montgomery with the bigot Reginald, now, by the death of his father, Sir Reginald De Vere. Thus at the very moment which had been so anxiously awaited, the victim had escaped from the toils of the conspirators; and the rich prize, just as it became worth the seizing, was lost for ever to the Church! This was a case where casuistry must strain to the utmost the limits of its pliant morality; and where the interests of the Church may legitimatize any proceeding, no matter how atrocious. "They must be parted," argued Fitzgerald; "*any, all means must be resorted to. In such a case all things are justifiable.*"—vol. iii. p. 100. The result is a series of the most diabolical fraud and villany. Sir Reginald is summoned to Rome, on the ground that, no dispensation having been obtained, *his marriage with a heretic is invalid.* Every representation is used to induce him to sever the hated connexion. His brother Clement, and Fitzgerald, are the ostensible actors in the plot, but the cardinal already alluded to, and even his holiness Pius VII himself, are behind the scenes, and lend it their full sanction and approval.

Nor is this all. These attempts proving fruitless, a deeper and more villainous expedient is devised. Documents are produced, which testify that his first wife Angela is still living; and circumstances are recalled to his memory which render it but too probable. His marriage with Clara is thus invalid upon a double ground. The wretched baronet is driven to despair. For two years he struggles against the machinations

employed against him. But in vain. The enemy has laid his toils in too wide and secure a train. Escape is beyond his power. His only hope is a divorce from his first wife, which he accordingly proceeds to seek from the pope; and at length obtains (!!) on condition of surrendering his Italian property, appropriating to the uses of the Church a considerable portion of his yearly revenue, and dedicating his son Walter, born during his absence from England, to the priesthood of the Roman Church. Fitzgerald and Clement being despatched to England upon some of those dark missions in which Rome delights, the latter becomes the bearer of this proposal from Reginald to his unhappy wife, who, in hopeless ignorance of the causes of his protracted absence, is pining away at home in this worse than widowhood. But, false in private feeling, as unprincipled in religion, Clement discharges the mission with malicious duplicity. Concealing the circumstances in which it was given, and the object it was intended to secure, he contents himself with presenting the order which Sir Reginald had given for the delivery of his child. The unhappy mother, believing herself now indeed deserted by her heartless husband, and confirmed in the impression by the treacherous representations of Clement, refuses to acknowledge the unfeeling mandate, and the mediator, doubly false, in his letter to Sir Reginald, places the refusal to the account of indifference and want of affection for her husband.

Sir Reginald refuses to believe, and despite an ecclesiastical mandate, prohibiting all communication with his heretic wife, hurries to England, that, if it be true, he may learn from her own lips the fatal intelligence. Alas! all things combine against the unhappy man. Lady De Vere, under the conviction that he has come in person to compel the enforcement of the cruel order, confirms by her conduct the worst representations of her enemies. Sir Reginald leaves her in despair. A long, heart-broken letter declares the unhappy truth to his wife. The announcement is too much for her intellect, already too severely tried. She rises from the perusal of the fatal letter a miserable maniac!

But enough of the tragedy. Let us hasten to the *denouement*. A disagreement between the worthy confederates in this infernal scheme, which leads eventually to a complete rupture, lets in the light upon their dark doings. Clement, who through the arts of Fitzgerald has been recalled from the joint mission, and cited to appear at Rome, betrays the conspiracy, and Reginald succeeds in compelling from the Franciscan a

confession of the forgery, and a certificate of the death of his first wife, whom the false monk had himself attended at her last hour. It is unnecessary to add, that Lady De Vere recovers her reason. Sir Reginald, by the death of a relative, succeeds to the title and estates of Lord Audley; and they are all left in fair way of long enjoying their sorely periled happiness. It does not end here.

"On the third day subsequent to their arrival, Reginald, after having been for some time buried in deep reflection, suddenly rose, and taking Walter by the hand, led him to Lady Audley.

"'Clara,' said he, with great earnestness, 'you once asked me to suffer you to educate our child a Protestant; you have yourself alluded to that requisition, and you have admitted that my acquiescence was impossible. To say the truth, I saw it in that light—to speak candidly, I considered the request unfair; but I think differently now. Take him, therefore; do what you will with him; make him a —'

"Lord Audley paused, and Clara, scarcely daring to believe her senses, whispered the word he should have spoken.

"'Yes, such as you yourself are, dearest; teach him to resemble you, and I shall be satisfied.'

"'You really will allow our precious Walter to be reared a Protestant? Oh, Reginald, how happy you make me; I dared not venture to expect such happiness. My kind, kind Reginald;' and Clara burst into a flood of tears.

"'Nay, Clara, it is scarcely *kindness*,' said Lord Audley, smiling.

"'Then it is conviction,' cried Clara eagerly. 'Reginald, your eyes are opening to the errors of the Church of Rome.'

"'Indeed, Clara, I have seen enough to shake my faith in her infallibility; and although I am aware it would be unfair to blame any religious system on account of the individual misconduct of its members, still, in the present instance I fear *it is the Church of Rome rather than her minister, which is in fault.* For is it not, alas! her creed and policy to proselytize by any means—to prevent what she considers heresy, by the use of any instrument? Fitzgerald has acted towards us the part of an unchristian man; a part which I believe numbers of the Roman Catholic clergymen would severely reprobate; but for all that, *one which the Church of Rome herself would justify;* and feeling this, I have no longer any hesitation in conforming to your wishes. Walter shall be a Protestant' (this time the word was clearly uttered); 'and,' Lord Audley added in a gayer tone, 'when he is old enough, I suppose he will join his fellow-Protestants in consigning me to eternal misery.'

"'No, no, not the most intolerant spirit would have done that, even in former times; and now, now that your views are so much altered, oh, Reginald, you tell me I must teach Walter to believe as I do. Why not rather say that he must copy you?' and Clara looked anxiously towards her husband; he turned his head away.

"'Clara, you expect too much at my age, and after having been so very rigid, you must rest satisfied if I become less of the bigot.' . .

"'But, dearest Reginald, you will not surely stop here?'

"'Yes, yes, I shall,' he answered quickly."—vol. iii. pp. 303-6.

Notwithstanding this declaration, however, the author determines not to do things by halves.

"Not many months afterwards, Frances Merivale spent some very happy weeks at Ravenswood, and on returning to Sandilands, brought with her the intelligence that Clara's dearest wish was gratified: Lord Audley had gradually relinquished every former error, and was become a staunch, and thoroughly consistent Protestant."—vol. iii. p. 309.

It is rather unfortunate for his consistency that she makes her convert carry his intolerance, as well as creed, to the opposite side of the ledger. Perhaps, however, she considers the following arrangement with regard to the household at Ravenswood, quite enough religious liberty for Papists.

"'Pray,' inquired Mrs. Leyton, 'how does Lord Audley manage about his household; has he sent all his Roman Catholic servants about their business?'

"'No,' replied Frances, 'I believe not one has left his service.'

"'And what is done respecting mass? Does Mr. Winwood officiate?'

"'No; the chapel is never used. Mr. Winwood remains at Ravenswood, not as officiating priest, but as an old and valued family friend. The Roman Catholic servants have liberty to attend the chapel at Wilston, Lord Audley *merely insisting that they shall join the daily worship of the family*, which he himself conducts.'"—vol. iii. pp. 315-16.

Here, with this most appropriate and orthodox conclusion, end the trials of the "married man." The after history of "the monk," is left untold, and we fancy there are not many who will deplore the omission. We can scarcely regret, that the three legitimate volumes having been duly filled up at this point of the narrative, the pious author has been spared the trouble of drawing further upon imagination, for a history which we could not hope would improve either the head or heart of the reader. We have given the main story of this strange fiction, as incongruous in its plan, as it is puerile and unnatural in the description of character. There are of course many side-scenes, which we have not thought it necessary to bring forward. The death of Helen Templar is a most gratuitously painful tragedy, without even the recommendation of being strikingly related; and an episode of a young monk, Enrico, who plays no part whatever in the main plot, is intro-

duced, with laudable disregard of all the unities, place, time, and character, obviously for the purpose of an effective chapter on the horrors of the inquisition. It is too absurd to be passed over in silence, and indeed, as it is plainly a favourite, and elaborately executed, it would be a pity that it should not see the light. The youth, by the seductive example of Clement, has been betrayed into the same unbelieving state of mind, and falls under the searching eye of the holy office. The mystery of its proceedings is described *secundum artem.* On Clement's return from England, he misses the youth from his accustomed place in the conventual choir. His first enquiries are vain. At length, one of the brotherhood, with a gesture of silence and mystery, his lip quivering with horror, whispers in accents which curdle Clement's blood, "*the Inquisition!*" The rest is according to the established form of the inquisitorial tragedy. Clement of course discovers a subterraneous passage, which he proceeds to examine. After encountering a "hoary caitiff" monk in the descent, who most opportunely faints with terror in time to save Clement the trouble of knocking his brains out, he discovers two keys upon the ground, and by the aid of one, opens with great difficulty a massive door, which creaks upon its rusty hinges. He finds himself in a dungeon, dimly lighted by two tapers, and garnished with the proper proportion of "mephitic dew, noisome reptiles, and dull slimy moisture trickling down its walls."

"The apartment was extensive, and in many places the arched ceiling rested upon ponderous columns of grey stone, whence were suspended iron chains and rings, intended obviously for the purpose of securing those whose wretched doom it was to tenant that most frightful cell.

"On first entering, Clement had been unable to distinguish anything clearly, or to penetrate the far recesses of the loathsome chamber; but, after the lapse of a few moments had enabled his visual organ to become accustomed to the glimmering twilight, he discerned a low platform, and on it a human figure. He approached, and stood uncertain whether the haggard form which he saw before him, stiff, drawn out beyond its natural stature, and closely chained, hand, neck, and foot, could be Enrico.

"He spoke; the wretched prisoner raised his eyes, and murmured Clement's name.

"'Enrico,' exclaimed Clement, kneeling, and laying his hand on that of his unhappy friend; 'How is it I find you in this unhappy condition?'

"'Enrico looked at Clement, 'I am condemned for heresy,' said he, 'and every moment I expect my death.'

"'Your death?' rejoined Clement, unwilling to believe the possibility of an event so horrible, and for which his conscience once more told him he was answerable, "Your death, Enrico? nay, nay, you will not surely die. Did I not, even within this last half hour, encounter your gaoler; and was it not to provide you with the means of prolonging existence he had been here? This bread, this water, here is even wine,—at least, unless my eyes deceive me.'

"'True, the brother Anselmo has been here. Moreover he warmly urged me to partake of the aliments he brought; but it was with no merciful intent, Clement; I am condemned to die; a death of torture is prepared for me; and they, the hellhounds who adjudged my death, would gladly lengthen my existence, and with it my sufferings!'

"'Your doom is really fixed?'

"'Lift up your eyes towards the roof, there hangs my executioner.'

"Clement did look, and, at the highest portion of the vaulted ceiling, saw a sharp flat instrument, so placed, that when suffered to descend, it must alight on the unfortunate Enrico's brow. The pendulum, one of the means of punishing heresy, resorted to by the Inquisition, is a sharp instrument so constructed that it becomes longer at each vibration. It is placed directly above the head of the unfortunate victim, who endures the agony of beholding the approach of his executioner. It pierces first the skin of the nose, and still vibrating, continues to cut on, till life becomes extinct.

"'Giuseppe,' said he, 'it is rusty; the blood of the last wretch who died as I must die, is still clinging to it.'

"'Enrico,' said Clement, shuddering, 'you shall not die.'

"'Hark, listen,' gasped Enrico, and Clementheard a sullen, creaking sound.

"Both raised their eyes, the pendulum was slowly moving; had begun its fatal oscillations!

"The faint hectic which flushed Enrico's wasted cheek while speaking to Giuseppe, gave place to a livid paleness. He gasped for breath, then closed his eyes, breathing one word alone; that word was —*mother*.

"Clement flung himself upon his friend, and endeavoured to draw the youth from his perilous position, but in vain. In addition to being securely bound, Enrico was tightly fitted in a groove.

"'Leave me,' he murmured, 'leave me, Giuseppe, and pray, if indeed there be a God, that he will speedily terminate my sufferings.'

"But Clement would not listen, the instrument was fast descending; a few vibrations more, and it must reach its victim. With the frantic strength of madness, Clement dragged the chain which bound Enrico's waist. It was not massive, for as no deliverance from without was apprehended, the office of the ligature had been simply to confine the prisoner to one position; another wrench, and the staple which secured one end of the chain gave way, But there were other fastenings at the wrist, the ankles, and the throat, these yielded also; and, when the hideous instrument had reached the point when its fell

office should have begun, Enrico, fainting and weak, leant upon his deliverer's arm.

"'That wine,' cried Clement, 'nay, swallow it, Enrico, you will need strength, for you must fly. The garden wall down by the river is not impassable. In fact, it must not be, for it will prove your only means of egress. Quick, quick, we may not lose a moment; lean on me.'"—vol. iii. pp. 221-7.

This we are assured is no fancy sketch, no tale of a distant age, intended merely as a stirring exercise of the imagination, or a source of passing interest, without any purpose beyond the excitement of the moment. *It is a sober and deliberate description, which the reader is expected to believe.* We may be led to imagine, a serious note suggests, "that such hellish contrivances were the offspring of a darker age, and that their use has passed away; *but we should do wrong, even in these our days; and although her powers are comparatively limited, the Inquisition has not wanted victims.*" Did no silent consciousness arise, when, at the close of this glowing sketch, the author asked what must be the nature of a creed which sustains itself by such a prop?

And this is a picture of Catholic principles and manners! not in a distant age, or a foreign country, but at home, among ourselves, and in our own day! This is held out to our fellow-countrymen, as a portraiture of our habits of every-day life! Our clergy are unprincipled hypocrites, holding no law, but that which the interests of the Church dictate; our people are blind, unenquiring bigots, or secret unbelievers, scarce disguising their contemptuous scepticism!

Gladly indeed would we look upon it in a less gloomy spirit. But the unhappy truth stares us too clearly in the face. It is vain to suppose, that these characters are introduced only for the purpose of heightening the effect; that the craft and villany here attributed to a few individuals, is not intended as a sketch of the general body. We cannot, with all anxiety to interpret favourably, forget that there is no set-off to this bad picture, nothing to relieve the darkness of its colouring. We see too evidently, that the unchristian conduct of Fitzgerald is represented, not as his own, but that of his Church; what "the Church of Rome herself would justify."

"'Remember,' said Frances Merivale, 'how many good and exemplary Catholics there have been; and as Walter is so intelligent, and apparently so well disposed, hope that he will rank with Pascal, Fenelon, Bossuet, and Massillon.'

"'I dare not. I have seen the working of that false religion, and I can only view it *as a moral mildew, beneath whose poisonous influence*

nothing good or lovely can survive. The worthless weed, the loathsome reptile, may meet its pestilential breath unharmed, but for all other things—oh, they must die in such an atmosphere,' said Lady De Vere.

"*Frances felt it was impossible to dispute the justice of the observation.*"—vol. iii. p. 106.

We are disposed to make every allowance for the tempting metaphor in which this sweeping denunciation is conveyed. But it will not do. The same unworthy sentiment is repeated over and over again. The conduct attributed to the actors in the diabolical plot against De Vere, is not the result of their own moral turpitude. It is the direct working of their creed; it is all laid at the door of the "moral mildew." Fitzgerald, we are told, "*was no hypocrite, he was perfectly sincere in his opinions: what then must be the nature of the creed which he held?*"—vol. iii. p. 285. And in truth, how, according to the writer's judgment, could it be otherwise.

"'Yes,' said Clement gloomily, 'my fate is clear, I shall add another to the long list of victims to a Church, who, by the fallacies she inculcates, *drives men to infidelity*, and then exacts a fearful penalty for the opinions she has herself engendered.'

"Such of my readers as may have seen much of the adherents of the Church of Rome, in those countries where the Roman Catholic religion prevails in full force, will readily allow the truth of Clement's observation. In fact, the members of that communion are called upon to believe so much, that, *unless blindly bigoted, they usually become latitudinarians, even to the verge of infidelity.*"—vol. iii. pp. 250-1.

And this is the writer who professes her "hope of freeing herself from even the suspicion of harbouring unkindly feelings towards the individual members of the Church of Rome!" Verily she has the happiness of possessing

> "That dark lantern of the spirit,
> Which none see by, but those who bear it."

But we have wearied out our reader's patience, and our own, with these extracts, which, for us, possess no interest beyond their very absurdity. If, however, we have dwelt thus long upon so silly and pointless a production, it is not that we attach the smallest importance to its contents; but that we would unite the well-disposed of every party, for the extinction of the reviving spirit of bigotry, to which, as one of a numerous class, it is calculated to pander. Far from injuring, such productions, must, in the judgment of every rational man, advance the interests of our cause. We have no fear

that there is any one silly enough to believe, that men are, even at this moment, dragged away, silently and mysteriously, to the dungeons of the inquisition, and put to death by a lingering and ingenious torture. We can scarcely deem it probable, that there are many antipopish throats, capacious enough to swallow, or stomachs sufficiently powerful enough to digest, the idea of this base and villanous conspiracy, into which monks, priests, cardinals, and even Pius himself, are made to enter. Had the history been carried back a few centuries, all had been well,—or, as it is, if the prize in question were worth the trouble, a duke, or even a viscount,—there might be something in it. But a paltry baronet!—pshaw—she should have baited the trap with something worthy of the ecclesiastical rapacity she pourtrays!

"Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus."

But putting its improbabilities, and still more its injustice, out of view altogether, what we would ask, is the good object which reading such as this is expected to promote, or what portion of the community is it likely to benefit? Will the Catholic be won from "the error of his ways," by what he cannot but deem a coarse and unnatural caricature of all that he has hitherto held sacred and venerable? Will the wavering Protestant be arrested in his career of doubt and uncertainty? Is there in these entire three volumes, or in any one of the many similar works in which the season is so fertile, a single principle in which he will find a secure resting-place? Surely, far from removing, this harsh and flippant abuse of the Catholic religion, without a single argument to support it, will rather tend to confirm his doubt, or perhaps convert it into a certainty. And for the steadfast and unwavering, if such there be among the readers, what single element of good does it contain? No religious instruction, no moral truth, relieves the harsh and embittered page. No lesson of history or doctrine may be learned amid the vapid outpourings of hollow zeal, hollow because it possesses not charity, which is its essence and its soul! Alas! there is no good purpose it can advance, no honest cause which it can subserve. One purpose alone it can forward,—it can minister but to one cause, the hateful growth of discord, the unholy cause of bigotry.

When last we called our reader's attention to this far from unimportant subject, we had occasion in examining a number of anticatholic works, to compare them with a publication then comparatively new, *Geraldine*. We cannot refrain from again placing it side by side, with this vain, and, to forget every

serious feeling—silly production. How different the spirit in which it is conceived, the style in which it is executed! No idle declamation, no drawing upon the imagination for effect, no attempt to veil the difficulty in a maze of words, or deprive it of its efficacy even by those artifices which fiction might seem to render legitimate. No effort to refute a creed by distorting and blackening the character of those who profess it! Simple, but solid reasoning, honest and open discussion, are the sole instruments here employed. And how amiable the temper in which they are wielded! Not an unkind word, not an ungentle sentiment! No imputation of wrong or unworthy motives, not a shadow of this unamiable and ungenerous disposition. Strong in the consciousness of the truth herself had found, she would lead others by the same broad and open path! Meekness walks hand in hand with knowledge,—charity tempers the triumphs of faith!

This is true Christian controversy. And if ever fiction is to be made its vehicle, it is thus it must be employed,—truth, meekness, above all charity, its ministers. Conducted in this spirit, we shall always observe it with interest, whether it come from friend or adversary, secure that the right cannot fail to be elicited by fair and impartial discussion. But where misrepresentation is substituted for argument, and invective takes the place of reasoning, where charity is flung to the winds, and peace forgotten or despised, there we shall hold no terms. And we trust the day is not far distant, when we shall be able to rally around us all that is honourable and right-minded in the community, prepared—

"In every honest hand a whip,"—

to scout the offender from the rank he dishonours, and purify our literature from a stain which has too long sullied the character of a free nation.

Art. III.—*Prospectuses of New Life Assurance Companies (Various.)*

THIS subject has been much written about within the last few years; the public attention has been awakened, and the number of the offices professing to grant annuities and assurances has increased, is increasing, and ought—to excite the attention of the legislature. When an agriculturist tries a new kind of crop, he knows that it will in its growth be subject to be choaked by weeds of its own, or destroyed by insects which

thrive better on that food than on any other. He will look out in time, if he be wise; but are all agriculturists wise?

The sound policy of our times (sound as compared with that of other days) leaves every individual to increase, invest, or spend his money in his own way. It matters nothing to the public whether one or another individual speculates well or ill; and the loss of A is only the transfer of certain moneys to B, who will in all probability make a better use of them. So it is, as long as the ill-success in question is simply the consequence of private negligence or folly, in matters which most persons can manage tolerably well. But it is a dangerous extension of this rule, to propose that it shall apply when knowledge of the subject is rare, and the scarcity of it tempts the ignorant to assume pretensions to it; still more dangerous when the mischief done is of an irreparable character, though only to an incautious person; and most dangerous of all when many join in the undertaking, which is to bring large profit or disastrous loss, as the case may be.

The legislature has accordingly often interfered with regulations or prohibitions. The medical practitioner must pass his examinations, because few persons can know a pretender from a competent physician, and the mischief done by the former is deadly. The trading company is frequently under restrictions imposed for public protection; in fine, it seems to be a standing principle with respect to large undertakings, that law assumes a right of regulation proportioned to the magnitude of the interests concerned, and the incapability of private persons to judge for themselves whether their benefit will be properly consulted. If this be so, what species of combination better deserves the protection of wholesome restrictions than that of an Assurance Company? Does the disinclination of speculators to embark in them render such interference unnecessary? Let the dozens of offices which are formed every year answer that question. Are the sums invested, or proposed to be invested, puny considerations? "CAPITAL 500,000*l.*! CAPITAL ONE MILLION!!!" The reader will be pleased to compare these quotations with the originals, the next time he passes any place where the poor bill-sticker is allowed to rest his limbs for a moment, or gets the wrong half of the *Times* newspaper. Are the persons whose eyes are to be caught by the preceding *capitals*, those who ought to pay for a happy delusion? It is prudence which will suffer, if anything suffers; while the fool who trusts to his strong limbs and sound lungs to keep him alive, till he has beaten the chapter of accidents, will think *he*

was the prudent person, and the man next door, who made sure (as he thought) of something for his family, was the fool. Are those persons such as can afford to pay for not knowing that which they never could have known? This is the worst of all; the victims must, from the nature of the case, be the widows and orphans of those who never had much to lose. Lord A, and honourable gentleman B, if your preserves had been in half the jeopardy which the preserves of the poor man's savings may very soon be placed in, neither Gods nor men, nor (newspaper) columns, could have kept you from showing that you know the rights of property and the feelings of the injured well enough—sometimes. Nor can you turn the tables by reminding us that the public cared as little for your interests in the matter of game as you can possibly do for their's in the savings of their own industry; for remember, the nation to which you made such frequent speeches about and concerning your manorial rights, was not your certificated gamekeeper, while you are the appointed guardians of that nation's public and private interests. All that is asked of you is, in the inquiry which there can be no doubt is approaching, to put your fellow-citizens on a level with your partridges; and may you, in return, be enabled to disperse before the first of September, and enjoy your care of the latter with the consciousness of having protected the former as effectually.

There exists at present an unlimited right to offer terms of assurance, except only when the office calls itself a friendly society, and assures support in sickness, as well as a sum at death. In this case, the rules by which every society is to be guided must have their safety certified by two actuaries, or persons skilled in calculation, before that society can commence operations. But if the proposed company be a simple assurance company, it may play with the money of any person whom it can induce to trust it, in any manner it pleases. If twelve self-made directors, having duly nominated a physician and actuary, choose to undertake the assurance of lives at half-a-crown per cent. for all ages, there is nothing at this moment to hinder them except their own sense and prudence. They may think that the time is not yet come for terms of so very low a nature; nor is it yet come, in fact: but let competition run the course which it is running, and wait the end. We know well what coach-proprietors will do to turn a rival off the road; and though, perhaps, all things considered, we shall not get the length of assurance to any amount offered for nothing, and thanks for accepting it, yet we may come so near to such a

point, that a number of so-called assurance offices shall fail—that confidence in the respectable offices shall be shaken,—that the growth of the practice shall be retarded,—and that the number of "truly distressing cases" of men living in comfort and maintaining their families during their lives, and leaving them in destitution at their deaths, shall occur in rapidly increasing numbers.

Well, but why should not this trade, as well as every other, be left to itself? We grant that imprudent persons will be ruined; but is it not *best for the public* that competition should lower everything to its proper price? Best for the public! If a lion's mouth were opened, into which every man in the country were required anonymously to drop an account of the measures which he should consider *best for himself*, with reasons, an experienced statesman, with an honest mind, and a clear head, would, if he could read and arrange all the documents, have before him such materials for legislation as never yet existed. But suppose another orifice—an ass's mouth it should be—into which every person was to drop his notions of what he considered *best for the public*, with reasons also; already the newspapers give us some notion of the materials which would be thereby collected, though the editors do not allow it to be as complete as it might be. It is true that many of the propositions, in furtherance of the greatest happiness of the greatest number, privately proceed upon the hypothesis that number *one* is that greatest number; but these being detected and eliminated, there would remain a large quantity of materials, which would be nearly what they were intended to be. Much of this would be leavened by the principle of free competition carried everywhere. Let all teach, for competition will show the good and cheap teacher; let all heal, and good drugs and attendance will be themselves mere drugs; let all be trusted—the rogue can never *compete* in the long run with the honest man. The dunce, who cannot think because his teacher did not think before him, will know better next time he wants to be educated (would he?); the quack who kills the father, will lose the practice of the children and neighbours (will he?); and the man of sharp practice, whose conscience is eased by the consideration that he is spending in dollars what he plundered in pounds, will not find a market for his commodity (this is the approved phrase) if he ventures to England again. The last *is* true, because we have the Old Bailey, an establishment whose date is anterior to the times of free competition.

Competition in buttons is invaluable; it improves machinery,

employs workmen, and produces an excellent article. If they are found to break, we go elsewhere for others; and though we sustain some loss and much annoyance, yet upon the whole we do not demand the interference of the legislature. Nor, with regard either to buttons or many other such matters, do we much fear the unreasonably low prices at which they can sometimes be bought; we may suspect that the seller will ruin himself, or cheat the wholesale dealer; but

> "No matter, though the fellow be a knave,
> Provided that the razors shave."

If we rise a little higher, as high as the top of a stage-coach, we find competition leading to consequences of some moment: it upsets the vehicle, and breaks the passengers' limbs. It is all competition; who would buy nine miles an hour for his money, when he can have twelve at the same rate? But law here steps in, and prohibits a dangerous article from being sold, even to willing purchasers. There is no plea of ignorance to be protected; all men are perfectly aware that they run a risk in travelling at the greatest speed, and many men are willing to encounter the danger; but the law says they shall not do any such thing. Does any one object to this? then he may consistently set his face against any interference with assurance offices. But those who admit that the law is in the right, must join with us in calling upon parliament to regulate the unlimited licence of contracting engagements, which are fatal in their consequences, if one of the contracting parties turn out to be insolvent. We say absolutely fatal and murderous; for, if an insurance office were to break, being unable to fulfil its engagements to a considerable number of men at an age too advanced to make a new provision for their families, a larger proportion of those men would die of vexation and anxiety in a twelvemonth, than would be killed, or even hurt, if they were all upset in stage-coaches.

But suppose our last assertion not admitted, and leaving life and health out of the question, suppose it asked, whether the legislature, which is bound to protect the existence of all its constituents, would be unreasonably beyond precedent in compelling them to a certain degree of prudence in the management of their fortunes. We say no; and we cite the case of the law as it stands with regard to bills payable after date. If a man give *money* without consideration, or for one which is insufficient, or even purely nominal, the cases are very rare in which the said money can be recovered. But if he give a bill, not only is it necessary that the instrument itself should state that it is given for value received, but its validity

can be destroyed upon proof that consideration was not given for it. How is this;—an abundance of cases exist in each of which present money is a valid payment, but an express promise to pay the same sum in a year is void? There can be no reason but this; it is known that men usually think before they pay, who would promise to pay without thinking, or upon an exaggerated estimate of their future means. But whatever the reason may be, it is clear that law does interfere daily to annul a contract, where it would recognize an act. Now, the annulment of a contract is always meant to be the redress of a wrong, or the prevention of an intended wrong: what is to be done in a case in which the party wronged has performed his share of the contract *ab initio?*—there can clearly be no annulment, and law must interfere by prevention.

But strong as may be the necessity for a parliamentary inquiry, which, whatever its value may be, is the only one to be got, the question must at last arise, what sort of enactment is to follow the investigation? The details must depend upon the state of things proved in evidence to exist; but the principle must be restriction, simple restriction. It must no longer be the right of a small number of persons to constitute themselves guardians of the dearest interests of others, whom they induce to trust them by flattering promises, and the most barefaced exaggeration of the benefits to be received. Perfect security, certain gain, the most *liberal* terms: as safe as the national debt, as rich as the Equitable, as cheap as the ——. A numerous body of proprietors have signed that self-denying ordinance, a deed of settlement, not with a view to profit (that is low), but to secure to the public the "blessings" of life insurance, which the other fifty offices have, somehow or other, never fully comprehended. But if it should happen that a profit is realized, which is stated as very certain, in spite of the low terms at which assurance is offered, then the proprietors will accept a fifth, or perhaps two-fifths,—returning the rest.

A prudent man, in reading such a prospectus, asks the following questions:—1. To whom am I to trust for the truth of this statement? 2. Are the terms asked high enough to enable the office to do what it professes to do? 3. How much of the capital is paid up, and actually in the hands of the directors as a collateral security? 4. In whose hands is the management of the office? 5. How am I to know that he is qualified for his duties? 6. If anything should go wrong, what security is there that a timely warning can be given, and that it will be taken? At present he must answer these questions

to himself by information which he picks up where he can; by the vague assurance of some friend, that his friends, Mr. A and Mr. B, most respectable men, are director and actuary; on the faith of some "eminent mathematician," who is asserted in the prospectus to have calculated new tables, combining the best and newest information upon the value of human life. He takes some authority, and presumes knowledge in some quarter or other, from which advice, whether printed or oral, has come to him. Before we proceed to suggest methods by which parliament might help him, we must say a few words upon the province of authority in such a matter.

There is a great confusion in the minds of many, perhaps most persons, which the dictionary might help to set right. The words *indispensable* and *sufficient* give rise to it; they are confounded. If we say that mathematical knowledge is indispensable to the successful prosecution of such and such inquiries, we shall be thought to have said that it is sufficient. Such is not, however, the case; and we have two extreme opinions, both very common, and both pernicious. First, we have those who hold that the indispensable must be sufficient; secondly, those whose bias leads them to suppose that the insufficient must be worthless. This is, perhaps, the proper way of stating the reason for the inconceivable reverence in which many persons hold the exact sciences, and the scorn with which those branches of knowledge are treated by others. If these sects were compelled to live for six months, the first in houses having doors, but no windows, and the second in others having windows, but no doors, the first might feel and the second see, their way to certain definite notions by which, on comparing notes, they might find themselves some way advanced towards the manufacture of a decent treatise on the use of knowledge.

When the House of Commons made the inquiries into the state of friendly societies, which fill a thick volume with the evidence collected, the members of the committee must have been surprised to find very considerable differences of opinion between the mathematicians who were examined. It would have been surprising if it had not been so, for two reasons, which we shall treat separately.

To proceed upon an example: a work before us says, "Some idea may be formed of the difficulty of equitably distributing the profits of an assurance company among its members, from the fact that in the cases submitted by the ——— Assurance Society in 1823, for the opinions of scientific men, the committee of the society to whom the matter was referred, stated

in their report, that the men of science *had all differed from each other in their opinions on the subject!*" The *italics* and the note of exclamation are those of the writer from whom we quote. We shall now cite some parallel cases. A countryman who went to see the American calculating boy, was observed to have something carefully wrapped up in a handkerchief. When it came to his turn to ask a question, he stepped forward, and begged the young gentleman to tell him what he had got in his handkerchief. This was declined, to the great astonishment of the interrogator. Here only one man of science was consulted, and, though but a chicken, he knew when he had not data enough. In another case, the person consulted did not act so wisely. It was a young Cambridge man, one of those who *cram*, who was asked by a wicked friend to settle the question, whether the oscillations of a nonentity *in vacuo* are or are not affected by gravitation? The man of science here consulted took to his tools, and in less than a week brought his friend two quires of paper, ending in a differential equation, which he could not solve. Had two such men of science been consulted, they would probably have *differed from each other in their opinions on the subject!* Here a society asks half a dozen men of *science* for an *equitable* distribution of their profits. Why do not the judges of the Court of Queen's Bench have all their cases calculated? Perhaps the result of the inquiry made by the —— Assurance Company has deterred them. One man's equity is not that of another man, as we know well enough in the affairs of life; though had the half-dozen men (sound mathematicians, we have no doubt) happened to agree in their notions of *equity*,* their science would have led them to the same result, within the millionth part of a farthing, had such been thought necessary. Science, then, did not lead men to a common notion of what was equitable: put it in *italics* by all means, but why so sparing of notes of exclamation? They are not charged extra. Seriously, to form an idea (our's or another's) of the mode of equitable division of an admitted surplus, requires no more mathematics than is just necessary to understand the operation of compound interest, and the use of a table of mortality; provided that there be sense enough to see that a perfect

* The mathematical reader may possibly be reminded of the rule for the *equation* of payments (equity again) which is discussed in books of algebra on different grounds, and different results are arrived at. The common rule is equitable *quoad* all time after the last payment would have been due; a more difficult rule, preferred by the writers on theory, puts the parties in a state of equity at an intermediate time. Either is equitable on its own notions.

comprehension of the proper principle is not sufficient to enable its possessor to manage the details of the division, and to give the results of the mathematical part of the operation. Here is a mistake frequently committed: while some give up their own province to the mathematician, others invade that of the latter, and think themselves competent to prescribe the rules of operation consequent on the application of a principle, because they have a clear view of the justice of that principle. Leaving this, however, and returning to the point, we repeat again that mathematics do not teach equity, either ethical or legal: and those who send a case to mathematicians involving money paid, and do not state why it was paid, as the necessary preliminary to ascertain how it ought to be returned, must not wonder if the *pre-mathematical* considerations necessary to apply calculation, lead different men to different results. We do not expect that the actuaries themselves would agree to this; we suspect that nearly all are believers in the one true and immutable assurance office, and take the method of division of profits, and many other things, to be necessary consequences of the application of mathematics. Until, however, they are agreed among themselves, there is no occasion to dispute this, and no opportunity of knowing exactly what to dispute.

The second reason why we do not wonder at the difference of opinion among mathematicians on points connected with our subject, is this: that mathematics will not teach the cardinal virtue of *prudence* any more than that of *justice*. They may show the prudent man how to act prudently in a matter of computation, and the just man how to act justly; but here their power ends. Some men are by temperament, actors upon a degree of probability in their favour, on which others would hardly take the propriety of acting into consideration. The former set, it is true, are daily diminishing in number, some by getting under the wheels of cabs, others by driving gigs; in fact, the melancholy accidents, as people call them, which are the natural deaths of this class of men, are of daily record in the newspapers. Still, however, the genius of population recruits their ranks, and it is very possible that an actuary may be found among them. The more cautious individuals, who stop at the crossing till the cab has passed by, and know and feel that to put a high-bred horse in a two-wheeled carriage is against the eternal fitness of things, may also have an actuary among them; and when the same case is submitted to the two men, the results are surprisingly different.

"Take your table of mortality up to the actual state of things, or a trifle above it," says the sanguine man. "What if the rate of mortality should increase in the next fifty years," says the prudent one. "Four and five per cent. for ever!" shouts the first, "we can't always be at peace, and you must average your rate of interest;" for be it known, a bloody war is as much in the speculations of this calculator as a sickly season is thrown out of them. "But," answers the other, "if your day of high interest should arrive, the three per cents., into which you have bought at ninety-two, would fall to an extent which would make you lose the profits of many a long day of war prices and war interest." "You must divide largely, and *get business*," says the future experimental pavement of some one of our large thoroughfares. "Divide safely, and get good business, and above all, keep the means of fulfilling your engagements, though no more business should arrive," answers the man who shall die in his bed, if God pleases. If such differences of principle exist, and they do exist widely, to a greater or less extent, it is not surprising that the unlearned part of the community, which believes it to be all mathematics, should stare at the results, and wonder how it was that Euclid and Archimedes came to agree so well.

Now the first step of a parliamentary committee must be to *collect evidence*, and the evidence will be sure to exhibit all the differences arising from men's different notions of justice and prudence. Will they separate the two inquiries, making it their first business to ascertain what are the equitable and safe rules of conduct which our knowledge of the whole subject will enable us to acquire, and afterwards proceeding to learn the necessary consequence of these rules? Will they help the evidence of actuaries in the first inquiry, by applying their own sense and judgment to matters on which they are as competent to decide, after hearing opinions, as most juries are upon the cases which come before them? and will they afterwards trust implicitly to those same actuaries in the matters of calculation and deduction, in which their own opinions are good for nothing, and those of the calculator worth but little *before the calculation*? If they can draw this distinction, they may frame a report in which, *under proper advice*, they will lay down sound principles, and, *under proper dictation*, present the results of these principles. The first will partake of the liability to error which all men and bodies of men are under by nature: the second, of that certainty which the conclusions of exact science may reach with proper care. But the valuable part of such an investigation (even though no enactment should follow)

will be that the public will be able to separate the part of the subject in which caution feels its way, from that in which calculation hews out its road; and the houses and the nation will see that a result has been obtained. There will be no more announcement of tables calculated by "eminent mathematicians," upon supereminent data, without any exposition of the worth of the latter, and the methods of the former.

But if, as was the precedent set by the committees on friendly societies, they should dash at once into the whole subject, in an endeavour to arrive at a result out of the answers given by different men to questions of a mixed character; they will end in a report, which, however satisfactorily it may prove that men differ in opinion, will not set the reason for adopting one opinion rather than another upon any very intelligible basis. The committee will say to the house "the subject of our inquiry was mathematical; the mathematicians differed, and we have decided between one mathematician and another." To which the house, if it be wise (and the wisdom of the legislature is notorious) will appoint Mr. Baron Maule, who is well known among mathematicians, and whose position will be guarantee for his impartiality, to examine the committee, and see if they be fit to decide between differing mathematicians. But should the committee follow our suggestion, they will have to report as follows: "The subject is of a mixed nature, being the application of mathematical deduction to assumptions the extent of which must be regulated by prudent attention to facts contained in the statistics of human life and the history of the money market. The committee has diligently, with the assistance of mathematicians and men of business, endeavoured to separate the assumptions from the deductive process; and they believe that they have succeeded in putting the former in a point of view which will enable the house to see, both that there are matters on which all educated men may assume to be judges, and that those matters can be and have been distinctly separated from the others. On the rest of the subject, your committee has relied entirely on the results of professed calculators; which agree in such a manner as to make it very evident that the differences of opinion existing among mathematicians should long ago have led the public to suspect that there was something not entirely mathematical among the data of the question."

All writers, be the subject what it may, trace the origin of the inquiry they are pursuing to some ancient nation, generally the Greeks or Romans. In obedience to this rule, we lay

it down that the first assurance office was established in Egypt, and was the act of a celebrated minister of that country, named Joseph, who received a supernatural warning that seven abundant harvests were to be followed by seven years of extreme scarcity. He accordingly established a corn assurance throughout the country, and collected the overplus of the abundant harvests, to meet the deficiencies of the succeeding ones. If the Egyptians had been what the Phœnicians afterwards became, a commercial and sea-faring nation, they might possibly have made another country their assurance office against scarcity; and in modern times, the progress of civilization and trade has enabled every country to consider others as insurers against the fluctuations of crops of every kind. For it is found, that in the ordinary course of human affairs, great departures from the average do not exist on a large scale. Whatever may be the fluctuations in one country, whether for good or evil, they are compensated in another, and in a long succession of years, even in the same country. So far does this law extend, that we find it even in the indications of the moral, as well as the physical state of society. It is now well known that the proportions of different crimes are as constant from year to year as those of different diseases; and statistical researches are daily making it more apparent, that the operation of *law* extends itself even to those actions which, in each particular case, are dependant upon the will of an individual. This very curious subject may here receive some discussion, because, as we shall see, the general theory of insurance (not confined simply to life or fire) very much depends upon the recognition of the state of things described above.

The old astrologers sometimes asserted that the stars possessed an actual compelling power over the minds of men; so that though in most cases the will of the individual was obedient to this power, yet if in any case it were to happen that a person had a mind to do one thing, and his stars had settled that he should do another, the latter would certainly get the better. Such a belief as this could not continue in the minds of educated men; accordingly, we find others, with Roger Bacon, maintaining that the influence of the stars is physical, acting on the mind through the body, as a headache or fever might do; thus making it possible for the individual to overcome a dissuading star, just as he might do either of the disorders mentioned, by strong motive or by mental energy. Now, if we take away the stars, and put the laws and usages of society in their place, we must all admit that they exercise a power

upon the mind, not so much with reference to particular acts, at the time of doing them, as to the state of the principles, fears, or hopes, which is gradually brought on by the constant working of external circumstances. All this is mere truism; we admit it when we allow of some excuse for the crimes, excesses, or credulity, of ignorance, for example. But truism as it is, there are many who dispute beforehand the likelihood that permanent causes, acting in the same manner from year to year, should produce nearly the same effects, numerically speaking; that for instance, the number of persons out of a thousand taken at hazard, who cannot resist a given temptation, should be found to be nearly the same as those out of another thousand who cannot resist it. Some will allow their previous objection to neutralize all evidence, however great; others will yield to collections of facts. With the first there is no dealing; with the second we may proceed to show that the principles of insurance may be facilitated in their own comprehension by examining the method of proceeding, the precautions to be taken, and the dangers to be feared; at the same time choosing a case in which none of those common notions have been formed, which are prevalent with respect to life or fire insurance.

We have some reason to suppose that an attempt will be made* to establish a society for insuring the *honesty of clerks, secretaries, collectors,* and all those persons who usually are obliged to find a friend to become security (that is insurance) for them. This at first sight may seem a strange and hazardous undertaking; but a little consideration will make it obvious that all the objections which appear incidental to the scheme, might have been made to a life assurance company, if such a thing were now to start for the first time.

If a thousand banker's clerks were to club together to indemnify their securities, by the payment of one pound a year each, and if each had given security for 500*l.* it is obvious that two in each year might become defaulters to that amount, four to half the amount, &c. without rendering the guarantee fund insolvent. If it be tolerably well ascertained that the instances of dishonesty (yearly) among such persons amount to one in five hundred, this club would continue to exist, subject to being in debt in a bad year, to an amount which it would be able to discharge in the good ones. The only question neces-

* Since this was written, the office has began to act. We know nothing of the parties concerned, but we are confident that, with good and honest management, such a society would be profitable to its conductors, and useful to its customers.

sary to be asked previous to the formation of such a club would be, may it not be feared that the motive to resist dishonesty would be lessened by the existence of the club, or that ready-made rogues, by belonging to it, might find the means of obtaining situations which they would otherwise have been kept out of by the impossibility of obtaining security among those who know them. Suppose this to be sufficiently answered by saying that none but those who could bring satisfactory testimony to their previous good conduct, should be allowed to join the club: that persons who now may hope that a deficiency on their parts will be made up and hushed up by the relative or friend who is security, will know very well that the club will have no motive either to decline a prosecution or to keep the secret, and so on. It then only remains to ask whether the sum demanded for the guarantee is sufficient.

Suppose a company possessing capital to meet the fluctuations, were to undertake the same risk upon the receipt of a small commission or profit, over and above what is judged necessary to meet demands; we have then a case completely analogous to that of a life-assurance company; with this exception only, that the risk diminishes from year to year in each case, instead of increasing, and that the success of the company does not so much depend upon the interest of money. Both companies are subject to the danger of their mere existence procuring for them an undue proportion of the evil against which they are security to others; the life company may have bad lives palmed upon it, and the guarantee company bad morals. Both use means to avoid this which are confessedly not always sufficient; and both make the insurers pay for this risk as well as for that which it is the main intention of the institution to meet. The premiums of the assurance office are sufficient to meet all claims, not only those which arise from the failure of lives which were at the time of assurance as good as they were stated to be, but also those which come from the death of such individuals as would have been refused if the office had known all it ought to have been told. It is known from experience that sufficient safeguards have been and are provided; it remains to be ascertained what amount of precaution is necessary in the society before us. The capital must, in the first instance, stand the risk of the undertaking: it may happen that the premium now demanded, which is, we believe, about ten shillings per cent., may be found insufficient, in which case, the above-mentioned capital must pay the difference upon all engagements contracted previous to the time at

which the premiums are raised to new incomers. But it may also happen that the per centage charged is more than enough, in which case the society will reap, and ought to reap, a good harvest, until the time arrive at which competition compels a reduction of premium.

All that is established has this advantage, that possible dangers do not strike the mind with the strength with which they come upon it in respect to undertakings which have not stood trial. The preceding institution will be no sooner newly mentioned than half a dozen objections will occur. Let it be so; our present object is to ask, firstly, whether all the perils which suggest themselves are not equally incident to the existence of an annuity or assurance office? and secondly, whether in the enormous competition which is now taking place in the latter, the dangers of insecurity are not actually encountered, to an extent of which the public is wholly unaware? It is for the legislature to ask this second question; it would be most gratifying to us if it were found that it could be in every case satisfactorily answered. But will the attempt be made? Is the crash and the panic actually to arrive, if it be to arrive, before the din of politics will allow the guardians of the country to open their eyes and ears to the vital importance of the subject?

We have said that we believe a parliamentary inquiry into the state of the law and practice of life assurance (including the granting of annuities and all that relates to contingencies of the same sort) to be daily becoming of more and more necessity. It must come at last; but the deferment may be of such length as to allow time for much mischief. It might be presumptuous to give any decided opinion as to what enactments are necessary, but the following suggestions will serve for matter of consideration. We propose:—

1. That the name and address of every director of every new company should be announced *at full length* in the *Gazette*, and three times in each of two daily papers, with a penalty for every false announcement which has the appearance of being designed to mislead, and recovery against *any* director or shareholder of any sums paid to the company making such announcement falsely, with intention.

2. That such names and addresses, (with the profession, &c. of the parties) should be registered by companies, new and old, in some place accessible to the public; such register to be renewed once in every year, with penalty in case of omission, and consequence of fraudulent intention as before.

3. That no company should be allowed to commence bu-

siness until after proof given that a certain amount of capital (it need not be large) is actually paid up, and vested in trustees.

The preceding regulations are simply to secure some little pecuniary solvency in the directors, and a fair description of who they are. There are certain names so well known in the money-making world, that, be the letters which compose them ever so soft, they absolutely chink in the ear, like the dropping of coin on a pavement. Some perhaps sound rather like the rapid motion of a pen in the hands of the endorser. In either case, the effect of such names in a prospectus is very soothing and comfortable to any one who is contemplating an investment. Now it seems to us that there is in four out of five proposals for new companies, rather a show of such names among the directors. Are these really the money-giants of whom the letters remind us, or only their names, borne by some person who may have a legal title to the sounds, but none to the heaps of coin with which they are associated? It is for the framers of those prospectuses in which Christian names are given in initials, and addresses are omitted, to answer this question.

Next to the danger of having men of straw under *feigned* names, comes that of having respectable men used as men of straw, that is, who lend their names, upon the assurance of some one whom they know, that the company will be properly managed. To which we may add, that designing men may use the names of men of high station, without the latter knowing anything of the company or of their own appearance as its patrons. Suppose then,

4. That the public office in which every insurance, &c. company registers the names of its directors, should be required to give notice, every time such registry is repeated, to every member of either house of parliament, that his name appears in the prospectus of such and such an office.

5. That every person, not being a salaried officer* of a company, whose name can be proved to appear in the prospectus with his own consent, shall be held liable for all the engagements of that company, in the same manner as one of its shareholders.

6. That in every unincorporated company, no engagement between an individual and the company that the liabilities of the shareholders of the latter towards the former shall be

* We should have no objection whatever to include the actuary, or scientific adviser, by whatever name he may be called, among those who are to be liable.

limited to the amount of their shares, shall be of any effect whatsoever.

Some time ago, some parties to a fraudulent company stuck the name of the Duke of Wellington at the head of their proposals, in the character of a patron. They would have been wiser if they had inserted Buonaparte in his place, for it is not at all clear that the honest people who are gulled by such proposals know that the latter is dead, while the impostors found to their confusion that the former is alive. By the aid of a police magistrate, the offenders were put to the rout, and obliged to decamp. Notwithstanding this, another equally fraudulent concern advertised the same respectable name, and was only prevented by the editor of a Scotch paper, of whom more presently, from using it to the detriment of many persons in that country. When such things take place, it being remembered that public men may be widely advertised before they have any knowledge of what is going on, is it too much to ask that, in the registration which we confidently expect must sooner or later take place, means should be taken to put those persons on their guard, who are particularly liable from their station to be put forward as the asserted patrons of dishonest schemes? But if such persons, or any others, should really consent to their names being used as inducements to the ignorant, is it again too much to require that they should take their risk, and that, as in other commercial dealings, an advertised partner, consenting to the advertisement, should be made a real partner? Is it fair that those who neither have, nor can be expected to have, any means of knowing that the name of a nobleman or member of parliament appearing in a prospectus does not make him legally liable, should by their reasonable faith in such a name, put forward expressly that they may have faith in it, be exposed to irremediable loss? We think there can be but one answer. The uninformed part of the public believes, that the noble and parliamentary names which figure in lists of patrons, are really those of persons who are actively engaged in the details of management. Many persons cannot be convinced but that Lord Brougham writes the *Penny Magazine, Library of Useful Knowledge, Penny Cyclopædia*, and all that appears under the *sanction* of the Useful Knowledge Society, of which he is president: occasionally, perhaps, employing Lord John Russell or the Bishop of Durham to correct a proof, or it may be to fill up an unfinished sketch: and to this day, Mr. Charles Knight's little tracts on the results of machinery are placarded in shop windows as having

been written by Lord Brougham. If an old woman living in the country, be induced to buy an annuity with the few hundred pounds she may possess, and if, trusting to the high station of certain printed names, she place it in a quarter which wholly or partially fails in a few years; and if, moreover, she should appeal to the House of Commons in a petition, setting forth that several members of that house had taken all she had, and made her no return,—would it be an answer to such a plea, that the poor old woman knew nothing of life, and that the honourable members had no more to do with the management of the society than herself?

The agreement referred to in the ninth regulation proposed for consideration is often made, and may have the effect of precluding the party who may have to seek redress from a complete remedy.

Putting fraud out of the question (as to which it is not mere liability that will act as a check, though the necessity of actually paying up a respectable sum may be a preventive) let us suppose a really respectable company compelled to stop payment by the consequences of an insufficient amount of precaution in its management. This, perhaps the reader may say, never would happen, for it is preposterous to suppose that the failure could be such as would require more than all payments which have been made, and the capital besides, to meet it. It is not, however, at all impossible, if we consider that the list of shareholders may be incomplete. Say that a company, advertising 100,000*l.* worth of capital in 2,000 shares of 50*l.* each, begins business with 400 shares taken, on each of which 10*l.* is paid up; making 4,000*l.* at starting. A good outlay is made in taking a residence, fitting it up, paying the preliminary expenses of advertising, &c. &c., and by dint of the exertions of the directors, who work like new brooms as they are, a good quantity of business is procured. Suppose now that the society is unfortunate to an extent which we will admit has not yet happened (at least in the case of an *assurance* office), but which, considering that new bodies are every day arising, each nearer the ground of insecurity than its predecessors, is the thing which we fear to see arrive. The claimants have been made to believe that 100,000*l.* are mortgaged to them; whereas, owing to the agreements which they have severally made, *they* cannot find more than 20,000*l.*, of which 4,000*l.* has been nearly all sunk. *Have they not a claim on some person or persons to the amount of* 100,000*l.*? What was it that first stared the insurer in the face when he took up the prospectus?

CAPITAL, 100,000*l.* Can it be that any number of persons may positively declare that they can pledge and have pledged 100,000*l.*, and by virtue of special agreements, afterwards maintain that the sum named is not what they had got, but what they would have got if persons could have been found to take their shares? We maintain that common justice requires at least that the shareholders should be liable to the full amount of the capital advertised by them, be their number many or few, their share-list empty or full.

When law interferes to regulate the manner of making a bargain between one keen merchant and another, whatever restrictions policy may impose (and we know that there are many), it may at least suppose that when a formal agreement is set down in words, the matter of it is fully understood by both parties, and should be binding upon both, unless some public considerations make its enforcement a public evil. But when on the one hand we have a company of men of business, trying to catch the ignorant by flattering advertisements, does it by any means follow that the latter will be properly aware of the tenor of *subsequent* agreements, containing clauses which are entirely against the spirit of the prospectus? They pay their premiums, and are then told to sign the policy of assurance, a wordy instrument, being, as most of them imagine, precisely the embodyment of the conditions which they have seen and read. If such be not the case, shall the law, so fond of protecting those who can protect themselves, refuse to step in for the security of those who cannot? We incline to think that every agreement which is to any extent against the true intent and meaning of those proposals by which customers are invited, should be to that same extent null and void.

The six hints which we have given, refer to the character of the management, and we now pass to the methods employed to get business. In walking along the streets, we see that a great many of the offices are "empowered by act of parliament;" others are empowered by "special" act of parliament; others again, go so far as to name the acts under which they are empowered, but whether 2 Wm. IV, or 1 Vic. or any other, does not much matter. Mr. Squeers says a man may call his house an island if he pleases, and certainly an assurance company may take powers under many acts of parliament; all, for example, which have been passed for the *regulation* of joint stock companies, which being for the most part prohibitive of powers till

then enjoyed, resemble empowering acts about as much as a house does an island. All that we know is, that the acts under which these societies take privileges frequently do not mention their names; and next, that the inscriptions to which we have alluded are meant to imply that parliament has been so sensible of the merits of each of these offices, as to pass a special act to secure their profitable existence. It is an advertising trick, not one bit more worthy of respect than that of many publishers (and among them some of the most respectable) who will write thus in the daily papers, "To those who....*This day* is published," of a work which was published many months ago, and has not received one iota of alteration. In both cases it would probably be answered, "It is a form, we *always* do it." We should suggest,

7. That no office, unless incorporated by act of parliament, or in some other way specially noticed, should hold out to the public that they possess any special authority under any act of the legislature.

If it be desirable to prevent an office from using the name of any particular legislator without his knowledge, is it less so to hold out a prohibition against the similar use of the Queen, Lords, and Commons, in a body? Newly established offices have a trick of putting down that they are "to be empowered by act of parliament." They might as well add "if parliament see fit."

The next point to which we shall allude is the *bribery* which nearly all the offices practise. This was defended in a late number of the *Quarterly Review* in the following manner:—

"What is a poor man, living in the heart of Wales, and wishing to effect an insurance, to do, but apply to his man of business, or the agent of some office, who must take his examination, send it up to the office, employ a medical man, &c. &c., and can it be expected he shall do all this without remuneration? We believe that the whole of the country business with the offices in London is, and must be, transacted through agency; and though each agent may have his peculiar office, yet it is undoubtedly his duty to explain to his private employer as far as he knows, the different terms on which different offices grant assurances. For residents in London, *we believe*, agency is not* given, as the party can himself apply."

Now, *we believe*, that if any person had *tried* to blink some questions, confuse others, and wrap the whole subject in mist, he would not have succeeded so well three times in a hundred trials, as the author of the preceding article, who writes both

* This is a complete mistake.

ingood faith and honest intention. The preceding was an answer to a passage in Mr. De Morgan's work on the subject, of which the two following sentences are a part.

"As between one office and another, the attorney is in a judicial capacity; and as regards his client, *he is already the paid protector of the interests of another person* ..... the time will come when the offer of money to a person whose unbiassed opinion *is already the property of another*, will be taken to be what it really is, namely, *bribery and corruption.*"

As this is a matter of great importance, *and which may affect five per cent. of all moneys* invested in assurance*, we shall, at some length, state the facts, and exhibit a view of the question which shall at least have the merit of distinguishing those totally different considerations which the writer in the *Quarterly* has (in pure haste we suspect) confounded together.

Many offices advertise thus: "Solicitors and others, *bringing business to the office, will receive a liberal commission;*" while some more modestly say: "The *usual* commission will be allowed to solicitors and others." This is addressed to the agents of other persons; besides which, many offices have their own agents, established in all parts of the country, who do not profess to act for the benefit of any person or thing except the office which employs them, and of whose duty it is no more a part to mention any other office, than it is a part of the duty of the agent of one Manchester house to suggest that another sells better goods. With the latter we have nothing to do, nor had the writer on whose work the remarks in the *Quarterly* were made. They are the *employés*, each of his own office, and of course receive a payment for their exertions, each from the office which employs him. It would not be creditable in any one of them to recommend another office in preference to his own, because there is an agreement, known to the insurer, that the agent shall faithfully serve the office which employs him. We do not know of such a thing as a person who is agent to more than one office. And we say that the agreement is known to the insurer, because we presume that every man who sees written up, "A. B., agent to the C. D. company," knows that A. B. is employed by that company, whether it deal in assurances or asphaltum. We should not think of insisting on such simple points, if it were not for the remarks above-quoted. The writer of them would perhaps have avoided the confusion of this agent with the solicitor, &c., *already paid by the insurer*,

* It is believed that upwards of 7,000*l.* has been paid in one year by one office to solicitors, &c. who have *brought business*, or *had* brought business.

or at least employed in his behalf, if he had attended to the whole paragraph, of which he has only quoted a part. It runs as follows:

"Commission, in general, means either a per centage paid to a factor for the transaction of business, or a voluntary relinquishment in favour of the person who brings business, of a part of the profit which the said person, *being honourably free to choose between one competitor and another*, has brought to the trader; who, therefore, allows the commission. It answers to the profit which the retail dealer is allowed by the wholesale merchant from whom he buys. But when an assurance office announces to the solicitor, attorney, or *agent of the party* desiring to insure, that they will allow him a liberal *commission*, the term has a different meaning." (Here begins the *Quarterly*.) "As between one office and another, the attorney is in a judicial capacity; and as regards his client, *he is already the paid protector of the interests of another person.*"

We hope now that our reader is, if he were not so before, in a condition to steal a march upon the writer in the *Quarterly*, and to follow us through our account of the way in which the offices *offer to bribe the agents of other persons*, without confusing that bribe with the *honest gains which they allow their own agents*. We say *offer* to bribe, because it does not follow that the party accepting this offer *is* bribed. Though we object very much to those who clothe their conduct with what may give occasion to the enemy to blaspheme, and blame them unequivocally, yet we should be very sorry not to be able (as we are able) to think that a great many solicitors, &c., though they take the commission, are not bribed by it: that is to say, have really gone to the office of which they think best, and have done their duty by their clients. But alas for human nature! Who can know, when he takes the commission, how far the offer may have biassed his judgment, unknown to himself? A heart may be deceitful above all things, without being desperately wicked. But even if such agent were thoroughly honest in the most exalted sense, how does that excuse the offices which offer the bribe; *what did they mean by the offer?* They must have meant one of two things; either they exhorted to this effect, "Come to us, and take our commission; but on no account unless you believe us to be better for your client's purposes than other offices, that is, unless you would have come to us without the commission," or else they insinuated "Come to us, *instead* of going where you otherwise would have gone, and—hold out your hand, if you please!" Now which of these two was it;—did the offices mean to pay

for the business which they would have got without, or did they wish to bring business which they would *not* have got without, and that from the agents already engaged in other persons' behalf? Gentlemen of the jury, how say you, guilty or not guilty?

The history of the commission is this; the oldest offices, the Amicable, and Equitable, never have given it, and never will; as new offices sprang up, they considered it their only way of getting business, and the more recent offices found the custom established, and followed it. There are several honourable exceptions besides the two mentioned; we should name them if we were sure of them all. The commission is generally five per cent. on *every* premium paid: some offices give ten per cent. for the first year. Let us take the simple five per cent. The average amount of a policy of insurance is 1,000*l.*; the average age of insurance is perhaps forty. The average premium of the offices, at the age of forty is, according to Mr. Finlaison, 32*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* for 1,000*l.*, and five per cent on this is 1*l.* 12*s.* 7½*d.* Pretty well for the simple *effecting* an insurance, as it is called (as if it were really a feat), and afterwards sending a clerk once a year, pursuant to a printed notice from the office, with 30*l.* 19*s.* 10½*d.*; or the more difficult evolution of charging with a thirty-three pounder in hand, and receiving the enemy's fire in the shape of seven and sixpence, together with the commission. Or even if the agent should live in the country, what is the trouble of the process, as banking goes, more especially if he be already paid for his services? One life with another, a man of forty lives twenty-seven years odd, and pays twenty-eight premiums; multiply 1*l.* 12*s.* 7½*d.* by twenty-eight, and the result is, altogether, 45*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*, which, one policy with another, may be considered as about the agent's "remuneration," as the *Quarterly* hath it.

On *ten* new insurances made in each year, and kept up in an effective (or effected) state, the yearly profits will come to be 456*l.* 15*s.* Let us allow only 500*l.* to each policy, and say that the agent must be saddled with the trouble of twenty new insurances yearly to get the moderate income just quoted; well, even thus, we feel a right to end with!!!

The preceding calculation is certain: it is well known that most of the offices give five per cent. commission *on all premiums*; the average age of insurance is, perhaps 40; if it be more orless it does not make much difference, as in the former case there are higher premiums, and fewer of them, and in the

latter case the contrary; the average amount insured is at least 1,000*l.*, and its premium, in one case with another, 32*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*; five per cent. on 32*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* is 1*l.* 12*s.* 7½*d.*; and at forty years of age, one person with another, twenty-eight premiums are paid. The more it is dwelt upon, the more monstrous does it appear that such a sum should be called "remuneration;" and the following statement will make it still more apparent that it is not *remuneration*, but *douceur*.

Insurer John entrusts the effecting an insurance to agent Thomas; agent Thomas does the feat, and of course receives the commission on the first premium; after which he hands over the policy to his principal, telling him that he must remember to pay the annual premiums. In a year, insurer John receives the printed notice, and walks off to the office to pay his second premium. Not a word does the clerk who receives it say about returning five per cent.; but in a few days afterwards comes agent Thomas, reminds the office that he *is* agent Thomas, and receives his five per cent. on the second premium. This may go on for twenty years, agent Thomas having in the meantime quite lost sight of insurer John, until one day, when he walks to the office to be "remunerated," the clerk says, "No, no, Thomas; you are no longer agent Thomas; your man is dead; we paid his claim three months ago. Can't you bring us any body else?" We are not *certain* that all offices which give commission carry it to this point; but we believe it to be the general rule, that it is the original *bringing of business* which gives the claim to commission, and that it matters not who pays the subsequent premiums.

This matter is so bad, that it has never been openly and fairly discussed; it is one of those dubious practices, the friends of which wince when it is mentioned, and the advocates of which are driven to queer shifts of argument; like the writer in the *Quarterly*, who can only meet it by confounding the agent of another person with the agent of the office; and to make the confusion still more complete, by partially imposing on the latter the duty of acting as the former.

It is impossible to legislate against this practice—(though be it known, that if it were an *annuity* instead of an *assurance*, by 53 Geo. III. cap. 141, any person acting as broker, and taking more than ten shillings per cent. on the money advanced, is punishable by fine and imprisonment; and it has been decided in *Bromhead* v. *Eyre*, that where a *solicitor* purchases an annuity for a third person, he is not entitled even to *this* commission;) but the insurer will put an end to it

himself; and any one who will attend to the directions we are going to give, may have five per cent. on his premiums.

First, let us suppose a person living in London, or being in London for the time. He wants to insure his life. When he has determined upon an office, let his first question be, "Does this office give commission to those who bring business?" If the answer be "No," let him proceed as usual; but if the answer be "Yes, five per cent.," let him rejoin, "I want to insure my own life; I am my own agent, and I expect the same commission as if I were that of another person." If the answer be in the negative, let him say, "Then I must go elsewhere." Before he has left the office he will find himself called back, and he will then do his business five per cent. cheaper than he would otherwise have done. But in all probability the clerk will put on one of those half-comic half-respectful looks, which a man of business so often gives to a person who he sees is up to him (or down upon him, or whatever the phrase may be), and will at once accede to the proposal.

Next let us suppose a person living in the country—and before we begin let us stop to say, long live Rowland Hill!—let him not have anything to do with the agent of the office, but let him write, under a government plaster, informing them of his intention, and requiring the commission as his own agent. He should have ready the certificate of his usual medical attendant, and that of two persons to whom he is well known. He will find his proposal accepted, and the office will manage to make all necessary inquiries, and to take him on his own terms; or if not, let him write to another, or to one of the offices which give no commission. Such must be the natural death of the system of commission; every body must become his own agent; after a time solicitors will become ashamed of taking so large a "remuneration," and will do this business, as they do all others, for a proper charge made at the time when the trouble is taken.

An office might, (but we really hope and think no office would) evade the allowance of commission to the assurer himself, by giving it to him for the first year, when he *is to be* caught, and refusing it in the second and subsequent years, after he *is* caught. Should such a thing happen, the precaution in future cases must be to have the premium agreed for *in the policy*, made five per cent less than that in the office tables.

On the vital questions which remain, as to the management of the offices, it is not our intention to enter: the object of this article being, solely, to excite attention to those points

which must be canvassed before parliament, and that shortly. When the solvency and respectability of the management is secured at the outset, and it is forbidden to state falsehoods in the prospectus—when, moreover, the liabilities of those who engage in this traffic are made more heavy, there is no fear that honest and intelligent men will be found insufficient to manage a concern of this kind without legislative directions.

In the meantime, the turn which the present system is taking is frightful; bad enough as to assurances, but absolutely ruinous as to annuities. We have before us a pamphlet,* by Mr. Christie, of Edinburgh, written to prevent the irruption into Scotland of a society called the Western Annuity Society. Mr. Christie has no interest in this question, except that which every man feels when he sees his fellow-countrymen invited to hazard the subsistence of their children in attempts to make something out of nothing. It fully appears from Mr. Christie's statement, that the society in question is attempting to grant deferred annuities upon premiums which do not warrant their paying more than half what they propose to give. It is an error of judgment, originating in benevolent motives, and supported by men of high station; but it can only end in disappointment; that is to say, the families of those who have the good luck to die first, will eat away the premiums of those who live longest. Societies are now in existence which commenced their career upon an understanding that the premiums paid were sufficient to secure an annuity of 50*l.* to survivors, and which are now paying less than 10*l.* instead of 50*l.*

Much of this bad speculation in annuities arises from more or less of adherence to the old Northampton table, which, making the duration of life too short, has benefited the assurance offices, and injured the annuity societies. The reason is evident: tables which make life too short, will give premiums higher than is requisite, while the value of annuities will be made too small. But as many readers will not even see this clearly, let it be thus stated:—In the assurance, the office pays a fixed sum, and receives annual contingents, depending on the life of the party; in granting an annuity, the office *receives* a gross sum, and *pays* an annual contingent. The positions are therefore reversed in the two cases, and whatever is calculated to benefit the office in the first case, is also calculated to injure it in the second; and *vice versâ*. If an office which

* "An exposure of the unsoundness of the Western Annuity Office Society established at Exeter, &c., &c., and of certain kindred societies. By Robert Christie, accountant in Edinburgh." Bell and Bradfute, Edinburgh; Longman and Co., London; and J. Cumming, Dublin.

both grants annuities and takes assurances, could choose its own lives, it might make itself certain of realizing a profit on any table of mortality whatsoever.

We have not said a word about the actuaries, or other scientific advisers of the different companies, and we do not think that much is necessary on the subject. The only question that could arise would be this: Is it expedient that from henceforward every person wishing to practise as an actuary should undergo an examination before a competent board, and receive a certificate of competency? Should this profession, in fact, be placed on the same footing as the medical and clerical? We must, in answering this question, put the history and present state of this method of gaining a livelihood before our readers.

The earlier professional actuaries were excellent mathematicians. The first of whom we know is De Moivre, of whom it is on record that he subsisted in his later years principally by answering cases, which was done in a methodical, though not what we should now call a business-like manner. The actuary and his client repaired to a tavern in St. Martin's Lane, where, over a bottle, the calculation was made, and the fee paid. It is to be hoped they drank fair, and that the client did not get all the wine while the actuary was consulting his tables. At this time, and throughout the century preceding, the profession of an accountant was in high repute; since it so happened either that those who turned their attention that way were led to the cultivation of liberal science, or, which is more likely, that in the then state of elementary writing and instruction, it was not easy to learn a little only with any chance of being able to apply* it in practice. Collins, the correspondent of every man of science in Europe, the associate of Barrow, Newton, &c. was a poor accountant; the writers of common treatises on arithmetic were men of finished education. The most trifling problems relative to accounts were thought necessary to be certified by the highest names; and the book of leases which is still sold as being the production of Newton, was so called because it was considered expedient to procure his attestation of the truth of the methods employed in it. In the times succeeding De Moivre, but still anterior to the present, Thomas

* We have lately had occasion to glance through hundreds of folio pages, in which good Latin and bad astronomy were applied to form a rule for finding Easter. We quote it as a strong instance of the depth into which simple things were thrown. A child of our day might have learned how to find Easter, and have calculated a century of instances, in less than six hours; but the men of 1500 A.D. learned a couple of simple rules out of a number of pages, the mere recitation of which would have taken twelve hours.

Simpson, Dodson, and others, preserved the connexion between the pursuit of accounts as a means of gain, and the cultivation of the higher branches of science. Nevertheless we may say that, till about the close of the last war, and even beyond it, the number of assurance offices was so few, that the professional class of men whom we now call actuaries,* did not exist. When a new office was established, a person "skilled in calculation," was induced to abandon his other pursuits, and the remuneration was of course liberal. The actuary was sometimes an excellent mathematician, sometimes moderately skilled in that science, sometimes not at all so. With the increase of the offices, a number of actuaries, trained in the older establishments, swelled the ranks of this profession, which were still further augmented by recruits from miscellaneous quarters. The rate of an actuary's remuneration fell, of course; and as the number of such functionaries, actually engaged in the superintendence of offices, and still more of aspirants, is on the increase, it may naturally be supposed that the fall is not yet finished.

On this last point the whole question turns, with which we began this part of the subject. Up to the present time there has been no occasion to wish for legislative regulation of the conditions under which a person shall hold himself out as fit to manage the important and extensive pecuniary interests which have been committed to the charge of these functionaries. That they were in good odour at the time of the Friendly Societies' Act, is evident from their admission as guarantees of the soundness of the rules of the institutions to which that act refers, under no limitation as to who should be considered as entitled to the name: and also from the rejection of a proposition which was made, that the actuary of the National Debt Office should be the only authority on such matters. No past expe-

* We do not know exactly when this title came to be used in its present sense, though we imagine the Equitable Society was the first assurance office which gave it to its principal officer. That of the Amicable (the oldest society) is called registrar. *Actuarius* (according to Ducange) was, in the middle ages, *Scriptor publicus, qui facit acta;* but under the empire, *actuarii* were officers appointed to receive the corn from the storekeepers, and distribute it to the soldiers. They also advanced pay to the soldiery before it was due, that is, discounted their bills, and as no doubt they made good allowance for the chance of the debtors being knocked on the head, their first occupation was not entirely alien from their present pursuits. To judge from the number of regulations made concerning them in the Theodosian code (referred to by Ducange *in verb.*), they must have been troublesome gentry. In later times, the word meant the registrar of the proceedings of a court or other public body; and they are described as using shorthand. The clerk of the convocation is called actuarius. They are recognised in the modern sense by the Friendly Societies' Act, as "actuaries or persons skilled in calculation."

rience, then, would need the question to be raised whether an actuary should be recognized as such without producing proof of competency; and it only remains to ask whether any reasonably-grounded anticipation of a future alteration of circumstances would dictate such a demand as a measure of precaution.

Our own feeling decidedly is, though we cannot see the necessity of such a step as one of precaution, that it would be for the benefit of the public service, and of no bad tendency in any one particular, if the examination and the certificate were granted as a boon to those who ask for it. A young man, unknown out of his own circle, but knowing himself to have acquired all the requisite knowledge, is without any proper means of advertising his proficiency to those who might be glad to know of his existence. It would be a great favour conferred upon him, and a great stimulus given to others, if any road were opened by which he might attain that distinction and notoriety. The University of London, which is understood to have it in contemplation to establish a degree for civil engineers, will, we sincerely hope, also provide for the future actuary in the same manner. Whatever reason exists for attention to the first class, must be equally strong for the second; and it will, we doubt not, eventually suggest itself to the senate of that body, that by the extent of knowledge which they might reasonably require as a preliminary to the attainment of their certificate, they would be judiciously and usefully aiming at one of the details of their great object, the increase of the amount of liberal education, and its cultivation over the whole of those grounds which have hitherto only received the fortuitous seed of circumstances. The consequence of some exertions in this particular behalf on the part of a public body like the university, would be not only the mere promotion of acquirement among those who compete, but the imposition of a necessity upon others preparing for the same profession, to complete and extend their course of study; upon writers, to enlarge their acquaintance with those higher branches of mathematics in which the *steam-power* of the sciences is found; and upon examiners, to keep their eyes upon the prevailing opinions and methods, and upon the new wants which the increasing complication of actual business is every day creating.

The number of schemes which have been tried or canvassed for the reduction of premiums *with safety*, by persons who are honestly desirous of security, but have nevertheless been stimulated by competition, is very large. Many of them have been founded on fallacies, and have arisen from a want of

clear perception of the wholesome truth, that out of nothing can come nothing. The hope that a sum of money called by one name, would realize more (the investment remaining the same) than the same when called by another, has been clung to more than once. There are nevertheless some plans which may be feasible, and some which are too feasible; we shall notice one or two of these.

To obtain business, the offices have relaxed their old severity, and permit persons to travel, without extra premium, much farther than was formerly usual; many of them have also modified the strictness of the forfeiture in cases of suicide. This is all very well, both in prudence and policy; but we doubt whether the same can be said of the plans, the action of which is an alleviation of the premium at first, on the condition that the arrears shall be paid up afterwards. We will explain our meaning. Some of the offices will allow their customers to retain half the premiums in their hands on payment of five per cent. interest. The interest is always paid in advance, so that the matter stands thus: at the beginning of each premium-year, that is, on the anniversary of the day when the first premium was paid, the customer pays, First, half his premium for the current year. Secondly, five per cent. on each half premium in his hands. Thirdly, five per cent. on the half premium just due, and which he retains. If he should die, the half premiums due to the office are deducted from his claim; if he should live, and abandon his policy, the half premiums may (?) be recoverable by law, but if not, the office is not injured; for the half premiums *paid* are enough (at least when some years have elapsed), to cover the risk of the parties dying in the several years of tenure. It may be therefore on the part of the office, a tolerably safe investment of one half of the premium at five per cent. But with regard to the customer, how stands the matter? He is lured on by the prospect of present ease, and furnished with facilities for running in debt. He will not pay up the half premiums at last, but will, in nine cases out of ten, abandon his policy rather than bring the arrears due from him. We disapprove entirely, on moral considerations, of this very business-like attempt to draw business; it is the policy of the tradesman who gives long credit, by which the party trusted, and to whose want of forethought the appeal is made, will certainly be a loser in the long run.

There is another practice which is coming into vogue, namely, the holding of public meetings, with chairmen, speeches, and resolutions, as if the assurance office were a

public and political concern, and not a collection of private transactions. We have lately seen one or two reports of meetings of this kind; whether paid for or not we do not know.* Now it will of course be sufficiently well known to the initiated, that every man who attends these meetings is a manager or a creditor of the society: so that each initiated person will know the precise value of the *public* display. But it is not so with others, who may, if warning be not given, really imagine that these exhibitions are the spontaneous effusions of disinterested persons in favour of the advertising office. Suppose a firm of grocers were to collect their partners, their clerks, shopmen, and creditors, in a room at the Crown and Anchor, to put one of their wholesale merchants in the chair, and proceed to speechify about figs, the stimulants of virtue in juvenile minds, and sugar, the sweetener of our—tea. Suppose a set of resolutions were passed, in which general praises of colonial produce were made the premises to a conclusion that the meeting *felt itself called upon* to declare that no grocery wares could compete either in price or quality with those of Messrs. Hyson and Humbug. Such a puppet-show would deceive no one; why is it that assurance companies hope for better success? For the simple reason that many benevolent persons being desirous of propagating knowledge on the important and not yet understood subject of life assurance, the directors of one and another company may think that the praises of this method of securing provision for a family may usher in a few words as to the "peculiar advantages" of their own particular company. Unfortunately, the benefits of retail trade are so well known, that it is useless to speak of them; so Hyson and Humbug have no chance.

The "farce of public meetings" must surely be drawing near its last act. We have received an advertising circular of what the proprietor calls a "finishing establishment" for teaching writing. It asserts that this system was the object of a *public meeting* more than twenty years ago; but it shall speak for itself.

"At a public meeting held at the Freemason's Tavern, His Royal highness the Duke of Kent in the chair, it was unanimously resolved,

"That the system of penmanship taught at this establishment is very superior to any now in use; that the FREE USE OF THE FINGERS, HAND, AND ARM, as taught by this method, affords such a facility in the art of writing, *that* if generally introduced, *will be* a saving both

* In the *Times*, they were advertisements. We are no friends nor approvers of the politics of the *Times*, or of its virulence; but on this point we must say it has always set a shining example to other papers. *Every commercial insertion which is paid for is headed "Advertisement."*

of time and expense, and THIS MEETING DO THEREFORE STRONGLY RECOMMEND IT to all persons interested in teaching that branch of education.

Edward (Duke of Kent).

J. Hume, M.P.	J. Bond, D.D.	C. Downie, K.C.
J. Rudge, M.A.	J. Collier, D.D.	W. Corston, &c."

This very simple attempt at imposition is intended for the same purpose as the public meetings of the new assurance companies; we suggest to the directors of them to write their public meeting, and send it to the papers,—if indeed they do not do so already (for reports do not always represent what passed); it will save some time and expense, and catch just as many flats. As to the morality of the fiction, the less we say in either case the better.

Since the capabilities of an assurance office must very much depend upon the interest of money it can realise, it is natural that the directors of those establishments should turn their attention towards the very high rate which can be got both in some of our colonies and in the United States. Interest varying from six to twelve per cent is very tempting to the speculators of a country in which the best securities only yield three and a half. Of all the variations which may affect an office, that of the rate of interest can be least foreseen; and nothing is more easily credible than that, within half the life of man, the market rate of interest may be halved or doubled. If then an assurance office were to start on the principle of selling the bird in the bush, and presuming upon a continuance of that enormous interest which new colonies yield, its existence would be of a most precarious kind. It is not for us to say it would certainly be ruined; but it is important that all who deal with it should know that it is not properly an assurance office. If it have a large guarantee of capital, it may be safe up to a certain point; that is to say, if the worst come to the worst, the assured may be done justice to by the ruin of the shareholders. Still, however, it might happen that the losses of such a company would raise a panic against it, such as would be sure to give it a disastrous fate, as concerns the proprietors at least.

But if on the other hand, a company possessing capital, and starting on the principle of being prepared for the worst (which is *assurance*, in the office meaning of the term, though some establishments seem to read it in that sense which is most pleasing when preceded, which it is not with them, by the word *modest*), that is to say, demanding such premiums as will secure their creditable existence, under any rate of

interest which has ever been permanent; if such an office, we say, were disposed to make colonial investments, with proper judgment, and by the agency of persons who understand and have thriven in the colonies, undoubtedly they might take their share of the good things which a new country offers; and the hope of sharing in their profits might be fairly held out to induce custom. But they must remember that *high interest, so called, is not all interest:* some of it is allowance for *risk*, which is altogether a different thing. Among the perversions of opinion which produced and maintain the usury laws, the fallacy contained in the words *high interest* is conspicuous; because such and such a sum was too high for the fair *use* of money, it was prohibited to be given for the *risk* of money,—a perfectly distinct thing. We apprehend that many persons really expect to net, one investment with another, the very large rate of what is called interest in the colonies, which we feel sure they will not do; though it must be admitted that the real interest of money is higher there than here.

We have noticed an article in the *Quarterly Review*, for the purpose of impugning the doctrines there laid down, on one material point. We have now to repeat the notice, with the more pleasant task of approving its conclusions, and endeavouring to reinforce them. The subject is an office actually established and doing business in London, upon terms which carry either fraud or insanity upon the face of them: the object is to deter the unwary, to make them reflect a little, and, if possible, to prevent them from ruining themselves; the means, an exposure, first, of the proposals of this office, next, of their proceedings. The article in the *Quarterly* first brought to our notice the office called "The Independent and West Middlesex Insurance Company," which holds forth at a house in Baker-street. We afterwards learned that a private individual had brought an action for libel, in the name of this company, against the editor of a Glasgow newspaper, and had failed. We made inquiry into the grounds of this action, and convinced ourselves that an attempt had been made to gain at Glasgow, where the company (so called) was not known, something which might be carried to their credit in London. The metropolitan journals took no notice either of the action against the editor, or of several actions brought against the company's agents on the score of fire insurances made in Scotland. It is for us to repair this neglect, and to put the public on their guard.

When an office professes both to grant assurances and annuities, each species of table forms a check on the other. Granting, if you please, that different notions upon life and its value may justify two persons in believing different premiums to be allowable, it is impossible that any person who understands the most common principles can fail to see, that *cæteris paribus*, the lower a person believes the proper rate of assurance to be, the lower would be the rate of annuity that he would grant. Imagine a madman possessed with the notion, that all men from this day forward must live a thousand years each; and we can see that his conclusion is not a mad one, though his premises are so, when he proposes to insure lives at a halfpenny per cent.; since there can be no doubt that, duly paid for a thousand years, a halfpenny, with its accumulations of interest,* would yield him a most enormous profit. But supposing the same individual to be possessed with the notion that he could compete with all the present offices in granting annuities; nay, more, that he could grant 90*l.* on every life for every 100*l.* paid down; we should say that there must be a most curious dovetailing of opposite insanities in his constitution, since either his insurance or his annuities would, it should seem, infallibly ruin him. Yet a rate of interest so high might be named, that he should not only not be ruined, but should realize enormous gain even by his annuities.

But give him a sound view of the actual state of the money-market, and of the duration of human life, and let him be convinced that money cannot make more than four per cent., and that fourscore years is a good old age; and if he cannot then be convinced that both his annuity and his assurance office will bring him to ruin, and that if one would not, the other would, he must be pronounced incurable.

By the preceding extreme case we may illustrate the following statement. One office grants assurances at very low rates; good, the directors think that human life is much better than is usually supposed; they may be very wrong, but it does not follow that they are either knaves or fools: they *may* be right; time will show. Another office grants annuities at a much lower rate of payment than any where else: good again; the directors think human life much worse than is usually supposed: nothing follows against them either; they *may* be right, and time will show. To time we leave them

* A single halfpenny, improved at only one per cent., for 1,000 years, would yield 44 pounds; at three per cent., upwards of 14,300 millions of pounds.

both, confident of the ruin of one or the other. But a third office not only sells annuities at a lower rate than elsewhere, but assurances also: what are we now to say? it cannot be the value of life on which the directors hold ultra opinions, for if they sold their assurances low, on a belief of the great vitality of the community, they would sell their annuities high, or *vice versâ.* It must then be by making very large interest of their money that they hope to thrive, if they have any hopes of thriving honestly. And here is the touchstone to which we propose to subject the tables of the office before us. Give us the rate of annuity which they propose to grant for 100*l.*, and the rate at which they propose to assure 100*l.* to a person of the same age, and, *if any calculations have been made at all,* the rate of interest upon which they reckoned can be detected, certainly and mathematically. If they had given their assurance rates only, or their annuity rates only, this could not have been done: since any variation from the usual terms might have been caused by new assumptions as to mortality, and not as to interest, or *vice versâ.* But let them give both; then it is known to the mathematician that they cannot help exposing their proposed rate of interest, and the rule for detecting it is as follows, exhibited in a form which every arithmetician will most readily understand.

To 1 add the annuity they propose to give for 1*l.*, and multiply the sum by the premium at which they propose to insure 1*l.* Divide a hundred times the excess of the annuity over this product by one more than the product, and the quotient is the rate of interest which it is proposed to gain.

For example, a company grants 10*l.* of annuity, per 100*l.* paid down, upon a life which it would insure for 100*l.*, at a premium of 5*l.* What is the rate of interest supposed?

£10 upon £100 is £·1 upon £1, the annuity
£5 upon £100 is £·05 upon £1, the premium
1+·1 or 1·1 multiplied by ·05 is ·055
·1− ·055 is ·045 and 100 times this is 4·5
1 and ·055 is 1·055, and 4·5 divided by 1·055 is 4·265,

that is, £4. 5s. 3d. per cent is the interest which was calculated upon.

We have given this method at length, because the more obvious method, being only an approximation, may be asserted to be wrong by those who are interested in defending a bad system. If any one should say that an individual may, on the above scheme, buy an annuity of 10*l.* for 100*l.*, and insuring his life at a premium of 5*l.*, might put the *other* 5*l.* in his pocket as interest, he would be, though roughly correct, since

the interest he gains is four and a quarter, not be sufficiently correct to come to close quarters with a practised opponent, who would answer that his method is wrong (and so it is), concealing that it is a sufficient approximation to give a guess at the pretensions of the scheme. The following table exhibits the rate of annuity granted at several ages for each 100*l.* paid down, and the premium for insuring 100*l.*, both taken from a recent prospectus of this Independent and West Middlesex Company. The third, &c. columns contain the rate of interest which the office, if any calculations have been made, must have been imagined to be obtainable; first, on the supposition that no part of the charge was put on for management or profit; next on the supposition that 10 or 20 per cent. of the charges made consist of an allowance for management and profit.

Age.	Annuity for each £100.	Premium for £100.	Rate of interest, allowing for profit. 0 *p. c.*	10 *p. c.*	20 *p. c.*
30	£8 0 0	2 0 0	5 14 0	6 16 0	8 2 0
35	8 0 0	2 6 0	... ...	... ...	... ...
40	8 0 0	2 15 0	... ...	... ...	... ...
45	8 10 0	3 5 0	4 16 0	6 1 0	7 13 0
50	9 0 0	4 0 0	4 9 0	5 16 0	7 9 0
55	9 10 0	4 18 0	3 19 0	5 8 0	7 4 0
60	10 10 0	6 6 0	3 6 0	5 0 0	7 1 0

The reader can now pretty well judge for himself whether this farrago has been calculated from a table of mortality, or whether it is fancifully put together at the taste of some person thoroughly ignorant of the subject. Let us suppose that the managers of this concern have allowed ten per cent. for management and profit. How is this, then; does the money of a man of sixty yield them five per cent., and that of a man of thirty nearly seven? Does the Australasian or American company with whom they invest (and how else can they get this interest?) say to them "I see by the colour of *this* sovereign that you got it from a man of thirty, and I will therefore give seven per cent.; but *this one* was evidently paid in by a man of sixty, and therefore you shall have only five per cent"? This would be a curious company; but not more so than the one before us. If the difference had lain *the other way*; if the interest granted to young persons had been less than to the old, we might have supposed a reason; we might have imagined that they had allowed for the longer continuance of a young person among their creditors; and remembering the probable fluctuations of the money market, we should have approved the not assuring to young lives a permanence of that rate which we could not

have thought advisable to grant even to old ones. But here is an odd state of things, truly; the younger life, in all cases and on all suppositions, is allowed a higher interest than the old one; which amounts to saying, that an improvement in the rate of interest shall be guaranteed to those who live long enough.

But we feel that we are all this time throwing away good computation; for we are confident that the preceding table of annuities and premiums never was made from any table of mortality. If any such had been resorted to, it must, be the table what it might, have given the same premiums where it gave the same annuities. For the premium depends entirely on the value of the annuity and the rate of interest; what then can be meant by saying that 8*l.* of annuity can be given both at the ages of thirty and forty, while the premiums at those ages are 2*l.* and 2*l.* 15*s.*? Simply this, that the table of annuities has been cooked after one fancy, and that of premiums after another: nice made-dishes are they both, but they will not do to be eaten together.

All that precedes is independent of the table of mortality, and shows the inconsistency of the two rates (of assurance and annuity) upon any and every supposition. Let us now try them by tables of mortality, taking four per cent., a higher rate of interest than any office should permanently count on, with tables which are true, much more with those which are against the office. Let us take the Northampton table for the annuities, which being very well known to give life too short at the younger ages, would indicate a higher rate of annuity than ought to be given. In fact, the use of this Northampton table (however beneficial to an assurance office) has ruined more than one annuity office. Opposite, then, to that which the Northampton table will allow an office to give, and not allowing one farthing for management or profit, we put that which the Independent and West Middlesex Company offers; the third column is the Carlisle table, a safer guide:—

Age.	Northampton.	Ind. & W. Midd.	Carlisle.
30	£6 16 0	£8 0 0	£5 19 0
35	7 2 0	8 0 0	6 5 0
40	7 12 0	8 0 0	6 13 0
45	8 3 0	8 10 0	7 2 0
50	8 17 0	9 0 0	7 16 0
55	9 16 0	9 10 0	8 17 0
60	11 1 0	10 10 0	10 7 0

It appears that, through the greater part of this table, *more*

is offered by this company than is indicated by the Northampton table at four per cent.

With respect to the table of assurances, let us now take the Carlisle table, again at four per cent., and without allowing a farthing for management: this table gives lower premiums than the Northampton.

Age.	Carlisle.	Ind. & W. Midd.	Average of the Offices.	Recommended* by Mr. Finlaison.
30	£1 12 0	£2 0 0	£2 10 0	£2 1 0
35	1 17 0	2 6 0	2 17 0	2 7 0
40	2 4 0	2 15 0	3 5 0	2 16 0
45	2 12 0	3 5 0	3 14 0	3 6 0
50	3 4 0	4 0 0	4 9 0	4 1 0
55	4 3 0	4 18 0	5 7 0	5 0 0
60	5 7 0	6 6 0	6 11 0	6 5 0

We have given these results to the nearest shilling, as being sufficient for comparison. Observe, then, that even though Mr. Finlaison (an advocate of rather low premiums) recommends the premiums of the last column to be increased for charges of management, the premiums of this company are lower. Nevertheless, their insurance plan is not so monstrous as that which they propose for annuities; indeed, taking the former as safe, which we do not think it to be by any means, it is sufficient to expose the monstrous character of the latter.

We now come to those statements of proceedings to which we have previously referred. An action of libel was brought against Mr. Peter Mackenzie, editor of the *Scotch Reformers' Gazette*, a Glasgow paper, by George Williams, whose name appeared in the list of directors of the Independent and West Middlesex Company. This action was dismissed on the ground that it was not competent for an individual to seek damages for a libel alleged to have been published against a company. Mr. Mackenzie therefore had no occasion to prove the facts which he had collected against this so-called company; but in his defences, dated July 9, 1839, he set forth a statement, of which the following is an abstract.

That in 1836, a plan was devised to set up this assurance company, which was said to have been founded in 1696 (!) and to have a capital of a million. That it was sparingly advertized at first in London, but plentifully in the provincial papers. That agencies were established, and among other places, at Glasgow, where a good deal of business was done. That the monstrous character of the benefits proposed excited attention,

* On the supposition that a proper increase is made for management.

and that explanation was asked of the agent. That this agent having visited London, declared that he had seen several of the directors, whom he had found to be of the highest respectability, and that he had been informed by Sir John Rae Reid, Deputy-Governor of the Bank of England, that the company was in every way trustworthy. That Sir J. R. Reid, on being written to, denied ever having made such an assertion, and declared that he knew nothing of the parties in question. That the agent had represented the names of H. R. Perkins and James Drummond, which appeared in the list of directors, as being those of the well known brewer and banker. That Mr. Mackenzie thereupon warned the Glasgow public, by writing an article on the subject, and publishing Sir J. Reid's letter, with one from Mr. Barber Beaumont, giving an account of several circumstances calculated to throw suspicion on the company. That all the exertions of the London police failed in discovering the alleged directors of this establishment. That one of the leading officials, when traced out, was found to have been a tapster in a tavern in London, where he had failed; that another of them was his brother-in-law, who had been dismissed in December 1837 from his employment as a journeyman bell-hanger, in which capacity he had been making thirty shillings a week, out of which his parish had compelled him to pay five shillings a week for the maintenance of a wife whom he had deserted, while he lived in adultery with another woman. That a third had been a gentleman's servant, and was afterwards employed in taking orders for a wine merchant, in which character he had also failed. That one person at least, connected officially with the Independent and West Middlesex Company, had been connected with a fraudulent concern called the "London Equitable Loan Company," which had assumed the name of the Duke of Wellington as their patron, and had been disavowed by the Duke. That their solicitor, having come down to Scotland in consequence of certain actions brought against the company, was himself arrested on a *meditatio fugæ* warrant; and when examined before the magistrates, refused to answer any questions as to the constitution or character of the company, and after finding caution, left Scotland with great expedition.

Such is Mr. Mackenzie's description, which he was prepared to justify, of a company which still continues to do business in London, and which is reported to have been very successful in the country. These allegations are widely known in Scotland, and should certainly be made known, and, if those con-

cerned can do it, answered, in England. If they should be true, the whole thing is dreadful to think of; and this one instance alone would justify the rational part of the community in demanding legislation on the subject. Whether this company be what it has been represented to be, or not; that is, whether ignorance and rashness, or preconcerted fraud, be the key to the extraordinary annuity and assurance tables which we have exposed, the consequences will be equally fatal to the numerous subscribers, who, with their families, must be injured, and may be ruined, by the operation of this *impossible* scheme. Law must step in, sooner or later, and once again we ask of our legislature, What are you waiting for? Will you never believe that the plans which tend to the ruin of the widow and the orphan on a large scale, are to be checked, until you hear the cry of the injured reproaching you for the past, because you would not take the clear warning which pointed out the future? Is there no member of either House who has time or knowledge to turn his thoughts to the present state of the *trade* which we have been describing? If the unfortunate persons who have been or may be deceived by the various arts to which we have alluded, had committed larceny or felony, both houses would have spent long evenings in discussing plans for their punishment or reformation, and my honourable friend, and my honourable and gallant friend, and my honourable and learned friend, and all the denominations of honourable friends (and how friendly they are to be sure!) would have cried Hear, hear, until the report of the debate was as wet as a fresh newspaper, the best half of every sentence being "drowned in cheers." Prevention is better than cure, but here prevention is the only cure, for the disorder is deadly, and the mischief is that of a plague which strikes at the life of hundreds, and takes no single victim. A healthy system has grown and is growing; but the weeds have sprung up in the crop, and must be rooted out. Without metaphor, the confidence of the public in the whole system of assurance, *the ultimate abolisher of all poor-laws*, will receive a strong check if certain and speedy remedies be not applied to its abuses, as it now exists among the middle classes. Let such a check be given, and the progress of its influence among the poorer classes will also be retarded; a few years of delay may postpone for generations the time when *every man throughout the country, who has not an independent fortune, shall make his day of health and strength the* SOLE *and* ASSURED *earthly support of his sick bed, and of his surviving family.*

ART. IV.—*Hungary and Transylvania; with Remarks on their Condition, social, political and economical.* By John Paget, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1839.

WHEN Dr. Bright was travelling some quarter of a century ago in Hungary, he was asked by a mining officer of Kremnitz whether Mexico was not an English island, and if rice, sugar, and coffee were not the products of Great Britain. These questions undoubtedly displayed a considerable degree of ignorance on the part of the doctor's acquaintance. But the tables might be easily turned upon ourselves. There is much of justice in the complaint made to Mr. Paget by the Hungarians, that Englishmen in general were more interested about the islanders of the South Sea and the negroes of Africa, than about the inhabitants of the east of Europe. It is but a few days ago that we heard a member of parliament ask in what part of Circassia Khiva was situated,—Khiva, which is not in Circassia at all, but many hundred leagues distant from that region.

In fact, until public attention was attracted to the Danube through the Count Szechenyi's exertions to render it navigable by the steam-boat, the whole of Europe, to the east and south-east of Vienna, may be said to have lain under a dense cloud of oblivion, so far as the active nations of the west were concerned. Although the eagles and legions of Rome had found their way into those vast and fertile countries stretching from Illyria to the Carpathian mountains; had to a certain extent civilized them, embellished them by noble structures, and rendered their inhabitants conversant with that language which is never to die; yet when the empire fell, Cimmerian darkness again claimed them for "her own." The wars between Turkey and Austria for awhile reminded us that Belgrade, Peterwaredin, Buda, and Pesth, were still in existence. But the French revolution, the victories of Marengo and Austerlitz, the marches to Berlin and Moscow, and all that succession of marvellous events which terminated at Waterloo, so completely averted all minds from the more distant nations of our hemisphere, that when the first Englishman who steamed it down the Danube described his voyage, and spoke of the population on its banks, he was represented by more than one of his critics to have introduced his countrymen to the knowledge of a "new world."

A "new world" indeed! It was a phrase against which the Hungarians had good right to protest. Ten or eleven

millions of people, possessing institutions as free and quite as ancient as our own, a territory much more extensive and fertile than Great Britain, and a religion derived from the source of truth which they have ever cherished, and to which the great majority still firmly adhere,—had good right to murmur when they were alluded to as mere strangers in Europe. It is high time that we should reform our own shallow notions in this respect, and that we should at least render ourselves a little better informed in geography than the representative of one of our counties, who asked in what part of Circassia Khiva was to be found.

It must indeed be confessed that both Hungary and Transylvania present many difficulties to a traveller, which the mere summer tourist would have little disposition to conquer. The people are every where civil and hospitable; but the access to their principal towns, and the most interesting portions of their territory, are confined to roads which are still in a state of nature. The plains of Hungary are traversed by highways best known to the horses accustomed to run from stage to stage, and scarcely distinguishable except by deep ruts here and there, through scanty herbage, or low brushwood, which seems to have no limit. The highways and byeways of Transylvania are still less inviting. The mountainous character of that region renders a journey through it an affair of no ordinary peril. No very pleasant sensations arise from the rocking which a traveller must undergo, who, seated in a wooden cart, or a vehicle of wicker-work, is often knocked about from one side to the other, and occasionally pitched bodily out upon a ledge of rock, or perchance into a ravine, while descending what is called the king's "high-road." The greater therefore are the obligations which are due from those

> "Gentlemen of England
> Who stay at home in ease,"

to Mr. Paget and other enterprising persons, who rough it through those *terræ incognitæ*, and then take the trouble to tell us of all that they have seen and heard during their journeys. To Mr. Paget, very particular marks of our gratitude ought to be paid; for he not only imposed upon himself a great deal of personal toil and privation in endeavouring to explore the interior of Hungary and Transylvania, but also no small pecuniary sacrifices; for he took with him an eminent artist to skech the scenery, and has illustrated his volumes so abundantly with landscapes, and groups of the natives, and sketches of mountain fastnesses, and ancient castles, that he can scarcely expect a sale sufficient to cover his expenditure.

We must therefore begin by forgiving him for the very slender knowledge he evinces, throughout his work, of botany and geology. In mineralogy he seems somewhat more of an adept. Indeed we have a sharp suspicion that he was tempted into Transylvania by some other "prospects" than those which the face of the country opened to his view. The dreams awakened by certain mining speculations, in a region where every mountain is said to teem with gold and silver, may possibly have had for him a spell which he could not well resist. It is certain that he speaks with more than usual warmth of language, about a certain little branch of solid gold which he saw or read of, and believed to have sprung from a trunk of the same highly prized metal. Nor can we imagine that the great and diversified volume of nature could have possessed many real attractions for a tourist, who could write in the following style about a sunrise:—

"A sunrise may be a very delightful thing, and I have *almost* enjoyed it, when stern necessity obliged me to be moving at such a time. But I do most solemnly protest against the imputation of ever having risen voluntarily at so unseemly an hour for so absurd a purpose. To a sunset commend me if you will; there you have glorious colours, and feelings congenial to them; all the brilliancy of golden lights and purple shadows, all the poetry of warmth, the luxury of shade, and the still sweetness of reposing nature. But in the morning, the poor sun itself looks no better than a huge Seville orange; and the raw air, and cold dead smell of night, together with the gray tints of surrounding objects, make one shiver at such mockery of life and heat. I would as soon get up to see the housemaid make my study fire, as worship the god of day till he has fairly warmed the air, and made it fit for mortal breathing."—vol. i. p. 185.

We should be glad to see dame Nature give Mr. Paget a pinch in the ear, or a good ducking in a shower of rain, for such a piece of, we were going to say, impertinence as this. But the phrase is rather stronger than we should like to use, and moreover it would not be quite justifiable; for albeit he thus speaks slightingly of the glorious pageantry that attends the god of day upon leaving the eastern gates for his usual visit to the haunts of men, still our author, in spite of the little spice of dandyism infused through his intellectual constitution, does often betray a sincere love of beautiful skies, and of those gorgeous mantles, as Milton describes some clouds, lined and edged with cloth of burnished gold.

Mr. Paget commenced his Hungarian tour in June 1835, setting out from Presburg, and proceeding thence, after he was tired of witnessing the proceedings of the diet, and examining all the "lions" of the place, to the "alley of the

Waag, a romantic region, which, though at so short a distance from Vienna, has hitherto been scarcely heard of by Englishmen. The Waag river, born somewhere among the valleys of the Krivain, winds northward until it is lost in the Danube at Komorn, about midway between Presburg and Pesth. In the lower part of its course, it irrigates rich plains covered with corn as far as the eye can reach. But in its more northern courses, which are somewhat lawless, (as its name, derived from the Latin *Vagus*, intimates), it leads the traveller through wild and fantastic scenery. It is often a most dangerous and treacherous river. Without giving anything like fair warning, it will suddenly quit its previous channel, and turn off elsewhere, sweeping away whole villages with their inhabitants, and leaving behind it, instead of green pastures and smiling harvests, vast beds of sands and stones.

Without stopping to examine all the charms of the valley, its hot springs and various villages, we shall transport ourselves at once to the caves of Demenfalva.

"Having applied the evening before for permission to visit the cavern of Demenfalva, to a gentleman of the name of Kubin, on whose property it is situated, and having been kindly promised by his lady, who received us in his absence, that she would find us guides, and make every necessary provision for our visiting it, we started for the village of Demenfalva; when, being provided with a guide, we drove on to the cavern, about five miles distant. I shall not easily forget that drive. We were in a light carriage of the country, without springs, and had to pass along the rocky bed of a mountain torrent. It is almost impossible for a carriage of this description to fall over, but it required all our care to avoid falling out; for every turn of the wheel brought it over huge masses of rock, from which it fell down again with a shake that seemed to dislocate every bone in our bodies.

"At last we came in sight of the cavern's mouth,—a small hole at a considerable height on the side of a limestone mountain, in a very wild and beautiful valley. Here another guide awaited us, both being as savage-looking fellows as I ever saw, and unfortunately ignorant of any other language than Sclavackish. The entrance, not more than three feet high, opens into a high passage, which descends rather suddenly for several hundred feet, and leads into the first cavern, the roof and floor of which are beset with stalactytes and stalagmites, thongh not of any great size. From thence we descended by a broken and very rotten ladder, into a larger cavern, out of which, a low archway conducted us to the great curiosity of Demenfalva, the ice grotto. In the centre of this grotto, which is rather small, rises a column of beautifully clear ice, about seven feet high, on which the water falls as it drops from the ceiling, and immediately freezes. The floor is one mass of thick ice. Still lower in the same direction, is a much larger chamber, where an ice pillar, of several feet in thickness, reaches from the roof to the

floor. It is formed of small irregularly rounded crystals of ice, of about the size of drops of water, which reflected most brilliantly the light of our torches as it fell on them.

"It is the presence of the ice in this cavern, and the various shapes it puts on, which imparts to Demenfalva its peculiar interest and beauty. We have already seen it forming the slender column and the stately pillar; a little further on, it presents in wonderful exactness the beautiful appearance of a frozen waterfall; in one place it hangs in such graceful and delicate folds, that the statuary might borrow it as the beau ideal of his drapery; while in another, it makes the elaborate fretwork of the Gothic roof. It was singular to observe the apparent uncertainty as to whether ice or solid limestone should result from the water which trickled through the roof; in one instance, where the roof of the cavern was covered with hard limestone stalactytes, the floor was composed of icy stalagmites. It seemed as though the one or the other was indifferently formed. To what this circumstance is owing, in what respect Demenfalva differs from other caves where limestone deposits take place, but where there is no ice formed, I cannot say. Ice is also found in an old mine at Herrengrund, as well as in one or two other caverns in Hungary. That of Herrengrund is remarkable as having only begun to form, on the miners' opening an old shaft, and as having proceeded so fast, as to oblige them to discontinue their workings. It is said still to go on increasing, though much is consumed in summer by the inhabitants of Neusohl, for whom it forms a common ice-house; nay, so well does it answer this purpose, that the greater the heat of the summer, the more rapidly is the ice said to increase.

"As far as I am aware, no satisfactory explanation has been given of this phenomenon. At Demenfalva, there was no perceptible draught of air, which our lights, if not our feelings, would have indicated; nor, as far as I could judge (my thermometer was broken), was it at all colder here, than in Adelsberg or Aggteletk. The stratum, a compact limestone, is the same in all those caverns I have seen, and the quantity of moisture differs but little.

"After sketching the second ice grotto, we passed onward into a long cavern with a gothic arched roof, containing a number of stalactyte pillars of beautiful forms. The floor was here no longer of stone or ice, but covered with a very fine dry lime dust. Two more caverns of great size, and so high, that the feeble light of our torches lost itself in seeking to define their limits, led us to a narrow passage, where the bottom was covered with a soft white mud, common in such places, and called by the Germans *berg milch*, (mountain milk), and which soon became so deep, that it was impossible to proceed further. We returned by the same road, which I should think was about a mile long, having occupied two hours in the cavern."—vol. i. pp. 141-5.

There is more celebrity attached in Hungary to the office of member of our Parliament, than we had thought of. The

Waagites seemed, according to our author, to think, that the House of Commons especially, must needs be the resort of everybody. He had heard young men declare that they would slave a whole life long, for the pleasure of once seeing and hearing the debates of that house. Had they, however, been present at some of the debates upon Lord Stanley's Irish registration bill, and witnessed the conduct of some of our young lordlings, and disappointed place-hunters, upon those occasions, we presume that they would scarcely have felt any very ungovernable desire to quit their native vales for a second visit to our legislative bear-garden. Some of their questions, however, were rather piquant. "How did Lord Grey look?" "How could Peel hold with the Ultra-Tories?" or, indeed, they might have added with any other Tories, all of whom, we suspect, he would wish to see crammed into a ship bound for New Zealand. Another droll question which the Waagites, (is not our word "Wag" borrowed from that valley?) put to Mr. Paget was, "Did Stanley really believe all he talked about Church property?" Doubtless this was one of the interrogatories which, our traveller confesses, puzzled him "not a little."

Mr. Paget devotes many pages to the constitution of the Hungarian chambers, a rather trite subject, upon which his researches, if they be indeed worthy of that name, have thrown no new light. One of the most distinguished members of the legislature, the Count Szechenyi, has been for some time known to all Europe, on account of his great personal sacrifices and exertions in favour of his country. The following sketch of his character we know to be perfectly correct as far as it goes:—

"Count Széchenyi István* is the third son of the founder and benefactor of the museum of Pesth, a scion of the same house which produced two of the most distinguished archbishops of Hungary. For seventeen years Széchenyi served in the Austrian army; and it was not until the peace had rendered it an idle life, and removed all chance of distinction, that he determined to quit it. Perhaps disgusted with the system of favouritism, or the personal enmity which had kept him down to the rank of captain; perhaps moved by that spirit of regeneration, which, from the mountains of Transylvania, spread over the plains of Hungary, and was felt even at the gates of Vienna itself; or, it may be, warned that the freedom with which he had dared, under the influence of this spirit, in his place as a Hun-

* In Hungarian, the Christian-name is placed after the sirname, as in natural history the name of the species follows that of the genus.

garian magnate, to address the Upper Chamber, was inconsistent with the uniform he wore. Such have been suggested as among the causes which may have driven him from the army, and which soon placed him in the foremost rank of Hungarian patriots.

"The leisure which he now enjoyed was occupied in foreign travel. England particularly fixed his notice; our manners, our institutions, our commerce, were objects of his study, and offered him useful hints for the improvement of his native land. The causes which impeded the introduction of commerce in Hungary, and the great developement of her natural resources which must result from their removal, first occupied his attention. At home, he found a government and people mutually distrustful. The Hungarians complained to him that foreign—so they called Austrian—jealousy and oppression, were the sole causes of all their misfortunes; while, beyond the Carpathians, he heard his countrymen described as a tyrannical, ignorant, and turbulent nobility; the oppressors of a poor, idle, and slavish peasantry; the one class who would, the other who would not, effect anything for the common advantage of their country. On all sides, a reform in Hungary was declared impossible.

"Széchenyi was not to be turned from his object. His plan was cautiously laid down, and has been so far steadily followed up:—to labour incessantly at improvements, and to pursue such only as the strength of his means gave him a reasonable hope, that, with unwearied perseverance, he might carry through. In common with others, he has always striven for the great objects of reform in the laws and institutions of the country, an extension of the rights of the lower classes, and a more equitable and just government; but his great and peculiar glory is in the path which he has marked out alone, and which, in spite of all obstacles, he still follows with the greatest success—namely, the improvement of the material condition of Hungary.

"One of the first objects to which Széchenyi drew the attention of his countrymen, was the improvement of the breed of horses; a subject particularly suited to their taste, and likely to attract their notice. A large stud, often from one to two hundred horses, forms almost a necessary part of a nobleman's establishment; and yet they rarely breed anything but a cross of the common country horse with the large, slow, high-actioned Spanish horse, a race of little use but for the pomp of ceremony. Széchenyi introduced the English race-horse and hunter; and to show their superiority, he instituted races, and kept a pack of hounds; in short, he succeeded in making English horses a fashion, which is now generally followed.

"The races take place twice a year—at Pesth about the end of May, and in autumn at Parendorf, near Presburg—and are so well attended that it is evident they suit the taste of the people, and it is highly probable that they will one day form a part of the national amusements."—vol. i. pp. 204-7.

No person knows better how to apply to patriotic purposes means in themselves intangible even to Austrian law, than the

Count Széchenyi. His mode of proceeding has been, throughout his career, the true secret of his success. Scrupulously careful in avoiding any measure that might lead to sanguinary results—sufficiently attached to the interests of his own "order" to preserve their privileges, so far as those privileges are really useful to good government, untouched—and above all things, dreading the evil consequences that would arise from lifting the flood-gates of democracy—the Count has gone on from step to step, contenting himself with whatever he can gain, provided only his progress be real and substantial. This species of reform is, perhaps, the only one that could be beneficial to Hungary in its actual condition. It requires great prudence, and untiring patriotism. There are many well-informed and high minds amongst the better classes of the Hungarian nobility; many minds also, which, though not so well instructed, are susceptible of generous emotions, which the Count knows how to turn to advantage. His tactics are, to get these individuals to meet together as often as possible—sometimes at county assemblies—an old privilege of the Hungarians—sometimes at horse-races, which the Austrian government dare not venture to oppose—sometimes at the casino, or club, which has been for many years established at Pesth, chiefly through the Count's exertions. By these means also the Count has succeeded to a very great extent in restoring to general use the Hungarian language, which was fast falling into desuetude. He has written and published several volumes and tracts in that language of a most valuable character, and uniformly speaks in Hungarian whenever he addresses the Chamber of Diet to which he belongs. His admiration of England and her institutions is enthusiastic. He has been charged with having lately somewhat relaxed in the activity of his patriotic career, in consequence of his having been appointed by the Austrian government chief commissioner for perfecting the steam navigation of the Danube. Mr. Paget has given these accusations an answer, in every word of which we, who also have the honour to know Count Széchenyi, entirely agree.

"Looking at the whole tenor of Count Széchenyi's public life, we feel convinced that he has not acted without reflection, and probably not without good reason, in withdrawing from the political arena for a time; but he must not forget how much Hungary, how much Europe expects from him. When a man has once embarked on the stream of public life, he has no longer a right to disappoint the just expectations of the world. When such a man fails, the honest confidence, the

high resolves, the purest aspirations of millions are sacrificed. One feels a sickening at the heart, a contempt for virtue, a hatred of one's kind, when the man we have worshipped as the idol of our hopes, deceives us in the expectations we have formed of him.

"The Hungarians, however, need not entertain such fears; whatever may be the difference in opinion as to the means, no one can doubt the rectitude of Széchenyi's object. It cannot be denied that the support of high moral principles, the unflinching advocacy of just rights, and the unyielding defence of the injured and oppressed, are yet more important to the well-being of mankind than the mere improvement of their material existence; but few in the Hungarian Diet have fulfilled these duties better than Széchenyi, while the other objects at which he has so industriously laboured, the detractors of his fame have entirely neglected.

"Those who read Széchenyi's works, and know the reception which they met with—who are acquainted with the excessive national susceptibility of the Hungarians—and who recollect how just, and therefore how bitter, was the satire he directed against them—will not suspect him of seeking popularity, except so far as it is necessary to the furtherance of his objects.

"That Széchenyi has not attempted what he could not do, and what others have failed in doing when they did attempt, is, both at home and abroad, no uncommon subject of complaint against him. To me it appears one of his greatest merits. To have known his own powers, to have calculated accurately how far his means would enable him to go, to have reflected deeply on the practicability as well as utility of a scheme before he proposed it for adoption, would seem just those qualities which best entitle a man to the confidence of a nation; and which, when united to high talents, necessarily make him the leader of a party."—vol. i. pp. 226-7.

Mr. Paget made a very agreeable excursion to a pretty little bathing-place, called Fured, on the shores of the Balaton lake, about eighty miles south of Pesth. It shows how little we know of Hungary, to find that our author and his companions were the first Englishmen who ever visited Fured. Balaton, or, as it is otherwise called, the Platten Sea, extends about fifty miles in length; its breadth is nowhere less than eight or nine miles. It communicates with the Danube by the river Scio, which unfortunately is not navigable. Upon this internal sea, there was not a single sail. Some authorities have stated that it ebbs and flows regularly, and is also salt, like the ocean; but Mr. Paget contradicts this assertion. To a question why they did not turn it to advantage in the way of communication, the Hungarians replied, "Oh, we do in winter; we then drive from one side to the other of it, as if it were a road!" The lake abounds in delicious fish, especially

in the species called the fogas (*perca lucioperca*), said to be, from its flavour, and the firmness of its texture, the best fresh-water fish in Europe. The gourmands also set a high value on the crawfish of the Balaton, which is not unlike the small lobster. Our author was nearly caught by another kind of fish—a lady blooming in all sorts of charms, whom, however, in a short time, he discovered to be a most complete coquette—a fortunate discovery for the future Mrs. Paget, (the daughter, we believe, of the Count Wesselyni,) to whom, by-the by, we are pleased to see, her husband has, in a few affectionate expressions, dedicated the present work.

Some peculiarities still adhere to Hungarian society, which a little more intercourse with the western circles will doubtless speedily correct. For instance, the ladies in a ball-room cling always together, even when promenading. At supper also, the gentlemen took out their pipes, involved the room in a cloud of smoke, and kicked up a general row before the ladies could have made their escape. In excuse for this scene, Mr. Paget, however, states, that the "gentlemen" then at Fured were chiefly country squires, and those too not the most polished of their order.

A transition of great importance to the general welfare of Hungary, is at this moment, and has been for some time, in progress in that country. Formerly the proprietor of the land, and his serfs (for such they were) upon them, cultivated the soil in common; and in return for their privileges in this respect, the peasant yielded either a certain number of days' labour, or a portion of corn, or both. The proprietor frequently found this system inconvenient, as, there being no defined limit between the land which he wished to cultivate himself, and that tilled by the peasant, he experienced insurmountable difficulties in introducing any improvements in the management of his property. Laws have been recently enacted authorising the proprietor to place within a ring fence as much of his land as he deems equitable; but in lieu of any tracts comprised within his limits which have hitherto been occupied by any of his peasants, he is bound to give them allotments elsewhere. The change, though manifestly calculated to benefit both parties, has caused no slight discontent. It is, however, proceeding; and we have, in Mr. Paget's work, a very favourable account of the results in some districts, to which we are anxious to invite the attention, particularly of our own countrymen, under the hope that some measure of a similar kind might be devised for improving the relations between our landlords and their tenantry.

It would, perhaps, not suit our land proprietors—especially those who are in the class of absentees—to farm their own estates so extensively as some of the Hungarian magnates do; but there are some other points among the agrarian reforms now going on in that country, which might be adopted in Ireland with great advantage. But let us first see how these reforms have worked. A number of peasants, who some years ago had lived chiefly in miserable cabins scattered here and there over the surface of a particular estate, are now collected in a village, consisting of rows of neat whitewashed cottages, shaded by avenues of acacias and wallnuts, presenting every possible appearance of cleanliness and comfort. Let us step with our traveller and his host into the first cottage they visited, while they were passing through one of his villages.

"It was that of a poor widow. I was positively startled at the kindly feelings with which the Count was received, and the proofs of comfort which everywhere met my eye. The widow was poor, for she had lost her husband and her sons—all, except one, who was a soldier; and she had none, therefore, to aid her to till her little farm. But yet nothing like want was apparent in any part of her arrangements; and her heart was glad, for the Count had succeeded in obtaining the young hussar's discharge, and the mother's gratitude was warmly and affectionately expressed. From thence we crossed the street to the house of an opposite neighbour, a stout middle-aged man, and one of the richest peasants in the village. Joy sparkled in the good man's face as he doffed his broad-brimmed hat, smoothed his long black hair, and kissed his master's hand, in delight to see him in his cottage.—vol. i. p. 286.

The kissing of the superior's hand is no badge of slavery in Hungary. On the contrary, it is a token of the warm feeling that exists between the head of a family and his kinsmen and dependants, and is always practised whenever he meets them. It is a beautiful spectacle, which we ourselves have often witnessed in that country. Mr. Paget thus minutely describes one of the cottages lower down the village in question:

"It is, for the most part, a long one-storied building, presenting a gable only to the street, with an enclosed yard facing the whole length of the building. The gable end is generally pierced by two small windows; or, rather peep-holes, for they are very rarely more than a foot square, below which is a rustic seat overshadowed by a tree. The yard is separated from the street, sometimes by a handsome double gateway and stately wall; sometimes by a neat fence formed of reeds, or of the straw of the maize; and sometimes by a broken hedge, presenting that dilapidated state of half freedom, half restraint, in which pigs and children so much delight, where they can at once enjoy liberty, and set at nought control.

"Passing through the gateway, we entered the first door, which led into the kitchen; on either side of which was a good-sized dwelling-room. The kitchen, whitewashed like the rest of the house, was itself small, and almost entirely occupied by a hearth four feet high, on which was blazing a wood fire, with preparations for the evening meal. The room to the left, with the two little peep-holes to the street, was evidently the best room of the cottage, for it was that into which the peasant was most anxious to show us.

"In one corner was a wooden seat fixed to the wall, and before it an oaken table, so solid that it seemed fixed there too; on the opposite side stood the large earthenware stove; while a third corner was occupied by a curious phenomenon,—a low bedstead heaped up to the ceiling with feather-beds. The use of this piece of furniture completely puzzled us,—to sleep on it was impossible; and we were obliged to refer to the Count for an explanation, who assured us it was an article of luxury on which the Hungarian peasant prided himself highly. For sleeping, he prefers to lay his hard mattrass on the wooden bench, or even on the floor; but, like other people who think themselves wiser, an exhibition of profuse expenditure in articles of luxury,—feather-beds are his fancy,—flatters his vanity. These beds are generally a part of his wife's dowry.

"In the favourite corner we commonly observed—for the peasants of Z——— are Catholics—a gilded crucifix or a rudely-coloured *Mater dolorosa*, the *penates* of the family; while all round hung a goodly array of pots and pans, a modest mirror, perhaps even a painted set of coffee-cups, and, sometimes, a drinking glass of curious workmanship, and of no ordinary dimensions. A Protestant peasant supplies the place of saints and virgins by heads of Kaizer Franzel, and Prince Schwartzenberg; and, not unfrequently, Buonaparte and Wellington look terrible things at each other across the room.

"The corresponding apartment on the other side of the kitchen was furnished with more ordinary benches and tables, and served for the common eating and sleeping room of the family. Beyond this, but still under the same roof, was a store-room and dairy; and below it a cellar. The store-room well deserves its name, for such quantities of *turo* (a kind of cheese), lard, fruits, dried herbs, and pickles, laid up for winter use, I never saw; and in some houses the cellar was not less plentifully supplied, and that too with a very tolerable wine. The cow-house was rarely without one or two tenants; the stables boasted a pair or sometimes four horses; the pig-sties, it is true, were empty, but only because the pigs had not yet returned from the stubble-fields: and to these most of the houses added sheep-sheds and poultry-pens,—presenting altogether perhaps as good a picture of a rich and prosperous peasantry as one could find in any part of the world."—vol. i. pp. 287-290.

Alas! how completely is the Irish cabin described in the following picture, (which Mr. Paget has given for the sake of

the contrast,) of a very different kind of dwelling which he found upon the estate of a very different proprietor.

"Take G——, a small village in the north of Hungary, difficult of access from the bad roads in the neighbourhood, and not favoured by nature with the richest of soils. The peasants love the brandy-bottle, and hate their landlord. The Baron B—— lives in Vienna, and lets his village to a greedy Jew, who grinds out of the people every particle of possible profit, no matter how injurious ultimately such conduct may prove to them or to their master. The dingy cottages are built of unhewn firs, carelessly put together, and plastered with mud on the inside; they rarely consist of more than two, and generally only of one chamber, where the whole family must live. Attached to the house is a shed for the oxen and pigs; horses and sheep they have none. I must confess, I cannot speak so minutely of the interior of the cottages here as at Z——, for, in going towards one of them, I stepped up to the knees in a mass of putrefying hemp; which, with the filthy appearance of the children crowding the threshold, effectually cooled my curiosity."—vol. i. p. 292.

The bad roads,—the unfriendly soil,—the loved bottle,—the hated landlord,—the absentee lord,—the greedy agent (an attorney) "who grinds out of the people every particle of possible profit," the dingy cottage,—the one room,—the pigs,—the putrid dung-hill,—how completely descriptive of the poor peasants dwelling in many parts of Ireland which we could name,—parts too in which, instead of any chance of amelioration, we perceive signs only of a still more wretched state of things, verifying to the letter the address of Richard to the peasants of Essex, when, after the insurrection of Wat Tyler, he used these words, "Rustici quidem fuistis et estis, in bondageo permanebitis, non ut hactenus, sed incomparabiliter viliori." "Villeins indeed you have been and are; in bondage you shall remain, not as hitherto, but still more vile than ever." Too nearly akin to the tyrannous spirit of Richard is that by which those landlords are actuated who are now leagued together for the avowed purpose of expelling from their lands their Catholic tenantry, and forcing them either to emigrate to the colonies, or to seek refuge in the suburbs of the nearest town, where they must become mendicants.

In Hungary, such a state of things formerly gave rise to many risings of the discontented peasantry; similar to those which in Ireland have been designated agrarian disturbances. But in Hungary a good sovereign came to the aid of the people, and by an act of power, somewhat arbitrary it must be confessed, but perfectly excusable, seeing that it could not be accomplished with the assistance of the diet, Maria Theresa gave

them the celebrated "Urbarium," a code of laws which in return for certain payments to the crown, and contributions in labour or produce to the lord, conferred upon the peasantry a kind of *joint property* in the soil, of which the latter could not deprive him without his consent, except in some particular cases specified in the laws.

This "Urbarium" enabled the peasant to bequeath his "fief," or rather indeed its usufruct, to his children. A peasant's "fief" consisted of a house and garden-ground, to the extent of one acre,—of an arable and pasture farm, varying in different counties, and according to the qualities of the soil, from about sixteen to forty acres of arable, and from about six to twelve acres of meadow land. We have no doubt that in the course of time the contributions to the land in labour and produce will be commuted for a fixed rent in money, and that the usufruct will then be converted into a real estate, thus altering most materially the condition of the Hungarian peasant from that in which it was, when a diet of the olden times declared that, "Nulla res magis florenti quondam Hungariæ statui nocuisse videtur oppressione colonorum quorum clamor ascendit jugiter ante conspectum Dei." "Nothing seems in former ages to have more materially interfered with the prosperity of Hungary than the oppression of the peasantry, whose cries ascended directly to the throne of God!" How truly might we not apply the same language to many parts of Ireland! Some such measure, as a joint or separate right of property in the land which he cultivates, must, we think, sooner or later be established in favour of the occupying tenant in Ireland. At least, some system of law must be adopted which shall compel the landlord to consider that he has duties to perform as well as rights to exercise. The soil of a country, filled with a population, ought not to be held in the contemplation of law as a species of property capable of being dealt with so absolutely as a herd of cattle or a flock of sheep. Even if it were *de facto* and *de jure* in possession of the sovereign, there are certain natural claims arising out of the birth of a human being upon the spot—the ordinance that he shall earn his bread upon it by the sweat of his brow—which precede all other dispositions of the land, whether made by decree of the monarch or the authority of the legislature. These natural claims are deeply founded, and ought to be respected. Laws at variance with them cannot obtain a willing obedience in any community which the world has yet seen, and therefore we must not wonder that the rights attempted to be enforced with

so much rigour in Ireland by the legal proprietors of the territory have created so large a share of discontent as they have done,—discontent which must go on increasing until some system shall be adopted which may reconcile the just interests of all parties. What that system should be we are not at this moment in a situation to state. But we apprehend that some materials for appeasing the disquietude which exists upon this subject, may be found in the quantity of waste lands with which Ireland abounds. A distribution of this land ought to be effected upon terms which would render it purchaseable by the industrious peasantry who reside near it. Similar distributions might take place with respect to such portions of the bog land as could be drained and cultivated. The success of the loan banks in many parts of Ireland for small commercial purposes, is sufficient to encourage the establishment of institutions of the same kind for agricultural objects. If the work were set about properly, with the assistance of the Irish government, it would be difficult to calculate all the benefits it would confer upon Ireland. Before the lapse of many years it would give rise to a numerous class of substantial yeomen, who possessing a solid stake in the country, would exert themselves in every way to preserve public order and inculcate a sincere attachment to the laws.

The reader who has any interest in the subject of the mines in Hungary, will find much useful information in the latter chapters of the first volume of Mr. Paget's work. For our part we prefer taking a trip with our traveller to Tokay, where the celebrated wine that goes under the name of that place may be found in its greatest purity. "Everybody," he exclaims with the ardour of a connoisseur, "has heard of Imperial Tokay; and here we were in the very midst of the vineyard, where the king of wines has established his throne." The town itself is insignificant. The Bodrog and the Theiss unite just above the town, and form a fine navigable river to the Danube. As yet it cannot boast of a steam-boat; but it cannot be long without that great instrument of prosperity, seeing that the country upon its banks teems with productions that would be deemed of great value in the western markets of Europe. The sturgeon of the Theiss is smaller than that of the Danube, but it is remarkable for its fatness and its peculiarly delicate flavour. It is a vulgar error to suppose that all the Tokay vineyards belong to the emperor of Austria. By far the greater part are in the hands of private individuals. A few words as to the manufacture of this seducing beverage. (Oh, Father Mathew, forgive us!)

"The whole of the Hegyalla mountains, extending along the banks of the Bodrog twenty miles north of Tokay, produce the Tokay wine. The finest sorts, however, are grown only in Tokay, Tartyal, Zombor, Tallya, Mád, Keresytur, and some few other villages; the very finest only on a small hill, the Méyes-Male, in the parish of Tartyal. About Tokay, and I believe along the whole chain, the hills are composed of basalt and trachytic conglomerate, covered with a deep sandy soil. The grapes are of many different kinds, of which the Formiset and Champagne are considered the best. The lateness of the vintage, which is not begun here till the 26th of October, when it is finished in other parts of the country, has considerable effect on the quality of the wine.

"Three kinds of wine are made at Tokay,—the *Essentz*, the *Ausbruch*, and the *Máslás*, so called from the different modes of preparing them. From the length of time the grapes hang, a great number of them lose part of their juice, begin to wither, and become exceedingly sweet. These grapes, when gathered, are placed on wooden trays, and sorted one by one with the greatest care, only the finest being selected; those which are too much withered, and those which are unripe, being alike rejected. When it is wished to obtain the Essentz, these grapes are placed in a barrel with holes at the bottom, through which all the juice that flows, without any other pressure being applied than their own weight, is allowed to pass off, and this it is which constitutes the *Essentz*. After the Essentz is extracted, or, as happens most frequently, when none has been taken, the grapes are at once placed in a vat, and gently pressed with the hand, a small quantity of good must, or new wine obtained in the ordinary manner, being poured over them to increase the quantity, and facilitate its flow; and the result of this process is the *Ausbruch*. To produce the *Máslás*, a large quantity of less choice must is poured over the same berries, which are now pressed as in making common wine. The Essentz can only be obtained in the very best years; and, indeed, it is only in favourable years that Ausbruch of a good quality is produced. The wine ought to have a fine bright topaz colour. The Essentz is sweet and luscious to the highest degree, and is esteemed rather as a curiosity than as pleasing to the palate; but it is the Ausbruch on which the reputation of Tokay depends. It is a sweet, rich, but not cloying wine; strong, full-bodied, but mild, bright and clear; and has a peculiar flavour of most exquisite delicacy. I have never tasted it in perfection but at private tables, and that only twice; I could then have willingly confessed it the finest wine in the world. The Máslás is a much thinner wine, rather sweet, with a preponderating flavour of the dried grape.

"The product of the whole Hegyalla vintage, in an ordinarily favourable season, may amount to about two hundred and fifty thousand *eimers*;* of which not more than one quarter, and probably much less, is Ausbruch.

* The eimer contains about as much as sixteen ordinary wine bottles.

"Tokay should not be drank till it is some years old; and it is none the worse for twenty years keeping in a good cellar. Even in Hungary, I have known a ducat, (ten shillings) given for a pint bottle of good old Tokay. For a fair wine, however, of three or four years old, four shillings the common bottle is a good price, and it may generally be obtained at that rate without difficulty. The expense of transport and duties comes, I think, to about two shillings the bottle more. Great care, however, should be taken in choosing a person to whom it may be safely confided. Two cases, which we entrusted to a merchant of Pesth, arrived in England in a state of fermentation, with more than half the bottles broken, and the rest quite spoiled. We have every reason to believe that this arose from a portion of our wine being taken out, and the bottles filled up with new wine; and, though the evidence is not sufficiently strong to justify me in publishing the name of this person, it is more than enough to make me caution any future traveller to be quite sure of his man, before he ventures on giving such a commission. A society for 'making known Hungarian wines,' has lately been formed at Pesth, and in its cellars genuine wines, supplied by the growers themselves, may be obtained; and Mr. Liedermann, a merchant and banker of Pesth, who is connected with the society, will undertake to forward them."

The districts of Hungary which lie between the Waag and the Theiss abound in rich and smiling valleys, well watered by lovely brooks, adorned by magnificent woods, and cheered by prospects of lofty mountains. But eastward of the Theiss a very different scene opens to the view. The whole territory which extends from the line of the Danube south of Pesth, to Transylvania, is, in fact, one vast plain, occupying a space of nearly five thousand square miles. This plain, called the Puzta or Steppes of Hungary, is covered with sand and alluvium; and, as it is surrounded on every side by mountains, there can be little doubt that in former ages it was the bed of a vast lake, which eventually forced its way to the Euxine, through what is now the channel of the Danube. The northern and central portions of this plain are comparatively unproductive; but the southern districts, well known by the name of the Banat, might be called, from its wonderful fertility, the "golden vale" of Europe. Unfortunately, it is very thinly inhabited; it is chiefly occupied, moreover, by the Magyars, an indolent race, much more prone to war than agriculture.

There is, however, a charm for the traveller in these wildernesses, which no one but a traveller can appreciate. The shepherd's hut, the mysterious tumulus, the constant hum of insects, the screams of birds of prey, the lowing of cattle,

of which herds of many hundred head are occasionally to be seen, the groups of wild horses, the myriads of sheep which graze upon these steppes, give them, indeed, a character altogether different from that of the desert. Nevertheless, we understand the sense of great enjoyment which was required to draw from Mr. Paget (whose imagination is not often excitable) the following poetical description:—

"The feeling of solitude which a vast plain impresses on the imagination* is to me more solemn than that produced by the boundless ocean or the trackless forest; nor is this sentiment ever so strongly felt as during the short moments of twilight which follow the setting sun. It is just as the bright orb has disappeared below the level of the horizon; while yet some red tints, like glow-worm traces, mark the pathway he has followed; just when the busy hum of insects is hushed as by a charm, and stillness fills the air; when the cold chills of night first creep over the earth; when comparative darkness has suddenly followed the bright glare of day: it is then the stranger feels how alone he is, and how awful that loneliness is, where the eye sees no boundary, and the ear detects no sign of living thing.

"I would not for the world have destroyed the illusion of the first sunset I witnessed on the Puszta of Hungary. The close of day found us far from any human habitation, alone in this desert of luxuriance; without a mark that man had established his dominion there, save the wheel marks which guided us on our way, and the shepherds' wells, which are sparingly scattered over the whole plain. I have seen the sun set behind the mountains of the Rhine, as I lay on the tributary Neckar's banks, and the dark bold towers of Heidelberg stood gloriously out against the deep red sky; as the ripple of the lagoons kissed the prow of the light gondola, I have seen his last rays throw their golden tints over the magnificence of fallen Venice; I have watched the god of day as he sank to rest behind the gorgeous splendour of St. Peter's; yet never with so strong a feeling of his majesty and power as when alone on the Puszta of Hungary."—vol. ii. pp. 7-8.

All the magical phenomena of the mirage are witnessed in great perfection upon the Hungarian steppes. It is not, however, to be understood that they are altogether destitute of villages, and those, too, of a considerable size, worthy almost of the appellation of towns, had the houses and streets not been so thoroughly rural in their appearance. The cottages are usually built on a uniform plan;—a gable end, with two small windows, faces the street, from which it is nearly hidden

* "In many parts of the Puszta there are soda lakes, which dry up in summer, and leave the earth incrusted with soda, which is collected, and re-forms every three or four days from May to October. It is reckoned that 50,000cwts. might be gathered annually if care were taken."

by acacias and wallnut-trees, with which it is shaded; the roofs are beautifully thatched with reeds.

"The part of the plains left for pasture is occupied, as we have seen, during the summer months, by immense herds of cattle and flocks of sheep. In winter these are either brought up into the villages, or stabled in those solitary farms which form another striking peculiarity of the Puszta. Far from any beaten track or village, the traveller observes a collection of buildings, enclosed by a thick wall of mud or straw, with an arched gateway, and containing a large court, surrounded by stables, barns, sheep-houses, and a shepherd's cottage, or two. Here the sheep and cattle are wintered, for the sake of saving the draught of fodder; and here their guardians often remain, the whole winter, without exchanging a word with any other human beings than those composing their own little domestic community; for the trackless snow renders communication extremely difficult. In summer the shepherd's life is even more monotonous. He often remains out for months together, till winter comes on, and obliges him to seek shelter.

"Almost all the inhabitants of the plains, except some few German colonists, are true Magyars; and nothing is so well adapted to their disposition as the half-slothful half-adventurous life of a *Juhász*, or Puszta shepherd. His dress is the loose linen drawers and short shirt, descending scarcely below the breast, and is sometimes surmounted by the gaily embroidered waistcoat, or jacket. His feet are protected by long boots, or sandals; and his head by a hat of more than Quaker proportions, below which hang two broad plaits of hair. The turned-up brim of the hat serves him for a drinking cup; while the bag, which hangs from a belt round his neck, contains the bread and bacon which forms his scanty meal. Over the whole is generally cast the *bunda*, or hairy cloak. I must not forget, however, that his shirt and drawers are black. Before he takes the field for the season, he carefully boils these two articles of dress in hog's lard; and, anointing his body and head with the same precious unguent, his toilette is finished for the next six months. I feel assured that the penetration of my English readers will never dive into the motive for all this careful preparation, and that they will be little inclined to believe me if I tell them it is cleanliness! Yet, so it is; for the lard effectually protects him against a host of little enemies, by which he would otherwise be covered. To complete his accoutrements, he must have a short pipe stuck in his boot-top, and in his belt a tobacco-bag, with a collection of instruments—not less incomprehensible to the uninitiated than the attendants of a Scotch mull—intended for striking fire, clearing the pipe, stopping the tobacco, pricking the ashes, and I know not what fumitory refinements besides.

"But the bunda deserves a more special notice; for in the whole annals of tailoring no garment ever existed better adapted to its purpose, and therefore more worthy of all eulogy, than the Hungarian bunda. It is made in the form of a close cloak, without collar, and

is composed of the skins of the long-woolled Hungarian sheep, which undergo some slight process of cleaning, but by no means sufficient to prevent them retaining an odour not of the most aromatic kind. The wool is left perfectly in its natural state. The leather side is often very prettily ornamented; the seams are sewed with various coloured leather cords; bouquets of flowers are worked in silk on the sides and borders, and a black lamb's-skin from Transylvania adorns the upper part of the back, in the form of a cape. To the Puszta shepherd, the bunda is his house, his bed, his all. Rarely in the hottest day of summer, or the coldest of winter, does he forsake his woolley friend. He needs no change of dress; a turn of his bunda renders him insensible to either extreme. Should the sun annoy him, as he is lazily watching his dogs hunting the field mice, or the earless marmots, to supply their hungry stomach—for, like their masters, they trust chiefly to their own talents for support—he turns the wool outside, and, either from philosophy or experience, knows how safely it protects him from the heat. Should early snow on the Carpathians send him chilling blasts before the pastures are eaten bare, and before he can return to his village, he a second time turns the bunda, but now with the wool inside, and again trusts to the non-conducting power of its shaggy coat. The *guba*, woven of coarse wool, presenting much the same appearance, is a cheap but poor imitation of the bunda."—vol. ii. pp. 12-16.

Mr. Paget has given several specimens of the Magyar national melodies, and translations of some of the songs by which they are accompanied. For foreign ears they possess very little attraction; but the Magyar deems his native airs incomparable. Indeed everything peculiar to his race and country he looks upon as far beyond all rivalry. A poor peasant Magyar nurse, sitting by the bedside of her mistress, a German countess, heard her utter, while under severe suffering, the common exclamation, "Ach Gott! ach Gott!"—"Ah, my lady," observed the poor nurse, "God forgive me, but how can you expect God to listen to you, and give you ease, if you speak to him in a language which he does not understand!" Magyar was, in this woman's opinion, the only dialect known in heaven!

Mr. Paget made a steam voyage down the Danube, from Pesth to Orsova, but he adds nothing material to the information already supplied on that subject. He presents, however, some very interesting notices of the beauties of Wallachia, and the manners of its inhabitants.

"One of the Wallack's most prominent virtues, is, his love for his parents, and his respect and care for them in their old age. They would consider it a disgrace to allow any one else to support their aged and poor, while they could do it themselves; and I certainly do

not remember to have seen any beggars among them. The idiot is here, as with all the peasants of Hungary, considered a privileged person, and is allowed to make himself at home in every cottage.

"There is among the Wallacks a peculiar tenacity to localities, which, besides having maintained them in this land, where Romans, Goths, Vandals, and Huns, in vain tried to gain a permanent footing, still attaches them, notwithstanding the injuries and injustice to which they are exposed, so forcibly to their native villages, that if a possibility of existence remains, they rarely quit them. This tenacity is an important fact, and ought to make the Magyars very cautious how they attempt to force prematurely any reform in language, religion, or customs, on such a people. They may, perhaps, be led—no one yet has been able to drive them. Rude as he is, the Wallack feels deeply; he loves the land his fathers tilled—the house his fathers lived in—the soil where their bones have found a resting-place. Such sentiments may sometimes interfere with the schemes of the improver, or the profits of the speculator; but, utilitarian as I am, I should be sorry to see this stuff of the heart bartered for such gains as theirs: I hate the pseudo-philosophy which cannot appreciate the utility of sentiments and beauty.

"United to a very strong religious feeling, which they manifest sufficiently by the exertions they make to obtain suitable places of worship, they possess a mass of superstition, which mixes itself up with every action of their lives. Many of their beliefs and superstitious observances, strongly resemble those of some other nations; whether from direct communication, or because similarity of circumstances produces similarity of ideas, I leave others to decide. The notion of hidden treasures being concealed under old castles, in tombs, and such-like places, is very common; and, as in Tartary and Circassia, the peasants here believe them to be guarded by some evil spirit. In the old castle of Gyalie, formerly a fortress of Rákótzy, now rendered a very agreeable residence by Count Banffy, it has always been said that the treasures of that unfortunate prince were buried. A few years since, some of the servants obtained permission to dig under the great gateway, where rumour located the hidden wealth, and to search for it; and they proceeded accordingly with their task; but on the second day, or rather night, for they worked in darkness, something so mysterious and horrible took place, that one of the men died of fright soon after, and the others begged permission to be sent away, though nothing could ever draw from them the cause of their alarm, or induce them to recommence their search.

"Like the Turks, the Wallacks ornament their burial places by planting a tree at the head and another at the foot of every grave; but, instead of the funereal cypress, they plant the *swetschen* or plum, from which they make their brandy,—a very literal illustration 'of seeking consolation from the tomb.' For the death of near relations they mourn by going bare-headed for a certain time; a severe test of sincerity in a country where the excesses of heat and cold are so great as here."—vol. ii. pp. 220-23.

Amongst their other amusements, the Wallacks are particularly fond of dancing. Those residing near the village of Varhely, appear to have a singularly odd custom, connected with their favourite enjoyment.

"A party of idle young fellows sell themselves, as they say, to the devil, for a term of three, five or seven years; the number must be unequal, or the devil will not hold the bargain; engaging to dance without ceasing during the whole of that period, except when they sleep; in consideration of which, they expect their infernal purchaser will supply them with food and wine liberally, and render them irresistible among the rustic belles. Accordingly, dressed in their gayest attires, these merry vagabonds start out from their native village, and literally dance through the country. Everywhere they are received with open arms; the men glad of an excuse for jollity, the women anxious perhaps, to prove their power,—all unite to feed and fête the devil's dancers; so that it is scarcely wonderful there should be willing slaves to so merry a servitude. When their time is up, they return home and become quiet peasants for the rest of their lives."—vol.ii. p. 225-6.

The principal features of Transylvania are of course its numerous mines, several of which Mr. Paget appears to have visited with great interest. These he describes often so minutely, that we are glad to make our escape from them occasionally, to the house of a quiet Transylvanian country gentleman.

"The life of a country gentleman in Transylvania, though somewhat isolated by his distance from any large capital, and by the badness of the roads, is by no means without its pleasures. For the sportsman, a large stud of horses, —few men have less than from ten to twenty,—every variety of game—from the boar and wolf, to the snipe and partridge,—and a boundless range for hunting over, are valuable aids for passing time. If a man likes public business, the county will readily choose him Vice Ispán or magistrate; and the quarterly county meetings are a constant source of interest, and afford ample opportunity of exercising influence. If agriculture has any charms, some thousands of untilled acres offer abundant scope for farming, and promise a rich return for capital. If philanthrophy has claims on his heart, the peasantry, who look up to him for everything, afford a fine scope for its effusions, and a certain reward if judiciously and continuously exercised.

"The houses of the richer nobles are large and roomy, and their establishments are conducted on a scale of some splendour.

"It is true, that they are deficient in many things which we should consider absolute necessaries, but on the other hand they exhibit many luxuries, which we should consider extravagant with twice their incomes. It is no uncommon thing, for instance, in a one-storied house, with a thatched roof, and an uncarpeted floor, to be shown into a bed-room where all the washing apparatus and

toilet is of solid silver. It is an everyday occurrence in a house, where tea and sugar are considered expensive luxuries, to sit down to a dinner of six or eight courses. Bare whitewashed walls and rich Vienna furniture; a lady decked in jewels which might dazzle a court, and a handmaid without shoes or stockings; a carriage and four splendid horses, with a coachman whose skin peeps out between his waistcoat and inexpressibles, are some of the anomalies which, thanks to restrictions on commerce, absence of communication, and a highly artificial civilization in one part of the community, and great barbarism in the other, are still to be found in Transylvania. It is not, however, in such houses as the one in which we were visiting, that such anomalies are to be sought, but rather in those who boast themselves followers of the 'good old customs of the good old times.' But laugh as we young ones may, at those 'old times,' it is not altogether without reason that the epithet of 'good' so pertinaciously clings to them. There is something so sincere, and so simple in the manner of those times,—when an Englishman wishes to express his idea of them, he calls them homely, and in that word he understands all that his heart feels to be dearest and best,—that see them where we may, they have always something to attach and interest us."—vol. ii. pp. 317-19.

In short the manners of the Transylvanian squires are in many respects truly patriarchal.

"At one, the old-fashioned family, even of the present day, assemble in the drawing-room, and proceed to dinner. It is rarely that they sit down without some guest; for, whoever of their acquaintance happens to be travelling near, always manages to drop in about dinner-time, as he knows he will be well received; indeed, his passing by without stopping, would be considered an insult. And a goodly sight is that hospitable board, for it is crowded by those who might otherwise be ill-provided for. Besides the family and guests, all the governesses and masters dine at table; and then there are three or four stewards and secretaries, and the clergyman of the village, or perhaps both clergyman and priest, and the poor schoolmaster, all of whom never dine at home when the seigneur is in the country.

"The dinner, instead of being placed on the table, is carried round, that every one may help himself, each dish being first presented to the lady of the house, who never fails to take a small portion, by way of recommending it to her guests. As for telling the reader of what the dinner is composed, it is impossible; but I can assure him, that both in quality and quantity, he must be very difficult to please, who is not satisfied. The *élite* of the company retire to the drawing-room after dinner, to partake of coffee and liqueur, while the inferior guests who have not the *entrée*, make their bows and depart. When speaking of the occupations of the ladies of Transylvania, it would be very ungrateful were I to omit their talent in making liqueurs; some of the home-made liqueurs of Transylvania equal the best marasquinos

and curaçoas in flavour. A drive out in the cool of the evening in summer, and embroidery, cards, books, and conversation, with the interlude of a *gouté*, composed of fruits, preserves, savoury cold meats, and, now-a-days, tea, and at nine, a supper nearly as large as the dinner, complete the occupations of a day in the country, in Transylvania."—vol. ii. pp. 321-23.

The remarks of Count Széchenyi, with which the following extract concludes can hardly fail to amuse the reader.

"The habits of society in Transylvania, in many respects differ little from those of England about the end of the last century. The ladies usually pass their mornings in attending to the affairs of their household, or in listening, over their embroidery, to the news of the day, which a neighbouring gossip has kindly brought to them. Some of them, it is true, spend these hours at the easel or the drawing-table, and others store their minds with the choicest products of foreign literature. In addition to a pretty good circulating library, which Klausenburg already contains, the ladies have lately established a book-club among themselves, in order to insure a better supply of new books. I know many ladies to whom the names and works of all our best classics are familiar, either in the originals or translations; and there are very few who cannot talk learnedly of Byron and Scott. This may not be thought to show any very great proficiency in literature, but I am afraid if we were to ask English ladies how much they know—not of Hungarian writers, but of those of Germany even,—we should often find their knowledge still more shallow.

"The education of children is, for the most part, committed to the mother's care. In the richer families she is aided by a governess and a master; in those less rich the whole duty rests on her, but in no case is it left entirely to the care of strangers. Boarding-schools are almost unknown, and the boys are consequently committed to the care of private tutors, often priests or clergymen, till fit to be sent to college. It is a great misfortune that the wholesome lessons which pride so often receives in public schools, cannot be enjoyed by these children. Too often their tutors are little more than their servants, and they are consequently brought up with an overweening idea of their own consequence, and of the inferiority of all around them. Count Szechenyi has given a humorous description of this sort of education, and its effects, which is worth quoting. Although intended for Hungary, and a little exaggerated, there are not wanting instances, even in Transylvania, to which it might be well applied.

"'Many of our children, from their very infancy, have always been attended by a couple of hussars, whose labour has been to praise their little master's every act, in the hopes of adding a trifle to their wages by their servility—although they have rarely succeeded in that matter. Has the little count walked half a mile—'O, what a pedestrian he will make!' Has he got through an examination—private, of course—and are his parents in office—'What a great man he will turn out

some of these days!" If the young gentleman, attended by a handsome suite, pays a visit to his father's estates, every body is in waiting to receive him, and he sees things only in their holiday dress. Suppose his studies now finished—that is, his private tutor dismissed—and he sets out on his travels to gain a knowledge of the 'world.' He pays a visit to Count N——, to Baron N——, to the Vice Ispan H——, and to Squire F——; he passes through a good part of his father-land, finds horses everywhere ordered for him, and is sure to be well received wherever he presents himself; and so, between visits to his friends, and a few weeks bathing at Mehadia or Füred, manages to get through the summer. After a six weeks' residence in Venice and Munich, to complete his knowledge of foreign '*Weltweisheit*'—world-wisdom, he returns home, and is appointed to an office already waiting for him. And now he plays the great man; he knows his father-land—has travelled into foreign countries—talks about the English Parliament and the French Chambers, and enlightens his hearers with his opinions on these matters. Then he tells them in how sad a state France is, how her agriculture is fallen, and darkly hints that Great Britain may yet be ruined by her steam-engines and machinery!" —vol. ii. pp. 503-5.

Read what books of travels we may, we are always sure to find that the tourist who writes out his journal this year, discovers abundance of errors in those who have immediately preceded him in the country he has just traversed. Thus, Mr. Paget dedicates some pages to convince the world that Mr. Quin, in the description of his voyage down the Danube, did great injustice to the Hungarian ladies in general, because he happened to speak of a "little elegant countess, who was ignorant of French and Italian," adding at the same time that he had afterwards learned that, "the education of the fair sex in Hungary had been, hitherto at least, very much neglected." Upon these very limited statements, Mr. Paget raises several articles of impeachment against Mr. Quin, which we give in his own words:—

"As the common dinner-hour at Pesth is two or three o'clock, the time for making calls is between six and eight. On these occasions it is the custom to dress almost as for an evening party; the ladies in caps and low dresses, the gentlemen in silks and shoes. On paying a visit of this kind at the house of Madame F——, I by chance interrupted a conversation on a little matter of scandal which had just occurred at Milan, between a certain prince and his lady. On being informed of the nature of it, and expressing my wonder that I had not heard of it before, one of the ladies, a desperate politician, and a staunch Austrian, exclaimed—'No, no! we don't publish such matters in our newspapers, as you do!' and with that she commenced a general attack on England and the English, from which I was evi-

dently expected to defend them. The abuse of the press was the more immediate object of her denunciation; and very justly did she declaim against the immorality of certain disclosures in a celebrated *crim con* case, which had then just astonished the continental public. Our libels, too, were not more tenderly handled. 'Nay,' she continued, 'not content with libelling one another, you must come here and libel us. A book, I see, has just been published in England, in which all the ladies in Hungary are spoken of as ignorant and uneducated!' Of course, I had not a word to say then in my defence; but I think I have a fair right now to revenge myself on Mr. Quin, for getting me into such a scrape.

"Many, I dare say, remember a very agreeably written book, called 'A Steam-boat Voyage down the Danube'—that is, from Pesth to below Orsova, and occupying about ten days; during which time the author thinks he has collected information about Hungary which entitles him to pronounce opinions on all sorts of matters, and, amongst others, on the education of Hungarian ladies.

"On the authority of his not understanding the language in which some young ladies on board the steamer conversed, he affirms not only that they spoke no other language than Hungarian, but that such was generally the case. Now it is a fact, however little it may be known to Mr. Quin, that the education of Hungarian ladies, as far as languages are concerned, is very much more advanced than that of English or French ladies—aye, or gentlemen either—of the same rank. I have passed a considerable time in the country, and have had the opportunity of making the acquaintance of many Hungarian ladies; and I do not know one who speaks only Hungarian, though I do know several who do not speak that language. It is accounted one of the great misfortunes of Hungary, that instead of Hungarian, German is the common language used in most families; and in the drawing-rooms of the capital, German, French, and even English, are more often heard than Hungarian. If it were not calling in question our author's erudition—to which he makes some pretensions—I would wager that German, and not Hungarian, was the language which so terribly puzzled him. Let me assure Mr. Quin that all Hungarian ladies speak German, most of them French, many of them English and Italian, besides, what to Mr. Quin might appear barbarous tongues, such as the Magyar, Schlavackish, and Wallachian. And I may remark, *en passant*, that it must have been peculiarly difficult for the pretty countess, who, he says, spoke neither French nor Italian, to have communicated with the French femme de chambre who accompanied her. And so having vented some of my spleen against Mr. Quin's negligence and want of gallantry, I shall let him off, at least for the present, without exposing any more of the many mischievous blunders with which his amusing book abounds."—vol. ii. pp. 558-61.

If we were to criticise this passage minutely, we could lay bare some very unlucky blunders in Mr. Paget's "parts of speech." For instance—"On the authority of his *not* under-

standing the language in which," &c. That is to say, Mr. Quin's ignorance of the language was an *authority* upon which he *affirmed* so and so. This is an odd sort of *authority.* Our author next states that he "does not know one Hungarian lady who speaks only Hungarian, though he does know several who do not speak that language." According to the first member of this sentence, the Hungarian ladies of Mr. Paget's acquaintance must speak Hungarian, and also some other language; but if we are to rely upon what is said in the second member, several of the said ladies did not speak the said language at all! If this be not a blunder, we know not what a blunder can be. As to Mr. Quin's imputed "negligence and want of gallantry," we must confess that we see nothing in his very short and guarded statement to justify Mr. Paget's charges; and if he has perpetrated no crime beyond those of which he here stands accused, we cannot agree that he has been altogether so "mischievous" a blunderer as Mr. Paget represents him.

So much for our author's badinage. To come to more serious matters, we are happy to find, from intelligence received while this sheet was passing through the press, that several important acts were passed during the late sitting of the Hungarian Diet, especially one for the extension of commerce with foreign countries, and particularly with England.

"Commercial tribunals," it is added, "are to be established at nine of the principal towns, and with a court of appeal at Pesth; and these will afford to the merchant as speedy and certain justice as he can obtain in other parts of Austria; thus one of the great difficulties which now interfere with commercial transactions between foreigners and Hungarian merchants, is in a fair way of being obviated. The laws are, in most respects, assimilated to those of Austria, and all parties are on an equality before the law in commercial and pecuniary transactions, if it is stipulated beforehand that any differences that may arise between them shall be referred to the new tribunals."

We hardly expected that our anticipations as to improvements in the law between landlord and tenant, to which we adverted in a preceding part of this article, would have been so speedily realized as we now perceive to be actually the case. The authority just quoted, upon which we have reason to rely, further informs us that

"The peasants are now allowed to free their lands for ever from all services to their landlords on payment of a sum of money—in fact, to become landowners—a privilege hitherto reserved exclusively to the nobles—and to have their land clear of entail. About 400,000 farms,

at an average of forty acres each, have thus become disposable property, and nearly half a million of families have been raised in the social scale. They are no longer liable to arbitrary punishments, and cannot be imprisoned except on conviction before the proper authorities."

The much vexed question of "mixed marriages" appears to have been also disposed of by the late Diet, but in a mode to which we could not be expected to subscribe. It has been ordained that in marriages of that description "all the children shall follow the religion of their father," no matter whether he be Jew or Pagan. The law will perhaps operate beneficially in one respect, by lessening the number of such marriages, which rarely turn out for the happiness of either party. Another most important concession made by the emperor to the Diet is, permission to publish their debates. The consequences of this decree it would be difficult to calculate. We know what wonders have been wrought in our own country, and in the very essence of our constitution, by the system of reporting our parliamentary discussions.

"In the next Diet," adds the writer, "it is probable that formal demands will be made for more freedom of commerce, and it is to be hoped that their internal means of communication will have been by that time improved. Several important railroads are projected, as also canals to connect the Danube with the Theiss (the upper part of it), and running through a very productive country.

"You are probably aware that his Majesty has been graciously pleased to direct that the Hungarians suffering under sentences for political offences should be set at liberty, and that all the state prosecutions now pending should be dropped. The government had been incessantly attacked on the subject throughout the Diet, and it was much feared that if concessions had not been made, the Diet might have refused to grant anything at all. The Archduke Palatine of Hungary is a very superior man, and very popular in Hungary. There are also in the government now some men disposed to go rather too fast for some of the prudent and more experienced, who were afraid that too many changes were being made; but generally much satisfaction prevails since his Majesty's gracious amnesty.

"I am happy to be able to give you this cheering account of things in this country. Of the large number of young Hungarian nobles who have visited England of late years, the greater part have returned Anglicised to a greater or less extent, and have been able to perceive the real sources of the prosperity of England. Their attempts to produce similar results in Hungary are succeeding slowly, but surely, and they one and all look upon free trade, and increased commerce with England especially, as the means of insuring success."

We cannot close these volumes without alluding to Mr.

Hering's sketches of Hungarian and Transylvanian scenery, which are published in a separate form, and upon a much larger scale than those which appear in the volumes before us. They are executed in a masterly style, exceedingly well engraved, and we can bear our own testimony to the exactness with which, as far as several of them at least are concerned, they will represent the original from Nature's own hand.

ART. V.—*Athanasius, by Joseph Görres.* Ratisbon, 1838.

IT is impossible to consider without astonishment the prodigious quantity of statements which appeared after the violent ejection of Monsignor de Droste Vischering from his archiepiscopal see of Cologne, either to justify the legality, or to prove the crying injustice, of this measure. During a long period, it was almost the single object to which the German press gave its attention. If, then, we have long delayed* in recalling the attention of our readers to this event, with its true causes and its more immediate consequences, it is in deference to a principle of which all enlightened minds must approve the truth. Man, in the first instance, is always carried away by the passion of the moment; it is in vain to expect that he will then listen to the voice of reason: he believes only what flatters his hatreds or his preferences, or what coincides with his prejudices; and the most convincing proofs of truth will not make him renounce chimeras, often the most false and baneful. We think the period has arrived for resuming our narrative of the affairs of Cologne; but it is impossible to do so without remarking with disgust the violent excesses into which all minds, even those considered the most equitable and judicious, have been carried by political or religious fanaticism, and which we so clearly trace throughout the anti-Catholic pamphlets which have deluged Germany since 1837. We think the time is come when we may venture to submit the grounds of this controversy to an impartial and rigorous examination. By many our statements will be unattended to, but we shall at least have done our part towards making known the undisguised truth, armed only with the inflexible array of facts; and this will be easy, now that the documents have been placed under the eyes of the universe by the court of Rome, the party most interested in affording to her cotemporaries and

* See Dublin Review, vol. iv. p. 232.

to posterity the means of forming a correct judgment, based on the official notes that have passed between herself and the cabinet of Berlin. Her proofs are in our possession, and now that the first effervescence of feeling has passed by, we may claim credit for impartiality in the examination of them. The charges of high treason and revolutionary designs have ceased, which were formerly brought against the archbishop of Cologne, in the hope of drawing down upon his venerable head the animadversions of the friends of tranquillity and public order. This question, which was at first taken up so warmly by the two belligerent parties, has reacted upon the minds of the Catholic population, and awakened in them a life, and religious energy, of which they had scarcely been supposed capable. Facts have brought on discussions, and these discussions again have become facts of grave importance, since their result has been to arouse men from that religious indifference which is the scourge of modern times. There is scarcely now a Catholic who does not, with fervent gratitude to the Most High, acknowledge that this memorable catastrophe has proved the greatest blessing that Providence could have bestowed on the Christian community. It is the centre of a reaction, begun by the Catholic principle, against the principle of Protestantism. It is the commencement and the pledge of the approaching triumph of the Church, over the so-called Reformation of the sixteenth century. The solemn disputations which have arisen from it, show clearly on what side are truth and justice, and in the course of this article, our readers will recognise the divine character of the church in all its acts, and even in its diplomatic relations. They will see how everywhere and always she justifies her title to be called "the pillar and the ground of truth;" while the government of Prussia, which took its rise in the Reformation, which owes its very existence to guilty and sacrilegious spoliation, has not been able to support its pretensions otherwise than by the most ignoble and revolting falsehood; thus constituting itself the organ of the spirit of darkness. While the court of Rome has shown the most upright good faith, the most charitable condescension, and its strong attachment to the most scrupulous veracity, we find in the Prussian statesmen, machiavellism, unjust exactions, deceit, and untruth. If any one doubt the justice of these preliminary observations, let him inspect the official documents published respectively by the Holy See and by the Cabinet of Berlin. These documents will form the basis of our labours, and we will advance nothing which we cannot establish by the

clearest and most convincing proof. For we are, and desire to be only, the faithful historians of an event which the enemies of the Church have made the subject of endless diatribes against our holy faith, against the venerable head, and against the ministers of the Catholic society. The cause we defend is that of truth and justice—it is that of humanity; since the happiness or unhappiness of mankind is inseparably connected with the destinies of the Church, as the experience of these latter ages has shown but too clearly. The affair of Cologne represents the struggle that is going on between the spiritual and the temporal power, upon the decision of which depends the question, whether the Catholic Church shall preserve her free and independent existence, or whether she shall give way before the despotism of the Protestant principle, which has taken possession of all the governments of Europe. In the present instance, the object of the struggle is to maintain for Catholics that religious liberty which was secured to them by the most solemn treaties, and which, since the peace of Westphalia, has formed the basis of the political edifice of Europe. Before entering upon the especial examination of our subject, it may be as well to give a glance at the state of the Church in Germany at the commencement of the nineteenth century. For, the recent attempts made against the Church, in the person of two of her most distinguished prelates, are but the result of a plan conceived years ago by the secular governments. We will borrow for this purpose the very words of Mgr. de Droste; our readers shall see the picture drawn by this generous confessor himself of the state of religion in 1817, in the Germanic provinces; by which he will be enabled better to comprehend the nature of the late transaction, as also the fears and hopes which our holy Church must entertain for the future prospects of those countries:—

"The spirit of our epoch," says the Archbishop of Cologne, "which considers itself an enlightened spirit, and which many persons look upon as such, thinks it proper to make the authority entrusted with the administration of spiritual things rest on the temporal power—upon the state; wherever the rulers have embraced this opinion—wherever it has influenced the progress of events—the dogmas of politics tend to eliminate from the Church her divine element, as the modern expositors have eliminated this same element from the sacred books.

"In the same manner as religion stands in need of the Church for her maintenance and development, so does the religious liberty of Catholics imperatively require the support of the Church's independence. The coldness of the world for divine things is also shown in

this, that the policy of our times usually considers the interests of the Church as a secondary object, little worthy its attention. So long as the revolutionary madness continued in France, this terrible catastrophe was generally attributed to the decay of religious feeling, and great anxiety was affected to find a remedy for this decay. But all these protestations and fine sentiments did not—at the conclusion of the ten years' war waged by the sovereigns of Europe against the revolutionary hydra—prevent the oppression and spoliation of the Catholic Church in Germany, which by this policy was placed, as to temporal matters, in even a worse situation than that of the same Church in France. For, the concordat which had been executed a short time previously between the Holy See and the French government, had inspired the Church of France with the hope of recovering the possessions she had lost, and even some part of the prerogatives of which she had been despoiled.

"What in France had been the consequence of revolt and anarchy, was in Germany the result of a political resolution, taken by the sovereigns themselves. The disastrous and inevitable consequences which such an event brings with it are not immediately perceived; they are successively developed. The first effect of the spoliation of the Church, was to destroy her liberty and her independence. Her bishops and chapters became the pensioners of the state, whose most earnest wish was, to limit, according to its own good pleasure, the action of the spiritual authority, and to bring it into complete subordination to the views of the civil power, a task which was not difficult of accomplishment, since the first care of the state had been to break the spring, which might have caused a permanent reaction. The rights and prerogatives which until then the bishops and their chapters had exercised without dispute, were now contested, arbitrarily curtailed, or interdicted altogether, without ceremony. It was represented as being necessary to trace an exact and rigorous line of demarcation between the purely spiritual prerogatives of the Church, and those which were of a mixed character, the result of which division, made by the state alone, which was thus at once judge and party in its own cause, was to leave to the Church no power whatever which she could exercise without the previous authorization of the temporal government, and very few and restricted powers, even with that authority. The *placetum regium* was indefinitely extended. The sanction of government was refused to acts of episcopal authority which were not of a nature to occasion it the slightest uneasiness, merely because the personal impressions of the men in political power did not accord with the opinion of the bishop. Not content even with rejecting the episcopal injunctions, the civil authority sometimes went so far as to prescribe the alterations which should be made in them; in short, it was decreed that no pastoral letter should be published until it had received the express and special sanction of the head of the state. As to the chapters of cathedrals, the greater number of governments considered them as totally annulled; and this idea was

in some degree corroborated by the specious pretext afforded them by some of the members of these religious bodies themselves, many of whom did not scruple to relieve themselves from all the obligations imposed on them by the canons of the Church, as if the religious existence of the chapters had really been annihilated at the same time as their political condition, although the decree of the Diet of 1803 had left the hierarchical organization of the cathedrals uninterfered with. At any rate, these corporations must shortly have disappeared, since after 1803 none of the benefices which fell vacant were filled up. But the absolute nullity of the chapters of cathedrals in the eyes of government was most plainly shown at the deaths of the bishops, when the canons durst not attempt any of the necessary measures for administrating to the diocese, although it was clearly their duty to do so, according to the canon law, ratified by several general councils. All parties acted upon the false hypothesis that the chapters were dissolved, even in their capacity of ecclesiastical corporations, and that consequently they could not legally either meet or perform any act of canonical jurisdiction. In some states the bishops were not allowed to take cognizance of the examinations which must be gone through by ecclesiastics seeking to obtain benefices. In one of these states, the government went so far as to name its own deans, in opposition to the rural deans appointed by the bishops, and with a view to neutralizing the power and influence of the latter. Almost everywhere in Germany the priest was forced out of his natural position, for, with a great appearance of respect for the clergy, the state left no means untried to bring them down to the level of agents of the civil police. As functionaries of the state, the priests were obliged to do, or to leave undone, many things in a way quite inconsistent with the sacerdotal dignity. The union which should exist between the bishops and the clergy of the second order, became daily more relaxed. The morality of the priests suffered in exact proportion as their hierarchical subordination became weaker. This dissolution of discipline rendered it extremely difficult for the bishops to procure a better education for the young clergy, to increase the spiritual influence of the pastors, or to give new life to the different branches of the sacred ministry.

"Germany had still retained one advantage over France: the wealth of parishes, schools, and other charitable institutions, had not been given up to temporal rapacity. On the contrary, the § 65 of the recess of the Diet of 1803, had declared these possessions to be inviolable; but, with the fall of the constitution of the Germanic empire, this legislative barrier also disappeared, and the claws of the finance officers seized with eagerness all that remained of the property which the piety and charity of former ages had entrusted to the solicitude of the church, and placed under the safeguard of the state, for the supply of wants of a higher nature than the mere interests of this present life.

"The care and administration of this property was removed from the Church. Measures were taken for placing the whole regulation of

ecclesiastical wealth under the state. In the name of the state, special administrators were appointed to superintend the management of the income of the Church, and these administrators absorbed a considerable portion of our revenues; the immediate and baneful effects of which measure are perceived in this—that these new administrators now declare themselves unable to meet the expenses appropriated for the object of these foundations.

"And now, let us ask, what good can be effected by a Church despoiled of her wealth, her self-government, her liberty? Can she give efficacious concurrence in the maintenance of public order, when she has no longer power to repress the disorders that arise in her own bosom? How can she assist in obtaining deference for the state, when she herself enjoys no deference? What effect will attend her representations, when seeking to enforce respect for the administrative laws and measures of the state, if she herself is reduced to extreme dependance upon that state? With what dignity can she preach beneficence—a virtue so important to the happiness of society, when she has become poor and destitute and unable herself to set the example of it? With what grief must she see the poor raise their suppliant hands to her for help, and feel herself unable to relieve them by a charitable alms? Will the ignorant and uncivilized part of the population entertain much respect for religion, when they see her ministers and her institutions neglected by the authorities, and given over to penury? Or can it be hoped, that nobleness of sentiment and true patriotism will strike deep root in the hearts of a clergy who feel themselves reduced to be the vile instruments of the police, and to depend for their livelihood upon the small salary paid them for mercenary services? Institutions which depend on the favour and good pleasure of the sovereign, are less suited than any other for watching over the durable progress of civilization, such as is worthy of the name; and consequently what can be hoped for, from the weight and influence exercised by pastors who are no pastors, who have no existence independent of the state, no livelihood but the wages they receive? The most precious advantage which the state owes to religion, is the divine sanction conferred by her upon the civil power; a sanction through which the will of the sovereign, ceasing to appear in the eyes of the people as an arbitrary caprice, becomes the expression of the will of the Most High. But how shall they who are charged to pronounce this sanction, obtain the confidence of the public, when they are paid by the state, and dependant upon every order that emanates from it?"

Such was the religious situation of Germany when the different courts consented to give to the Church a more settled organization, and with this view to enter into correspondence with the Holy See. Concordats were signed between the court of Rome, and the courts of Berlin, Munich, Dresden, Hanover, Stuttgard, and others. A new era seemed commencing for our holy faith; and if the Church was not rein-

stated in her ancient privileges, at least she received promises, the execution of which must have restored her to new vigour, and have facilitated the accomplishment of her divine work amidst modern societies. But the spirit of lying, jealous of human happiness, recommenced with fresh vigour his attempts against the Lord, and against his servants; that bad leaven which had penetrated every part of the civil administration, remained not long concealed, and its disastrous consequences were felt but too soon.

The concordat of 1821 fixed the number of Prussian bishops at six, who were to be under the jurisdiction of the archbishops of Cologne and Posen. Government appointed to the see of Cologne the Count Ferdinand de Spiegel, a man of feeble character, remarkable for his subservience to authority. Complaints were soon heard from all sides of violations of the religious liberty guaranteed to the Church for her dogmas, her discipline, and her hierarchy. The censors of the press were on the watch to silence these complaints, by the most jealous and arbitrary measures; but they became more loud and bitter. Facts were cited and grave accusations brought against the civil authority. At length the press denounced the cabinet of Berlin to all Europe, as seeking to destroy Catholicism by unjust, dangerous, and vexatious measures. To neutralize the bad effect which these accusations were beginning to produce on minds hitherto accustomed to hear the government of Prussia praised as a model administration, and its sovereign honoured with the sirname of *Just*, the cabinet of Berlin thought it not sufficient to deny positively the imputations cast on it, and to confiscate every writing which could throw an unfavourable light on its proceedings; it endeavoured to refute these accusations in a manner more striking, and more calculated to blind the public; and when the metropolitan see of Cologne became vacant by the death of Mgr. Spiegel, the vacancy was filled up by a man whose name no sincere Catholic pronounced without veneration. It was supposed that the selection of a man whose courage was so well known, and whose writings breathed the firmest determination to maintain the prerogatives of the Church against the usurping pretensions of the government, would in itself clear that government from all the imputations brought against it, by what must then appear to be calumny. But it is a common mistake with the men of this world, to think that they can bribe the children of God to their cause by loading them with honours and dignities, and admitting them to have a share in the world's favours. And thus

the cabinet of Berlin not only expected to deceive all Catholic Germany by the choice of Mgr. Droste-Vischering as the successor of the Count Spiegel; but it also hoped, under the plea of duty and gratitude, to gain over the new metropolitan, and to carry on, under his venerable name, the underhand game which had succeeded so well with the preceding archbishop. Mgr. de Droste took possession of his see on the 29th of May, 1836, and on the 20th November, 1837, he was, by an order of the king, dragged from the palace he had so lately entered, and carried, guarded like a state criminal, to the fortress of Minden. All Europe was struck with astonishment at so deplorable a catastrophe.

The whole series of the measures taken since then, has clearly proved how well grounded were the rumours which had previously drawn public attention to the anti-Catholic designs of power. But Rome has spoken; Rome has undertaken the defence of the oppressed pontiff. She has also declared that God must be obeyed before man. Our enquiry into the conduct of the archbishop, will now shew how completely it has been conformable to the principles of that Catholic Church, whose legal existence, Frederic William of Prussia recognized and guaranteed in his dominions.

The civil power has drawn up several accusing statements, to demonstrate the legality of the steps taken against Mgr. de Droste. The first of these statements is a pamphlet published by M. Rehfues, royal commissary at the university of Bonn, and is entitled "The truth of the Hermesian question at issue between the faculty of Catholic Theology at Bonn, and Mgr. the Archbishop of Cologne," (Die Wahrheit in der Hermes'schen Sache zwischen der Katholisch-theologischen Facultat zu Bonn, und dem Herrn Erzbischof von Cölln. Darmstadt, bey C. W. Leske, 1837.) The second is a proclamation which was posted in the public places of Cologne, and signed by the ministers of justice, of worship, and of the home department, dated 15th November 1837; the third is a letter bearing the same date, and addressed by the minister of worship to the metropolitan chapter of Cologne. Upon the basis of these three documents of Prussian legislation, and of the official declarations of the court of Rome, we propose to ground our enquiries. We shall consider the subject in a judicial point of view, and we hope to dissipate the prejudices entertained by many, against a prelate whom they accuse at the least of obstinacy and fanaticism, if indeed they do not openly side with the Prussian government. It will not be

difficult to discover the real motives which have brought about a conflict between the episcopal authority of Mgr. de Droste, and the temporal power. Protestant Prussia believes herself called upon to be the centre of the reformed interest in Germany, and neglects nothing, in the fulfilment of this mission, which can be detrimental to Catholicism.

Even whilst the constitution of the Germanic empire was in full vigour, the house of Brandenbourg seized every opportunity of consolidating this religious protectorate, with the intention of thus extending and strengthening its political influence. And agreeably to the same tendency, Prussia has begun a system of oppression against the Catholic Church, which, although it has long been denied as an absurd fable, the invention of malevolent fanaticism, is now become too evident in all its frightful consequences, to be gainsaid by the most unobservant. In pursuit of these designs, Prussia believed that she had discovered two infallible means of overthrowing Catholic institutions, and obtaining the triumph of Protestantism. These means, drawn from the bosom of reform itself, are Dr. Hermes' system of theology, and the encouragement of mixed marriages. Of these means, the first seemed the most proper to gain over insensibly the body of the pastors, and the second to act upon the masses. The clergy were to be subdued by the apotheosis of reason, and the faithful by a complete indifference to the decisions of their Church. Already there had been found men so little circumspect, so weak, and so corrupt, as to lend themselves to the designs of a power, hostile to the Catholic Church. Even amongst the bishops, error had found friends and protectors, as well as servile ministers, who were willing to violate Catholic discipline, in obedience to an authority that was seeking to prevaricate the faith it had sworn to Catholics. And the court of Berlin considered itself aggrieved, when archbishop Clement Augustus adopted a different line of conduct, and one wholly devoted to Catholic orthodoxy. Had the new metropolitan shewn himself as condescending as his predecessor, to the Hermesian doctrines, and to a mitigation of discipline, in the celebration of mixed marriages, he might like him have deserved the favours and distinctions of his sovereign. But could the archbishop of Cologne, without violating his conscience, become so complaisant an adopter of the doctrine and discipline which were sought to be imposed upon him? What was in fact the conduct of the prelate upon these two important subjects, of Hermesian theology and mixed marriages?

From the answer to this question, we shall be able to draw conclusions as to the legality or injustice of the measures adopted against Mgr. de Droste. The Prussian government, at the time when new Catholic provinces were added to its dominion, continually, and in the most solemn manner, protested, how great was its respect for all the rights and prerogatives of the Catholic Church, of which it recognized and swore to maintain the inviolability, in all that pertained to its doctrine, morals, hierarchy, and discipline. This inviolability was sanctioned by authority, not only by verbal promises, but by authentic acts preserved in the archives of the state, and inserted in every work treating upon civil, religious, or political rights. These promises were the basis, the primary conditions of the fidelity which the new subjects in their turn vowed to their new masters. We must therefore suppose that government intended nothing,—it could not, unless by the grossest breach of faith, have intended anything,—in contradiction to the Catholic Church. We cannot believe it to have designed anything prejudicial to the integrity of faith, the maintenance of discipline, or the consideration and respect claimed by the hierarchy in all things appertaining to spiritual matters. Now it is certain that the laws made by the civil power, are only binding upon a Christian, in so far as they do not violate those of the Divinity, for in the sacred books we are told, that we "must obey God rather than men." A law is of no value, except it be restricted within the limits which nature and reason assign to it. As no sovereign ever attempted to impose laws upon the subjects of a foreign prince; so no secular power can exercise any legal jurisdiction *quoad sacra* over the faithful, who in religious matters depend solely upon the hierarchy instituted by Jesus Christ in his Church, and to whom he has committed the care of the flock which he has redeemed by his blood. We do not think our most decided adversaries will dispute this truth with us; it is the most simple mandate of the evangelical doctrine; it is also consistent with the plainest common sense: we have therefore taken it as the basis of the argument upon which we must enter, to appreciate fully the causes and the effects of the affair at Cologne.

However we may be disposed to do justice to the intentions with which Dr. Hermes constructed his system of theology, it is incontestible, that in it the author has been drawn into lamentable aberrations, and that what he believes to be the surest means of consolidating the Christian belief, is in fact a destructive principle. If we examine this new doc-

trine by the light of faith, and compare it with the solemn decisions of the Church, we find that the principle laid down is precisely that which brought about the revolution of the sixteenth century. Reason is the only criterion of truth; to it alone belongs the construction of the theological system, after each particular dogma which goes to constitute the great whole, shall have been subjected to its scalpel. It is no longer the divine word, no longer the authority of the Church, nor that humble faith commanded and recommended by the Saviour, which can conduct us to the understanding of religious truth. Reason alone can guide us to it, by the means of absolute doubt, as our point of departure; such is the principle upon which the doctrines of Dr. Hermes turn: the errors contained in his works, and which the holy see has solemnly condemned, respect the nature of faith; the essence, the holiness, the justice, and the liberty of God; the ends which the Most High proposed to himself in creation; the proofs whereby the existence of God should be established; revelation; the motives for belief; the scriptures; the tradition and ministry of the Church as the depository and judge of faith; the state of our first parents; original sin; the moral dispositions of fallen man; and the necessity and the distribution of divine grace. We have not room enough to give as clear an exposition of these erroneous doctrines, as might be necessary to prove how imperative a duty it had become, for the head of the Church to repress the propagation of a system, which, while it seemed to defend Christian and Catholic revelation, must infallibly have undermined it, wherever it prevailed. We must however give one passage from the works of Hermes, in which the error is very evident, and we have ourselves read this article in the original language, and not in any version of it. It is necessary to state this, because the partisans of Hermes have dared to cloak their refusal to submit to the judgment of the Church, under the pretext, that Rome mistook the sense of the words of the German author, and attributed to him opinions which he did not entertain. The Hermesians have used the same subterfuge, to evade the severe blows which have been dealt against their system, by the celebrated Jesuit Perrone, one of the most vigorous and learned adversaries of the new errors.

Let us hear how Hermes expresses himself respecting faith; and we shall none of us doubt that such principles are incompatible with Christian doctrine, and that the supreme pastor could not have done otherwise than meet them with the most positive condemnation.

"*Faith;* this is the proper, although generic term *in the ordinary value of language*, that we employ to designate that state, in which reason, practical and theoretical, stops at the truth which its efforts have enabled it to discover, and accepts it: we employ this expression, in so far as the maintenance and the acceptation agree with the reality of the object acknowledged, without enquiring whether it is in an immediate manner, or by means of the truth of the idea which is maintained and accepted. Whenever we make use of the word faith, we intend to express *that we consider a thing as undoubtedly true*, but without any consideration of the motives which make us consider it so. But, since, in the sense we have just laid down, faith expresses only a subjective state of our soul, that is to say, that state in which a doubt of the real existence is excluded, it is manifest that faith, as such, does not yet offer any guarantee for the reality of the object of our belief, but that all still depends on the motives from which our faith emanates. *Now there is no motive sufficient for a certain faith, or, which is absolutely identical, for a rational faith, unless it be the sole necessary adhesion of theoretical reason, or the sole acceptation of moral or practical reason; since, beyond these two means, there exists not a third, by which reason may make us secure of the truth and reality of an existence, and because excepting reason, we possess no faculty which can supply us with such a result. We must therefore be assured of this source, for all that concerns the object of our belief.* If then we wish to explain what is to be understood by *true faith*, in opposition to all that is not so, even of what may be true by accident, but is not the less rejected before the tribunal of reason; we should say *that it is a conviction existing in us of the reality of a known object, a conviction which is given to us, by a necessary adhesion of theoretical reason, or by a necessary acceptation of practical reason. This faith, which is rational faith, is the final end of all philosophy, the only true regulator of man, and the indispensable condition of his elevation.* And it is in a wide and eminently religious point of view, that the great apostle of the nations has said, 'Faith is the substance of things to be hoped for, the evidence of things that appear not.'—Epist. Heb. cap. xi. 1."—Philosophical Introduction, § 44, page 257-9.

"We must also consider, with reference to what we have said, a very common interpretation given by theologians to faith. To believe, according to them, is to admit something upon the authority of another, of God or of a man. In this sense they employ the word *faith*, to designate a particular sort of adhesion, or of the acceptation of our mind, while in strict language, if things are not treated superficially, we should not consider the species but the result of this same adhesion, and of this same acceptation. At any rate, the consequences of this abuse are not very serious. There is not less of inaccuracy in the essential attribute *upon the authority of another*, not only when we consider the words in their general acceptation, but also in the particular sense given to them by theologians. In the

language of theology, we constantly find use made of the formula: '*We believe in a God.*' *But upon whose authority is this faith founded? It cannot be upon the authority of God, for faith must first of all pronounce upon the existence of a supreme being,* nor can it be upon the authority of a man pledging himself to this truth—it is true that reason is often forced to admit an external authority, not only divine but even human, as a motive of knowledge, and a motive of faith: *but to make this authority the exclusive foundation, and also the first cause of faith, as the theologians pretend, is to take from faith all value, and to yield up the most important objects of our belief, such as the existence of God, and many others, to the most boundless scepticism.*"—*Philosophical Introduction,* pp. 264-69.

This single extract from the works of professor Hermes, is sufficient to give an idea of his doctrine. We might have chosen other passages, of which some are positively blasphemous, but we have preferred selecting one of those, in which are laid down the foundations of the whole system, which proclaims human reason the only judge of faith, and of the motives of credibility. We shall henceforth understand, why a Protestant government should have espoused with so much partiality the Hermesian doctrines. After a long and scrupulous enquiry, the pope, in a consistory of all the cardinals, pronounced a sentence of reprobation against the Hermesian doctrines, and published a brief, dated the 26th September 1835, which, under the severest canonical penalties, enjoined the faithful of the whole Catholic world, neither to study, nor to propagate thenceforward, anything which had any relation with the condemned system. The brief is of an essentially dogmatical character; it is addressed indefinitely to all the Catholic Churches in the world; and none of the faithful can refuse it their assent and submission, without ceasing by that act to belong to the holy Roman communion. In spite of such palpable proofs to the contrary, the Prussian government did not hesitate to maintain, in one of its acts of accusation against the archbishop of Cologne, that,

"the charge of professing erroneous doctrines, had been brought only by a coterie of laymen, and had been carried by them so far, as to obtain a sentence of condemnation from the head of the Church; but that with the exception of the redemptorists of Vienna, no theologian, nor even any ecclesiastic, had taken part against Hermes."—*Die Wahrheit in der Hermesschen Sache,* pp. 7-32.

To this audacious assertion, we shall content ourselves by opposing the formal declaration of Gregory XVI, in the preamble to the brief of 1835.

"In compliance with the indications, the representations, and the

prayers which have been addressed to us," says the sovereign pontiff, "by many theologians, and many bishops of Germany, we have entrusted to theologians well acquainted with the German language, the charge of making a minute and severe examination of the works of Hermes, and have then committed the results of their labours to other doctors in theology, to be by them also subjected to a conscientious enquiry. All those to whom these writings have been submitted, have unanimously declared that they contain doctrines which are at variance with the principles professed by the Catholic Church. Finally, we have placed the affair in the hands of the cardinals of the holy Roman inquisition, that they might again enquire into it, with the strictest attention. These cardinals, after having maturely deliberated upon the question in an extraordinary sitting held in our presence, have given it as their decisive judgment, that the writings of Hermes are contrary to the Catholic faith."

What shall we say now of a high functionary, whose duty it is to act as mediator between the archbishop, who is guardian of all the schools of theology established in his diocess, and the minister of public worship; of a public functionary, who fears not to tax with falsehood, the explicit and most solemn declaration of the sovereign pontiff, touching the Hermesian doctrines? What shall we say of the ministry, who could have recourse to a pamphlet containing such revolting assertions, for the principal theses,—nay, even for the expressions, which were to be used in drawing up the act of accusation against Mgr. de Droste? A single fact of this nature must shew to our readers, that from its first interference with the affairs of Cologne, the Prussian government has violated all the laws of justice, and all the rules of social usage. The brief of the 26th of September being a dogmatical brief, and having been received as such by all the bishops of Catholicity, it became, from the moment of its promulgation at Rome, binding upon all who came to the knowledge of it, no matter by what means. Vainly do men in power pretend to object thereto, their legislative enactments, by virtue of which, no bull, brief, rescript, &c. can be received, published, printed, or otherwise put into execution, without the authorization of government; for the Prussian Landrecht which contains this decree, has no legal value in the Rhenish provinces, where it has never been promulgated as a law of the country. And to have recourse to the first title, Art. i. of the organic law of the 18th Germinal, year x, from which the Prussian code has borrowed the articles 117 and 118, would be to recognize a legislation, formally opposed to the religious liberty which was secured to the Catholic subjects of Prussia. Indeed if men in

power could make their legislative enactments applicable to matters of doctrine, it would follow that doctrine itself would become a thing dependant upon the good pleasure of the sovereign, and that no Catholic subject could venture to profess any tenet, except what had received the authorization of the head of the state. Now such an hypothesis as this, would be repugnant to reason and justice; it is incompatible with the gospel, and cannot therefore be binding upon a faithful believer, a pastor, or a bishop, who fears God more than man. It is even contrary to the opinions of those casuists who have striven most strongly to acknowledge and extend the jurisdiction of the state over the Church. In support of the Catholic principle, we will cite the words of an author, who should of all others be least objected to on the present occasion, by our opponents, since he is the author of that absurd system by which the spiritual authority would degenerate into the vassal of the civil power. The following are the expressions of Van Espen, respecting the promulgation of ecclesiastical laws:—

"Nequaquam dependet a publicatione vel executione decreti seu bullæ dogmaticæ, ut quis dogmati assensum fidei præbere teneatur, eo quod præveniendo omnem publicationem et executionem teneatur quis fide divinâ credere dogma, quod ipsi sufficienter constat ex divinâ revelatione traditum. Quapropter placitum regium nequaquam spectat ipsum fidei assensum præstandum dogmati, de quo fidelibus sufficienter constat esse revelatum."—*De promulgatione legum Ecclesiasticarum.* Part v. cap. ii, in opp. edit. Lovan. tom. iv. p. 166.

The Prussian ambassador at the court of Rome could not fail to be aware of the dogmatical condemnation of a doctrine, whose author and most zealous partizans were Prussian subjects; nor could he fail to announce it officially to his government, while the newspapers were making it known to the whole of Europe. There was then a sufficient promulgation of the judgment of the holy see. The truth was a mystery to no one, and least of all to the Hermesians. The archbishop of Cologne was of course informed of it, and one of the first duties imposed upon him by his pastoral office, was to enforce a strict observance of the decree of the supreme head of the Church. The inviolability of doctrine and the salvation of souls were at stake, and all tergiversation and delay would not only have been an act of weakness, but of guilty cowardice. How then did the disciples of Hermes meet the sentence of reprobation which had been pronounced against their system? Far from submitting to it, with the humble docility which all the faithful owe to the decisions of the Church,—above all

when these decisions concern the very essence of doctrine, and when the universal assent of the bishops has given it a character of indisputable legality, whatever opinions may be entertained of the personal infallibility of the head of the Church: far from quitting a path which could now lead only to an abyss, the Hermesians proved by their actions, how completely the Protestant principle which formed the basis of their system, had also penetrated their hearts, and identified itself with their whole being. The Church condemns their teaching, and they, proud of a method in which reason is put forward as the only source of religious truth, now oppose this same reason to divine authority, which can neither vary nor go astray. They continued therefore, after, as before the pope's decision, to spread their doctrines by word and writing.

Masters of several important pulpits, supported by government, exercising great influence in several of the chapters of cathedrals, where they had succeeded in establishing many of their adepts, the partisans of this new school believed themselves strong enough to oppose a most distinct and obstinate resistance to the common father of the faithful. But as this mode of acting could not fail to raise up scruples in some timorous souls, especially in the minds of some future ministers of the sanctuary, the Hermesians endeavoured to justify their culpable obstinacy, by the specious pretext that the bull of Gregory XVI had not been officially communicated to them, and consequently could not be binding upon their consciences. They also pretended that the judgment of the holy see was based on error, for that the writings of Hermes had not been understood, and that doctrines were attributed to him which were neither his nor theirs. Such a charge as this is in itself a serious offence against the vicar of Jesus Christ, for it in fact imputes to him lightness, precipitation, and ignorance; but such an accusation will not weigh for a moment in the minds of those, who know the wise circumspection with which the court of Rome proceeds to her decisions. However, the insult which these men would not have dared to allow themselves against a civil tribunal of an inferior class, they feared not to offer to the highest and most venerable authority,—that to which our divine Saviour has promised his assistance until time shall have an end. Priests and doctors, charged with instructing Catholic youth in the doctrine, morals, and discipline of the Church, called to continue the succession of ministers of the divine word, dispensers of the mysteries of the new covenant,—these feared not to place themselves in open,

flagrant, coldly calculated opposition to the successor of Peter, to him in whom resides the plenitude of the Christian priesthood; not only did they endeavour to justify their criminal conduct by sophisms and lies, but they did not even blush to use against the head of the Church the most culpable and offensive expressions. They severely attacked all who did not agree with them, and who obeyed the dictates of their conscience, if they chose to shew themselves submissive and docile sons of the Church. At Bonn, the Hermesians were the predominant party, and had possession of the seminaries, the high theological instruction, and all university dignities. Amongst the professors of theology, there were but two to represent and defend sound doctrine,—the reverend doctors Klee and Walter; both of these gentlemen, weary of the innumerable contradictions which they continually met with from their intolerant and fanatical adversaries, were obliged in the end to quit the field where they had combated gloriously, but where their actions were too much restricted, to allow them to fulfil the mission with which they were entrusted. Such was the state of things, when Mgr. de Droste took possession of his archiepiscopal see. In the extract we have already given from his book upon the religious liberty of Catholics, we have seen in the new metropolitan, a prelate frankly devoted to the interests of Catholicism; and it might have been foreseen, that so enlightened and intrepid a defender of the divine prerogatives of the Church, would not continue an inactive spectator of a struggle carried on by some of his own subordinates, against their common superior. Mgr. Clement Auguste knew the sentence of condemnation which had been pronounced against the Hermesian doctrines; eight months had elapsed since its promulgation. Government had therefore had time to take cognizance of the bull, and to assure itself that it contained only dogmatical decisions, which could not be subjected to the examination, or require the sanction of the temporal power. So early as the 29th October 1835, the capitulary vicar-general of Cologne, M. Husgen, had published a circular to the clergy of the diocess, in which he recommended to them submission to the decision of the holy see. Even the government declared that it had no intention of fettering the exercise of spiritual authority, and recommended the Hermesians to avoid whatever could bear the appearance of opposition to the brief of the 26th September 1835. Considering all these circumstances, we are at a loss to understand how Mr. Rehfues could venture, in his pamphlet,

to maintain that the archbishop of Cologne had only taken so decided a part against the Hermesian doctrines, through personal antipathy to Hermes, and that he sought rather to gratify his own revenge, than to defend the purity of Catholic instruction. Such imputations as these, serve only to display the bad faith of his opponents and their powerful protectors. The first use which Mgr. de Droste made of his episcopal prerogatives, the first act by which he clearly proved his determination not to allow any further infractions in his diocess, of the brief which condemned Hermes and his disciples, was his refusing to approve a number of the *Journal of Philosophy and Catholic Theology*, of which the manuscript was submitted by the editors for his approval, according to the existing laws. This periodical work was mainly intended to defend and propagate the system which the Church condemned, and was edited by the most eminent Hermesians, of whom several were professors at Bonn. In refusing to sanction a publication, of which the avowed object was to violate the infallible decisions of the Church, the archbishop did no more than follow the direct line of his duty, both as a Catholic and a bishop. He prevented, so far as he was able, the spread of a doctrine which had been declared erroneous and incompatible with Catholic principles. Instead of acknowledging the justice of his conduct, instead of being persuaded by it to return from the paths of error, which hitherto they had pursued, the principal editors appealed from the archbishop to the first president of the province, who by a decree of the 13th September 1836, allowed the number of the *Journal of Philosophy and Theology* to be printed, alleging that only catechisms and prayer-books were to be subjected to ecclesiastical censure. This was the first conflict between the authority of the head of the diocess and the Hermesion school; all that followed this, arose out of it. The minister in his *Publicandum* is silent as to this circumstance, probably because it was impossible to deny or alter the facts, and that he did not wish to shew how eagerly from the very first, the civil authority had supported the disobedient priests, against the double authority of their diocesan bishop, and of the supreme head of the Church. It is impossible after this, not to feel deep indignation, when we find the cabinet of Berlin accusing the archbishop of Cologne of revolutionary intrigues; having been itself the first to favour a revolt against spiritual authority, which is of all others the most legitimate If we consult the books which serve as the basis of all instruc-

tion in canon law, in the divers theological schools which are scattered over the Prussian territory,—if we attend to the decisions of all the Catholic jurisconsults, who, as such, have been entrusted by the civil power with the instruction of youth in this branch of ecclesiastical knowledge—we shall find that the charge of watching over the maintenance and propagation of sound doctrine, belongs wholly to the bishop, and to him alone, under the superintendence of the head of the Church. This right is inherent in the episcopacy; it forms one of its essential and inalienable prerogatives; and its exercise is a duty, which no bishop can dispense with, without doing violence to his conscience. And moreover, from the moment when the editors of the journal we are speaking of, had submitted the manuscript of their publication for the approbation of the archbishop, they themselves acknowledged in the most explicit manner, that he had the authority to pronounce whether or not their opinions were in conformity with the principles of Catholic instruction. And if after a sentence of disapprobation from this judge, whose authority rests upon the word of God, the Hermesians sought to have recourse to a still higher authority, that authority ought to be no other than that of the pope.

Such is the ordinary course of Catholic affairs, such are the means by which that religious unity which is the work of God, is maintained and consolidated. Precisely in the manner that the cognizance of all civil and political causes belongs to the secular judge of the civil tribunal, so upon the same grounds and with far juster title, all questions of religious doctrine belong to the judicial authority of the bishops and the holy see. Not to recognize this double jurisdiction, is to renounce the Catholic faith and to give up her communion. As members of the Church,—as professors of a faculty of Catholic theology—as priests—the editors of the *Journal of Philosophy and Theology* flagrantly betrayed their vows, when they appealed from the sentence of their lawful ecclesiastical superior to that of a lay judge; and they carried outrage and scandal to the highest point, when they submitted to an heretical functionary the cognizance and decision of a matter purely spiritual and dogmatical.

The Prussian law respecting the censorship of the press is so distinct and decided, that the reflecting mind is struck with painful surprise, on seeing the first president exempt the editors of the *Journal of Philosophy and Theology* from the jurisdiction of their metropolitan, upon the pretext that only

catechisms and prayer-books require the approbation of the ordinary. According to paragraphs two, three, and four, of the edict of censorship, the supreme direction of the censorship of works of theology, belongs to the minister of ecclesiastical affairs; its immediate surveillance is confided to the first president of each province, who must propose to the minister the most able censors. But if, on the one hand, this law gives to the civil power the censorship of books belonging to religion, it on the other hand opposes bounds to the power of these censors; for it declares positively, that the only object the censors must have in view, "is to prevent whatever may be in opposition to the general principles of religion, without entering into the opinions and doctrine which are proper to each religious communion." With respect to such peculiar doctrines, paragraph five is expressed in a manner, which can leave no doubt, even to the most violent opponents of the archbishop of Cologne.

"All books of religion," it states, "all books of Catholic religion or prayer, must have received from the bishop or his delegate, his imprimatur, previously to being submitted to the ordinary censor; by which it must appear, that these books contain nothing contrary to the instruction of the Catholic Church."

The measure taken by Mgr. de Droste, against the publication of Hermesian writings, is thus most fully justified, not only by the dictate of his own conscience, and by the canons of the Catholic Church, but also by the civil law, where the rights of the archbishop are laid down with the utmost clearness and precision. What must we think then, having before us so plain a statement, of the assertion which the ministerial curator of the university of Bonn does not scruple to make in his pamphlet, where he says:—

"The fault of the Hermesian professors in this affair, and in all others of a like nature, has been principally that in questions of right, they have chosen to act according to the laws of the country, and not according to the ideas of the archbishop of Cologne, concerning the degree of subordination due to his episcopal authority, from a professor of theology in a university."

Such a functionary as Mr. Rehfues must better understand the legislation of his country, and the essence of the hierarchy, than would appear from his pamphlet against the chief pastor of the provinces of the Rhine. It is, moreover, giving a wretched example to intelligent youth, to support in their rebellion pastors who pretend to have a mission for teaching Catholic doctrine, when the guardian of the holy word, when the bishop of the place, together with the supreme head of the

Church, and in agreement with the whole body of the episcopacy, have condemned their doctrine, as contrary to the Catholic faith. The conduct of the Hermesian professors was, therefore, most reprehensible, the decision of the first president an illegal sentence, and the assertion of the curator of the university an offence against reason, justice, and truth. The inextricable embarrassments which the civil power has brought upon itself in this business might easily have been avoided; it was only necessary for that purpose to acknowledge that the archbishop of Cologne was acting in a merely religious sphere, and to avoid embarrassing his episcopal authority by any acts emanating from itself, or still more, suffering it to be insulted by the turbulent insubordination of his inferiors. An additional confirmation of what we have just said, is the declaration made at a later period by the minister himself, in one of his official proclamations—"That government had never intended to make common cause with the Hermesian doctrines." Now, it was precisely and solely to stop the progress of this doctrine, condemned as it had been by a solemn sentence of the Church, that the archbishop of Cologne, refused his sanction to the *Journal of Philosophy and Catholic Theology;* because he found in it only the reproduction and propagation of doctrines which he could not in his conscience consider conformable to Catholic truth. Because a man is a professor of a faculty of Catholic theology, annexed to a Prussian university, it does not follow that as a priest he ceases to be subordinate to the authority of his bishop; for the Church will not consider such a faculty as legal, except in so far as it is well assured that the bishop will not be limited in the rights inherent in his episcopal character, and in his duty of watching over the maintenance of Catholic faith and discipline, and in taking all suitable measures to repress every attempt to endanger them. If, then, government chose to organize a faculty of Catholic theology, it was bound to adhere to the conditions essential to the very nature of such an institution, and to recognize the inalienable right of the bishops to watch narrowly the doctrine taught by masters who were to instruct youth in the sacred science.

But from the moment when the temporal authority made common cause with the Hermesian professors against their lawful ecclesiastical superior, we must not be surprised if the latter persisted in their unhappy plan of not recognizing the brief which condemned the writings of their master, and of continuing after, as well as before it, to profess the same doc-

trines openly; and by this opposition the archbishop was necessarily led to adopt more energetic measures to maintain the integrity of the faith, and the inviolability of the authority committed by the Saviour to the successor of St. Peter and to the bishops. This measure was the circular addressed by Mgr. de Droste to the spiritual directors of the town of Bonn; and which was treated by the ministers of Frederick William as one of their greatest grievances against the new metropolitan, in the several manifestos they published. Considering the nature of the intercourse subsisting between the pupils of the seminary, and the non-resident theological students of Bonn, it was impossible that the brief condemning the Hermesian doctrines should not be a constant subject of discussion and conversation amongst the students, of whom nearly all followed the instructions of Dr. Klee, the only special professor of theology who had kept himself free from the leaven of the new school. From comparing this professor's lectures with those of his opponents, the students were naturally led to compare the different systems, and to consider to which of the two parties they should conscientiously adhere—that which warned them that the condemnation of the Hermesian doctrines being notorious, was obligatory upon every one, as a dogmatical decision given by the head of the Church—or those which held that this condemnation must be considered as not having occurred, because it had not been officially promulgated in the Prussian states. Many of the theologians, uneasy in their consciences, and wishing for a solution of their doubts, consulted their directors, to know whether they could in safety attend the lectures of those professors, who, disregarding the brief, continued to teach and defend the forbidden doctrines. Such of the directors as believed that the Hermesian lectures might not with propriety be attended, were exposed to all sorts of annoyances, and found themselves in direct opposition with the inspector of the seminary; even their penitents were not exempt from the direct or indirect attacks of the ecclesiastics who supported the contrary system; and in consequence it came to the knowledge of the archbishop of Cologne that many consultations had been held as to the proper line of conduct to be pursued. To put an end to the uneasiness of some, and the intrigues of others, Mgr. de Droste addressed the following circular to the rector dean of Bonn, with an order to communicate it to all priests who had received functions to act as spiritual directors:—

"I have learnt that many of the confessors of Bonn are doubtful what

answer to return when they are consulted, either in the tribunal of penance or out of it, whether it is allowable to read the writings of professor Hermes, and if the students of theology may continue to attend those courses of lectures in which the doctrines contained in those writings are still taught. I therefore charge your reverence to make known in my name to all the confessors of the town of Bonn, in whatever manner you shall judge expedient, that

"1st. It is not allowed for any one to read the writings of professor Hermes, neither those which have been published since his death, nor those which have appeared for the purpose of justifying the former, nor any manuscripts drawn up in conformity with the principles of these works.

"2nd. No student of theology may be present at lectures of which the instruction is the same as that of the writings we have mentioned.

"3d. As to the measures taken by the Holy See against the writings of Hermes, I request you to address the following observations to those who have any doubts upon this subject, or who, like the Hermesians, quitting the direct road, seek to cover their disobedience by the pretext that the brief in question, not having been formally promulgated, is not binding upon the conscience:

"I. The publication of a brief can have no other object than to bring to the knowledge of the faithful the decision of the Sovereign Pontiff, unless the author of the brief shall require its previous publication as an indispensable condition to its having a binding character, as was the case with respect to the canon published by the Council of Trent, concerning clandestine marriages.

"II. The Pontifical brief is sufficiently well known to the Hermesians, as is clearly proved by their writings since its publication, unless it should be attempted to establish a distinction between a knowledge acquired for the purpose of insulting the head of the Church, and a knowledge acquired with the intention of humble submission to him. If the alleged pretext were worth anything, it would then rest with the temporal power to fetter that centre of unity which was instituted by our Divine Saviour. Such a state of things would, no doubt, not be displeasing to the Hermesians, who, like all other sectarians, can only maintain themselves by the help of the civil power, which, as it can never be a proper judge in affairs of this kind, fails not immediately to make itself a party concerned, so soon as it begins to make common cause with those who have recourse to its assistance."

"CLEMENT AUGUSTE,
"Archbishop of Cologne.

"Cologne, 12th Jan. 1837."

This circular left no further room for reasonable doubts, and there remained no middle part between a sincere and full submission to the Church, and a violent separation from the centre of Catholic unity. The archbishop had traced a line of conduct, without which there was no means of participating in the communion of the faithful. The reasons alleged by

the prelate have formed the constant doctrine of the Church, and the principle without which the Catholic religion must cease to exist; and only blind prejudice or bad faith can see in this language anything but the anxiety of a clear-minded and zealous prelate to keep his flock united in the way of salvation.

The dean of the clergy of Bonn executed the commission he had received from his bishop, by going successively to each of the ecclesiastics who exercised the sacred jurisdiction, either as curates or confessors; and communicating to them the archiepiscopal circular, he required of each to put his signature to the bottom of the paper, as an acknowledgment that it had been made known to him.

In the course of this duty, the dean called upon M. Achterfelt, the inspector of the seminary, and a declared Hermesian, and requested him to sign his name, as the greater part of the priests of the town had already done, as an attestation that it had been shewn to him. The inspector hesitated, and under the pretext that he wished to consult his colleagues, he asked the dean to leave the archbishop's circular with him. The dean being wholly free from suspicion, made no difficulty in acceding to M. Achterfelt's request. This gentleman lost no time in calling together his Hermesian colleagues, and considering with them how best to elude the orders of their lawful superior. With this view they sent Mgr. de Droste's circular to the royal commissioner at the university of Bonn, who in his turn did all in his power to represent this exercise of episcopal authority as a criminal act, a violation of the laws of the kingdom, and a culpable abuse of the tribunal of penance. It is thus that the minister of ecclesiastical affairs speaks of it in his proclamations, and it forms the second of the charges he brings against the archbishop, as having rendered necessary his expulsion from the see of Cologne. How shall we characterize the conduct of the inspector and his colleagues? What judgment can we form of a school, whose members, even in the most difficult circumstances, and in questions most intimately connected with the welfare of souls, take a pleasure in showing their contempt for hierarchical authority? How shall we believe their protestations of zeal for the defence of the Church, when every step they have taken has been an attack upon that Church, her essence, her dogmas, her morals, and her discipline? Whatever disposition we may feel to judge leniently of the disciples of Hermes, it is impossible not to see, that both in the present instance, and that which we have before cited, these men

were guilty of grievous treachery against the Catholic communion, by submitting an act of purely spiritual jurisdiction to an heretical civil government. And we doubt not that this judgment, severe as it may appear, will be that of all men of upright minds, even if they do not belong to the Catholic faith. For, whosoever is acquainted with the spirit of the Church, must see that the Hermesians had in justice but one alternative—either to give back into the hands of the archbishop functions which they had received, and could only have received, from him; or to conform to the conditions upon which alone the chief pastor thought proper to continue them in the exercise of their sacred ministry. There was here no encroachment upon, no transgression of, the civil laws. The archbishop, in fulfilling a duty strictly enjoined upon him by his conscience, was also acting within the exact limits of his rights. To be further convinced of this, let us attend to the enactments of the Prussian law. The civil power is always ready to enforce the duty of submission to established authority. Why should it set aside its own rules, when they would justify conduct perfectly legal, but not in accordance with its religious pretensions and encroachments? Let us turn to the §§ 50, 66, and 73, of the fundamental law (*Allgemeines Landrecht*, Theil ii. Sit. 2), and we shall find that—"§ 50. Every member of a religious society is bound to submit to the discipline therein established. § 66. The rights and the particular duties of a Catholic priest, with respect to the exercise of his ecclesiastical ministry, are determined by the rules of the canon law. § 73. In their official manifestations, and in their public teaching, they must put forth nothing which can scandalize the community, NOTHING WHICH IS CONTRARY TO THE FUNDAMENTAL LAWS OF THEIR CHURCH." Now, let us consult all the laws of the Church, all the canons, all the decisions pronounced, either by ecclesiastical tribunals, or by canonical jurisconsults, and we dare pledge ourselves that there will be found nothing in this transaction to throw any blame on the archbishop—nothing which can in any way justify the Hermesian directors—nothing in the slightest degree resembling an infraction of the civil law, in the conduct of Mgr. de Droste. Nevertheless, this lawful exercise of episcopal power has been stigmatized to the public as an attempt against the liberty of conscience, as a violation of the laws of the country, and as a seditious action, intended to favour the movements of two revolutionary parties. The ministers of King Frederick William, and also the royal commissioner at

the university of Bonn, have made it the text of a long and violent diatribe. It cannot, therefore, be superfluous to add some reflections to what we have already said; and we will for this purpose comment upon the very words of the archbishop's adversaries. "The confessional," says M. Rehfues, in his pamphlet (*Die Wahrheit in der Hermesschen Sache*, &c.), "the confessional is a place where the doubts and scruples of penitents are resolved." We fully agree with this maxim, and we are obliged to the author for it. The discussions which arose between the adversaries and the adherents of the Hermesian system, gave rise in many minds to doubts as to whether, knowing the brief by which the new doctrine had been condemned by the Church, they could continue to read works written in the spirit of this doctrine, or to assist at the lessons of those who were its declared partizans. As these doubts must have gained strength from the differences of opinion amongst the directors of Bonn, it remained for the chief pastor to solve all doubts, and set at rest all scruples, by a categorical declaration, which would tranquillize all consciences by tracing out for them an invariable rule, conformable to the principles of Catholicism. This is what Mgr. de Droste did by means of the circular addressed to the dean and clergy of Bonn. The prelate sought then, in reality, to make the confessional the means of quieting timid souls, of silencing discussions, in which personally he took no part, and of putting an end to an unhappy division, begun and carried on by priests, forgetful of their first and holiest duty—the maintenance of the true faith in all its integrity. If, then, there is blame, it rests not with the archbishop of Cologne, but with the followers of the Hermesian school, and of the authorities who took it under their shield, in defiance of the condemnation pronounced against them by the head of the Church. But it will be said, perhaps, that the archiepiscopal circular was a sort of publication of the apostolic brief. Such an hypothesis is destitute of all foundation. Far from promulgating the brief, it is upon the brief itself that Mgr. de Droste based his declaration to the directors of Bonn. It was impossible to pretend ignorance of an act of pontifical authority, which all the world knew, and which the cabinet of Berlin had itself undertaken to support; thus, while the temporal power promised to enforce the exterior execution of the brief, the metropolitan using his episcopal prerogative, and fulfilling the duties of his situation, undertook to enforce it upon the interior and spiritual sense of his people, which

could be reached by no other jurisdiction. The archbishop cannot, then, be blamed, except by extreme party feeling. He confined himself within the limits of the episcopal power, guaranteed to him by the Prussian laws.

Where, then, is the crime which the ministerial proclamation, and the pamphlet of the curator of the university, have denounced to the whole of Europe? The crime of the archbishop is, that

"In his circular, he expressly declares that the briefs concerning matters of doctrine do not in any degree require the authorization of government, but that their publication at Rome suffices to give them every where an official and obligatory character; now, this maxim is in manifest contradiction with the laws of the monarchy, with public rights, and with the custom universally followed in the Germanic confederation."

These are the expressions of the manifesto of the minister of ecclesiastical affairs. Our readers may judge for themselves how many inaccuracies it contains, which M. d'Altenstein has not feared to advance with the utmost confidence. We have cited, word for word, Mgr. de Droste's circular, and we think that no one will find the above theory expressly laid down in it. What the prelate does say is the simple and plain truth—that in the case where a Catholic, knowing with certainty a decision given in matters of faith by the sovereign pontiff, should excuse himself from submitting to it, because it had not yet been published, and authorised by the secular authority—it would follow that the secular power might constrain at its good pleasure the prerogatives of the centre of Catholic unity, instituted by the Saviour. Now, there can be no medium between the two systems; either the civil government must declare itself invested with the right of putting what constraint they please upon the actions of the Holy See, or it must leave to the spiritual power its inherent prerogatives, and renounce an imaginary right, which in practice becomes a revolting tyranny. Where is the Catholic who can entertain upon this subject other views than those of Mgr. de Droste? and what Protestant who knows the doctrine of our religion and the constitution of our hierarchy, who will not consider the conduct of the archbishop of Cologne at once logical and frank? It is with pain that we here mention a fact which throws great doubt upon the uprightness and good faith of the Prussian government. When in so serious an affair, and one so important to the interests of humanity, the first power of the state brings a formal accusation against a Catholic bishop, it is bound,

more especially than in other cases, to avoid whatever might appear to be an exaggeration or falsification of its grievances. The minister for ecclesiastical affairs terminates the second clause of the accusation he brings against Mgr. de Droste by the following words:—

"We must add, in the present instance, that not only was there no official notification, as we have already stated, but that no Catholic bishop of the monarchy, not even Mgr. the Archbishop of Cologne, addressed themselves to the government to solicit the publication of the brief concerning the condemnation of the Hermesian doctrines."

In answer to this assertion of M. d'Altenstein, Mgr. Maximilian de Droste Vischering, Bishop of Münster, hastened to insert, in No. 349 of the *Universal Gazette*, of Augsburgh, the following protest:—

"For the maintenance of truth, I declare publicly by these presents, that in a letter addressed to his Excellency M. d'Altenstein, the minister of ecclesiastical affairs, dated the 20th September, 1837, I openly expressed my wish that by an official publication the force of law might be given to the brief published by the Sovereign Pontiff against the doctrine and against the writings of Professor Hermes. I was careful to add, that as both parties had a common wish for the success of the teaching of the Church, by these means a return to a perfect unity might be brought about more easily, and security might be given to those who are charged to watch over the maintenance of holy doctrine.—Münster, the 7th December, 1837.—Caspar Maximilian, Bishop of Münster, Baron de Droste Vischering."

It was impossible to give a more formal contradiction to the assertion of the minister of Frederick William.* Unhappily, we shall have many other opportunities of seeing that, to gain its ends, the government had recourse, without scruple, to revolting untruths. The archbishop of Cologne had many and grievous reasons to be convinced that the professors of the school of Dr. Hermes acknowledged neither the authority of the head of the Church, nor that of their diocesan bishop; and that as they took no other notice of the dogmatical decisions of the Sovereign Pontiff than to modify them according to the doctrines of their master, so also in matters of spiritual jurisdiction they paid no attention to the pastoral instructions he thought proper to address to them; while at the same time they sought to maintain themselves in opposition to hierarchical authority by taking shelter under the civil power. It is evident that such men as these could exercise no beneficial influence upon the youth confided to their charge. Instead of forming upright ministers, devoted to the Church, they conveyed to these fresh and excitable minds, notions of a culpable inde-

pendence, thereby preparing abundant elements for future heresy and schism. A bishop such as Mgr. Clement Auguste would not, and could not, confine himself to fruitless lamentations; his duty was to seek by all lawful and canonical means to neutralize the disorganizing influence of the Hermesian school, and to preserve untouched the sacred deposit of the faith. Accordingly, when at the end of the month of January, 1837, a programme of the public instructions for the ensuing summer was submitted to the archbishop, the prelate refused his approbation to all the courses of lectures announced by the declared partizans of the Hermesians—that is to say, he refused to acknowledge their conformity to the teaching of the Church. This new measure failed not to draw upon the prelate the anger of the Prussian government, who reproached Mgr. de Droste with it, as being an act of partiality and a violation of the laws of the kingdom. In order properly to appreciate these imputations of the minister, we will cite the words of the laws which M. d'Altenstein alleges to have been violated. The minister grounds his accusation upon paragraph four of the statute concerning the faculty of Catholic theology at Bonn. This paragraph contains two very distinct propositions—the one legislative, by which the king regulates the relations in which the faculty of theology is placed with regard to the Catholic Church, and the archbishop of Cologne, as first pastor of the diocess; the other states the administrative measures taken by the minister of ecclesiastical affairs, for carrying into effect the king's law.

The following is paragraph four of the statutes published by the minister, and dated the 18th of October, 1834:—

"By an order of the cabinet, dated the 13th of April, 1829, his Majesty the King has deigned to decree that the Archbishop of Cologne shall take, with respect to the faculty of Catholic theology annexed to the university of Bonn, in all that concerns the essentials of instruction, the same position in which the Prince Bishop of Breslaw is placed with respect to the faculty of Catholic theology of the university of that town, in conformity with the ordinances of the 26th August, 1776, and of the 26th July, 1800, of which there are extracts hereto annexed. The special arrangements for the execution of this law have been left by his Majesty to his minister."

If there is one thing more essential than another to a bishop, it is, that he should be able to watch with perfect liberty over the maintenance of the Catholic faith, in every school within the limits of his diocess. This is a divine right inherent in the episcopacy. A faculty of theology cannot then pretend to be a Catholic faculty, unless it continues under the jurisdic-

tion of the ordinary, to whom it belongs to repress all errors against the faith, that is to say, to refuse his approbation to all courses of instruction, suspected of inculcating erroneous doctrines, and not to admit into sacred orders those theologians who, in spite of such prohibitions, had attended the forbidden lectures. This has been established by the canon law in the most decided manner, and forms, in consequence, the object of the law of the 13th April 1829, as it ought to form that of the organic statute of the 13th October 1834. But that there may be no mistake as to the sense of the words, the legislator refers us for them to two anterior laws, that of the 26th August 1776, and that of the 26th July 1800. The first is expressed as follows in the seventh paragraph.

"The deans and professors of the faculty of theology shall not only ask the opinion and the orders of the bishop in all that concerns the method to be followed in the exposition of the theological sciences, the choice of authors, the distribution of hours, and all else concerning *mere Theologica*, but they must also submit to his examination, and to his approbation, an annual programme of the instructions given by this faculty."

In the second of the ordinances we have cited, we read at section 19 as follows:—

"As we do not intend by the present regulation, in anything to interfere with the rights of the bishop in his capacity of ordinary, these rights are reserved to him, as much in what concerns the ecclesiastical professors of the above-named institution, as in all that concerns the other inferior schools, the nomination of masters and inspection."

It is then manifest, from the precise terms of the royal ordinance of the 18th October, 1834, that the archbishop of Cologne exercises over the faculty of Catholic theology at Bonn, the same prerogatives, which the bishop of Breslau enjoys, with respect to the faculty of theology, in this latter town. The government cannot and wishes not in anything to interfere with the lawful rights of the ordinary, and it is to his judgment that belong all purely theological questions. It is to him that should be submitted the programme of instructions, which are of no value without his approbation. But in spite of these clear and well-defined edicts, M. d'Altenstein has not hesitated to accuse the archbishop of Cologne of breaking the law. It is true that in the ministerial statutes we find the following clause, which is a complete violation of the law upon the subject.

"Programmes of the instructions for each term, shall be submitted to the archbishop; and the faculty is required to receive respectfully the

observations which the metropolitan shall think it his duty to make in matters purely theological, and to conform to them as much as possible."

Who however is so blind as not to see that the ministerial clause is a mere mockery, and in direct opposition to the clearly defined intention of the legislator? In the laws of 1776, of 1800, and of 1829, the aim is to preserve the rights of the bishop scrupulously untouched; the faculty of theology is kept subordinate to his pastoral authority; to him it belongs to watch over doctrine; to him it belongs to approve or disapprove the programme of the courses of lectures, which are obligatory upon all the young aspirants to the priesthood. The clause inserted by the minister in the organic statute, would not, on the contrary, leave to the bishop the shadow of those prerogatives, which it was the object of the legislator to maintain in all their integrity. As it is the intention of the legislator alone, which should serve us as a criterion, and a rule whereby to judge the conduct of the venerable archbishop of Cologne, we must conclude that the prelate has strictly confined himself within the limits of his double duty, as Catholic bishop, and as subject of the king of Prussia. On the contrary, the ministerial statute is a violation of the law, since instead of devising proper means for executing the orders of the sovereign, it sets them aside altogether. Now it is an established principle of jurisprudence, that no agent of authority, charged to watch over the execution of a law, can, however high may be his position, take upon himself the right to modify in any manner the legal tenor of an edict. For the agent of power not being himself the legislator, cannot be allowed to interfere with, or modify the intentions of the legislator. The three edicts above cited, maintain the essential prerogatives of the bishop, as the natural superintendant of theological schools; it follows then that even from the civil power these prerogatives must be entitled to respect, and must be maintained, without its being in the power of any minister by subsequent and arbitrary regulations, to restrain or annul the episcopal action. Mgr. de Droste did then confine himself within the bounds of what was strictly legal when he satisfied his conscience, as first pastor of the diocess and guardian of the sacred deposit of Catholic faith. But instead of simply stating the facts, the minister, M. d'Altenstein, proceeded to bring an accusation, devoid of all foundation: he affirmed that the archbishop of Cologne prohibited the courses of the university, without observing any of the forms prescribed by the laws and

regulations. An assertion so inaccurate, to use no stronger term, is fully refuted by the quotations we have made from the different laws respecting the relations existing between the archbishop and the faculty of theology. There is a great difference between an act prohibiting attendance upon certain courses of public instructions, and the simple declaration of the prelate that he cannot give them his approbation; that is to say, that he cannot officially affirm that these instructions are in conformity with Catholic doctrine. This form, which was observed by Mgr. de Droste, is the one which was literally pointed out by the royal ordinance of the 26th August, 1776, and restated by the decree of 1829.

The minister paid no attention to the archbishop's disapprobation; on the contrary, he ordered the programme to be printed, such as it had been drawn up by the Hermesian professors. Thus the temporal power made common cause with the propagators of a doctrine condemned by the Church; supported the opposers of their lawful superior, and lent its aid to heresy and schism. Nevertheless this same minister has declared "*that it never came into his mind to support the Hermesian doctrine;*" this same minister has represented the measures taken by Mgr. de Droste,—

"as having brought about the dissolution of all discipline, disrespect for the masters, contempt for the regulations of authority, the desertion of the seminary, the interruption of university instruction for a great number of young men destined to the service of the altar."

But where can authority maintain itself, when the civil power is the first to sap the foundations of the most legitimate authority in the world! religious authority? How could these professors claim the respect, the obedience, the love of their pupils, of their subordinates, when they, men entrusted with the deposit of sacred knowledge, openly revolt against the instructions of their Church, against the bishops whom the holy spirit has established guardians of the Christian faith, and against the sovereign pontiff himself, to whom the Saviour gave the charge to watch his flock, over the whole terrestial globe? But it is not the measures of the archbishop of Cologne that were in fault; it is not the prelate whom we must accuse of these disorders. He required submission, but he required it in the name of the Church, in the name of the lawful successor of the prince of the apostles. A doctrine had been found dangerous, inconsistent with the unanimous teaching of Catholicity, and, as such, had been solemnly reproved and condemned. Mgr. Clement Auguste had been the first to obey the common

father of the faithful; it was to his judgment that the professors of Bonn were required to submit, if they would not destroy religious unity, if they would not separate themselves from the one holy communion, out of which there is no salvation. In vain did government seek, some time afterwards, to remedy a state of things which was now become insupportable. The conference held on the 21st April, 1837, and that of the following day, were but half measures, which always increase the evil they are intended to alleviate. Since in these two conferences, the curator of the university declared to the professors of the faculty of theology, that it was the will of the minister that they should thenceforth abstain in their lectures from teaching the doctrines of Hermes, the government ought at least to have given notice of this step to the archbishop. The prelate could have no wish but to secure the purity and integrity of instruction, and a proper submission to the orders of the holy see; and having done so, would have eagerly availed himself of whatever could tend to the re-establishment of order and peace. But government did not trouble itself to secure this good end, to come to an understanding with the head of the diocess, to prevent fatal dissensions, and to tranquillize consciences. We are aware that the enemies of Mgr. de Droste, aver that this prelate refused to admit the Hermesian professors into his presence, either to hear their justification, or to come to an understanding with them upon doctrinal matters. But the archbishop never did refuse to admit into his presence any ecclesiastic of the diocess. On the contrary, he ever received with kindness all his co-labourers in the vineyard of the Lord. The Hermesians did not seek to inform themselves; they wished to discuss a point already judged by the supreme head of the Church; and Mgr. Clement Auguste required a simple and sincere obedience to the brief of Gregory XVI. Nothing throws stronger light upon the odious tactics of the disciples of Hermes, than their conduct after their return from Rome. They did not blush to accuse the holy see of ignorance and triviality in its condemnation of their master's system. They claimed to be in the right against all who opposed them; they protested against all authority which refused to admit the inventions of their own reason. But the Catholic Church reposes on the immutable word of God; for her there can be no new doctrines invented; she believes simply what the Most High has revealed to her. The doctrine she teaches, is that which was transmitted by the apostles, and which, in spite of all the efforts of hell, has been preserved unaltered during eighteen centuries. If, however,

according to the allegation of the minister for ecclesiastical affairs, the Hermesian professors were really desirous of ascertaining what there was reprehensible in their mode of instruction, the fourth step taken by the archbishop furnished them with an easy and simple method of doing so. The sovereign pontiff, after a long and minute enquiry, had condemned the doctrine of professor Hermes, as being incompatible with Catholic instruction,—

"*Ut pote qui audacter a regio quem universa traditio et SS. Patres in exponendis et vindecandis fidei veritatibus stravere tramite deflectens, quin et superbe contemnens et damnans, tenebrosam ad errorem omnigenum viam moliatur in Dubio positivo tanquam basi omnis theologicæ inquisitionis, et in principio quod statuit, rationem principem normam ac unicum medium esse, quo homo assequi possit supernaturalium veritatum cognitionem;—doctrinas et propositiones in Scepticismum et Indifferentismum inducentes; in Catholicas scholas injuriosas; fidei divinæ eversivas.*"

These are the expressions by which the brief of Gregory XVI condemned the new doctrine, and it is easy to see that the holy see was thoroughly acquainted with the form and the foundation of the system which it had visited with such solemn condemnation. The metropolitan of Cologne was bound to warn his flock against the new errors which had arisen in their own country, and of which the principal adherents dwelt amongst them. The more strenuously his opponents sought to mislead public opinion, the more was he bound to prevent the tares from springing up amongst the corn. For this purpose, Mgr. de Droste drew up eighteen theses, in which he gave a statement of the Catholic doctrine as opposed to the Hermesian system. All those who sought admittance into holy orders, were bound to subscribe these eighteen articles. And the same obligation was imposed upon all ecclesiastics exercising the functions of the sacred ministry in the diocess of Cologne. This was an act of submission to the judgment of the holy see, and, as is obvious, the most natural and most lawful expedient for putting a stop to error. The Hermesian professors, instigated by a fatal spirit of pride and infatuation, refused their adherence and their signature to the dogmatical declaration required by their bishop; and by this refusal their lawful powers, as confessors and ministers of the divine word, ceased throughout the whole extent of the diocess. In the rescript which he addressed to the metropolitan chapter of Cologne, the minister for ecclesiastical affairs did not fail to make this formulary of faith the subject of his third charge against Mgr. Clement Auguste.

"The same spirit and the same tendency," he says, "are to be found, in the third place, in the promulgation of the eighteen theses, proposed for the signature of all priests, desirous of administering the sacrament of penance, and for that of all other ecclesiastics in the archdiocess of Cologne, as the condition of their admission to the sacred functions. The establishment of a condition so unusual, is manifestly a new rule, and, as such, is subject to the previous authorization of the sovereign. By the conditional value attached to the signature, it becomes an infringement of individual rights, and, as such, deserves the most serious consideration. Moreover the 18th article of these theses, by excluding in matters of discipline, all sort of appeal to the state, against the abuse of the archiepiscopal authority, constitutes an attack upon the prerogatives of the crown, as they have existed for ages, in all the states of Germany, and in almost all the Christian states of Europe. But this important, weighty, and illegal step, Mgr. the archbishop has thought proper to take, without any communication whatever with government."

According to M. d'Altenstein, the promulgation of the eighteen dogmatical theses contains a triple culpability: 1st. as a new rule, which should in the first instance have received the royal sanction.

2nd. As a serious violation of the rights of individuals.

3rd. The eighteenth article, in particular, contains a direct attack upon the rights of the crown, as they have been acknowledged in Germany, and in almost all the Christian states of Europe.

In support of the first charge, the minister of ecclesiastical affairs, rests upon paragraph 117, (part ii. title ii.) of the Prussian Landrecht; which paragraph is the standing argument of all journalists and government functionaries at Berlin. Unhappily they always forget two things; in the first place, that the Landrecht has never been promulgated in the Rhenish provinces, and consequently, in them, it has not and cannot have the force of law.

In the second place, even supposing that this legal code of the eastern provinces, had been received and adopted in those of the west, it still could not in the matter of which we are treating, furnish any valid argument against the archbishop of Cologne. The publication of the eighteen theses is to be considered in a purely spiritual and dogmatical point of view, which cannot be referred to the civil power; it concerns the interior of the Church, since the bishop alone can determine the conditions upon which he will confer holy orders, and permit the exercise of the sacerdotal ministry. In such a question as this, a bishop cannot be required to obtain the previous

consent of the civil power; for this power cannot intermeddle in the internal affairs of the Church; she has received her mission from heaven, and is independant of the state.

We have already observed, that the government (especially if it be heretical or schismatical) cannot lay claim to the right of previous approbation, spoken of by M. d'Altenstein. Such a right must of necessity include the power of refusing its consent to an act of spiritual authority, to the promulgation of Catholic doctrines, or to the union between the faithful members of the Church. But such an ascendancy of the state over the Church, would imply an absolute negation of the existence of the Church itself; it would be a complete destruction of all liberty of conscience, and an open violation of the organic laws, upon which governments and states themselves repose. The peace of Westphalia forms the basis of modern public rights in Germany; and this treaty, as well as all subsequent international acts, guarantees the existence and the free exercise of the Catholic worship. It therefore belongs to no sovereign to fetter the Church in the exercise of right, which has been solemnly recognized and sworn to; it would be suicidal in any government to lay hands upon this sacred palladium; the government has no prerogative as respects publications made by ecclesiastical authority, except that of taking care that they contain nothing heterogeneous,—and certainly, in the case before us, it was not difficult to acquire this certainty, the eighteen theses having been printed and made public. Paragraph 117, which is a concentration of all that is odious and absurd, in the suspicions entertained against the Church, cannot nevertheless be supposed to contain a different meaning from that which we have stated, since any other interpretation would be an infringement of the fundamental law of the Prussian monarchy. Besides the examination required by government of all candidates, the Catholic Church requires a more special examination of all priests, which shall be especially reserved for ecclesiastical authority, and renewed at stated periods. This is known to the canon law, by the name of the *synodal examination;* by which each bishop ascertains that the ecclesiastics submitted to his jurisdiction, are faithfully attached to the doctrine and morals of the Church. The bishop is responsible for those to whom he confides the exercise of the holy ministry; he cannot allow them functions, longer than they continue steadfast in true doctrine, and in the ways of uprightness; he must therefore have some means of convincing himself that his subordinates are faithful

dispensers of the divine word and holy mysteries. These means are allowed by the civil power, since it recognizes the synodal examiners, appointed by the ecclesiastical superiors. Consequently in making the signature of these eighteen articles a condition for admission into the ministry, the archbishop only made use of a well known prerogative, which had never before been disputed. The second head of the ministerial charge falls to the ground in the same way: no one has ever called in question the exact conformity of the seventeen first theses, with the doctrine and morality of the Catholic Church. No substitution of anything new was attempted, no alteration of the orthodox faith, as it is held and taught wherever there are members of the true communion. The archbishop cannot then have encroached upon the individual rights of any subjects of the king of Prussia, by laying down a series of Catholic articles, in opposition to a system condemned by the sovereign pontiff, and requiring a simple and sincere adhesion to this formulary of faith, before conferring either orders, or an ecclesiastical benefice, or sacerdotal jurisdiction. Holy orders are a sacrament, a grace which the Church gives to such as she judges worthy of receiving it, and capable of fulfilling the high duties imposed on a priest of the new covenant. But grace is a gratuitous gift, to which no one can pretend a right. If then the Church refuses to any individual this sacrament, he has no right to complain of injustice; nor can any human law compel forcibly, the ordination or the employment in holy ministry of a man who has been declared incapable of it, by his ecclesiastical superiors. The priest is the dispenser of the mysteries of faith, the man of God, the man of the Church. From God then must come his vocation, and the Church must approve it. The Church alone can determine the necessary conditions for admission into orders, or to the exercise of the sacerdotal jurisdiction. It is free to all to admit the authority of the Church; to submit themselves to the faith she teaches, or the duties she prescribes; it must also be free to the spouse of Christ, to admit those to whom she confides her dearest interests, her most precious treasure, the souls that have been bought by the blood of the lamb. How! while in the temporal government, the sovereign may choose at his pleasure his counsellors, the depositories of his power, and the guardians of the law,—the Church, that superhuman, divine and eternal power, shall not enjoy the same liberty? Surely such an absurd and iniquitous hypothesis cannot be seriously maintained; and we have a right to conclude, that

in fixing the necessary conditions for the lawful exercise of the Catholic priesthood, Mgr. de Droste did not, and could not, have encroached upon the rights of any one.

Let us enquire if the third charge is better founded than the two we have just considered: it is alleged that the eighteenth article contains a direct infringement upon the rights of the crown. That our readers may be able to form a competent judgment, we will begin by transcribing the inculpated article. It is in the following terms:—

"I promise and vow to my archbishop respect and obedience in all that concerns faith and discipline, without any mental reservation whatever. I declare that I cannot, and dare not, in the order of the Catholic hierarchy, appeal from the judgment of my archbishop to any other person than to the Pope, the head of the whole Church. I acknowledge that to the Sovereign Pontiff at Rome belongs the primacy in order and jurisdiction over all the Church; that he is the true successor of St. Peter, prince of the apostles, true vicar of Jesus Christ, head of the whole Church, centre of unity, pastor of pastors, father and doctor of all the faithful disciples of Christ; that to him, in the person of St. Peter, was given full power to feed the sheep and the lambs, to rule and to govern the universal Church. To this faith I will remain attached with all the powers of my soul; I will profess it by my words and by my acts, and I especially promise and acknowledge that I ought to obey and will obey the decrees of the Sovereign Pontiff, in all that concerns faith and discipline."

Nearly the whole of this thesis is found, and nearly in the same terms, in the Council of Florence of the year 1439. So far, then, from establishing a new theory, it does but repeat what has long existed as ecclesiastical discipline. Perhaps, when one considers the second phrase, that which respects the appeal to the Holy See—if, we say, one considers it without reference to the context—it might seem slightly to encroach upon the rights of the crown. The extension given by modern writers to the protection afforded by the temporal sovereign to the Church, and which in the middle ages formed one of the highest prerogatives, as well as duties, of the state, had, little by little, degenerated into a servitude of the Church. There grew up an appeal to the temporal against the spiritual authority, which interfered with ecclesiastical rights. But, if there may exist a tribunal out of the Church, to which those who consider her sentences unjust may have recourse, there ought equally to be, out of the state, a similar tribunal, to which subjects might appeal who conceive themselves oppressed by the civil power. For as the state is not submitted to the Church in what concerns

temporal affairs—so neither, for much more powerful reasons, can the Church recognize any jurisdiction superior to her own in what concerns faith and discipline. They are two powers mutually independent, mutually co-existing with each other, destined to assist each other, mutually in the respective missions assigned them by the Most High. But, if the civil power assumes to itself a faculty irreconcileable with its nature, its origin, and its object, it becomes the oppressor of the Church. What was in the first instance named an appeal, is, in fact, only a means afforded to the rebellious children of the Church to insult the spiritual power; as the experience of all times and places has but too well shown. Until, then, the canonists of the court shall cite to us some passages of Scripture, proving that God has given to the kings and princes of the earth the right to govern his Church, we can see nothing but an absurd anomaly in their affecting to take cognizance of the abuse of spiritual authority. We can, however, well understand that a government, (above all if it be heretical), should be jealous of the possession of a right which would place the Catholic Church upon a level with dissenting congregations. Protestantism, when it shook off the divine supremacy of Rome, bent its head beneath the yoke of temporal power; it conferred on the sovereign the fulness of episcopal authority. This supremacy, springing from the necessity felt by the innovators of securing the support of the great, is an involuntary homage rendered to the principle of authority, so unworthily set aside and ill-treated by the chiefs of the Reformation. But the Church requires it not; her centre of unity is Rome. There resides the power of the hierarchy in all its strength and its purity. Rome forms the last link of the chain of spiritual power upon earth. She is the medium between God and man. The Sovereign Pontiff is the vicar of Jesus Christ, who said, "All power is given unto me, in heaven and in earth. Going, therefore, teach ye all nations. Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." It is upon the word of Christ, immutable, because proceeding from truth itself, that the supremacy of the Church is based. In acknowledging no other power as equal or superior to the pontifical power of the Pope, in what concerns the essence of the Church, the venerable archbishop of Cologne has not, then, rendered himself worthy of any blame. His conduct has been a loyal and energetic exposition of that Catholic doctrine which on various occasions

king Frederick William of Prussia swore to maintain in all its integrity.

We have now, with all possible care, explained the first part of the important drama, of which Cologne has been the theatre, and from the stage of which one of the contending parties has disappeared. How far this circumstance may influence the important events under consideration remains to be seen. In the meanwhile we have shewn that his fidelity to his duties, as guardian of Catholic belief, against the encroachments of Hermesianism, is the first title of the prelate to the admiration of the whole world, as it is the cause of the implacable hatred which the enemies of the Church have sworn against him. His courageous opposition to those iniquitous and intolerant laws respecting mixed marriages, by which heresy sought to weaken the Catholic Church in Prussia, is the second title by which Mgr. Clement Auguste claims the love and gratitude of every heart that feels for the prosperity and triumph of the true faith. This will be the subject of a future article, in which we will give an enumeration of the principal publications which have appeared respecting the events at Cologne, whether for or against the glorious defender of the immunities of the Church.

ART. VI.—*Jean Paul Friederich Richter. Ein Biographischer Commentar zu dessen Werken. Von R. O. Spazier, Neffen des Dichters.* Berlin, 1838. *Funf Bändchen.* [*J. Paul F. Richter. A Biographical Commentary on his Works. By R. O. Spazier, nephew of the Author.* Berlin, 1838. 5 vols.]

THOSE who have charmed and elevated mankind by their works, and glorified their country by their genius, and done honour to their race by their virtues, are men of whom the world is always desirous of having the fullest information. Not in vain-glorious eagerness for the knowledge that "puffeth up"—not with the desire of shining in coteries, or prattling at festive tables, does this originate. That purposes so selfish may be partial causes, operating in the minds of some, we do not deny; but there is something deeper and nobler than these, however unknown to such sordid seekers. In them, and in all other men, there is an impossibility of resting within the confines of their own individuality; there is a revelation within them of a great catholic and all-embracing grasp. The spirit of man feels that even on earth it has a wide and a mighty

sphere. It takes the wings of the morning, and flies unto the uttermost parts of the earth; its sympathy is confined to no age; no class, however obscure and oppressed, is beneath its regard. A deep instinct, a God-given intuition of universal brotherhood, lives and moves in man; and how his fellows have lived and acted, suffered and struggled, wrought and triumphed, he yearns to know, and rejoices to be satisfied of.

The inherence of this profound feeling in man is the source of that curiosity and delight, which in all times have been connected with the perusal of biographical works. In the darkness and sensuality of Pagan times it was manifested, as witness the writings of Xenophon, Plutarch, Suetonius, Tacitus, and others. In Christian ages, the Church, necessarily as such, in pledge and in proof of its very Catholicity, has recognized this instinct, and, in a manner, even provided for it, as the many lives and legends of saints and martyrs, Christian heroes, and bright ornaments of humanity, corroborate. Nor is it either similarity of faith, identity of country, profession, or age, that attracts us, or that influences our choice in this branch of inquiry. Whether Catholic or Protestant, who does not feel an enduring interest in the lives of St. Austin, Sir Thomas More, or Howard? Whether wielding the sword or the pen, who is indifferent to those of Alfred or Charlemagne, Cromwell or Milton? Who amongst the old or young of the present day would not be moved by the life and actions of St. Teresa, Fenelon, Loyola, or Bede?

This universal sympathy with the destinies, actions, and minds of others; the facility, since the invention of printing, of diffusing such knowledge; and the intellectual advancement of mankind, have led to the very great multiplication of biographical writings. The peaceful relations of the nations of the earth—which may man, in Christian duty, seek to maintain, and God, in his merciful providence, preserve for us—have now increased, and are daily increasing, the channels of intercourse for society. From all quarters of the globe are stores of knowledge poured in upon us. Every wind that blows bears out an inquirer or wafts home a record. Men are now feeling the blessings of the cessation of war, and the intellectual and moral sympathies which are now binding, as in a golden chain, all highly-civilized countries, will render every day the return of bloodshed and strife more difficult, and ultimately, we trust, impossible.

The receipt of the volumes at the head of our article, enables us to present our readers with the biography of one of

the most distinguished authors of Germany, either as regards the number, the versatility, the excellence, or the originality of his productions—JEAN PAUL FRIEDERICH RICHTER, called by his countrymen (and most appropriately), "Jean Paul der Einzige," or *the unique.* Previously to this publication, we had no proper or complete biography of this celebrated man. The author, Richard Otto Spazier, was his nephew, lived in intimate communication with him, and has availed himself of many valuable documents and materials not accessible to others. He has incorporated with the life of the poet—for such may Richter justly be pronounced—many interesting particulars relating to his most admired productions; the circumstances and hints that suggested many of their features; facts that have been moulded into, or had influence in moulding, the incidents, scenes, characteristics, personages, and events, which increase the charm their pages possess. The earlier part of the life here delineated, is given in the very words of an auto-biographical fragment left by Richter himself. It seems to have been his intention, and one to which we strongly regret he did not adhere, of furnishing himself the statement of his history; a work which, from the rare and extraordinary combination of talents in the man, would have been of surpassing attraction, and spell-binding interest. This fragment is entitled, "Wahrheit aus meinem Leben" ("Truth from my Life.") With his accustomed humour, and certainly with the greatest propriety as regards the object, he had constituted himself "Professor of his own history," which he purposed to deliver in a series of "lectures." This propriety is indisputable; for, although the world will know a great deal of its neighbour's affairs, and, like an impudent and mendacious world as it is, will invent when knowledge fails, by which means many a biography comes forth, not always at one with truth,—all judicious men will admit that the actor himself, whatever character he may have had to perform, is best able to describe the thoughts, acts, and feelings, all the vicissitudes, merry or melancholy, that diversified the *bal paré* of his life.

From the materials above-mentioned, as also the public and private letters of Jean Paul, the biographer has made us profoundly acquainted with the mind and works of his great relative. Such a performance merits our hearty thanks, and which all its readers, who cannot fail to peruse it with pleasure and profit, will cheerfully confirm. It is not only a valuable contribution for our estimation of the great subject, but presents also information of high interest on the conduct and opinions

of many of his celebrated contemporaries—forming a sort of anthropological exemplar book, richer and superior in instruction to many learned compendiums produced as professedly didactic works. This particularly applies to the two first volumes, in which the history of Richter's early life is contained. Here, in addition to the fragmentary autobiography, a multitude of scattered traits and characteristics, little known, are collected into one focus, and formed into a beautiful whole. By the throwing in of small, but very remarkable touches, the representation acquires an individuality and freshness of life, which not only shows with minuteness the character of Jean Paul, but in which the reader may discover much that is true and distinctive of his own youth—analogous in circumstances, though standing obscure in the past, and perhaps hitherto forgotten.

The explication and dissection of the great works of Richter contain many important, and, for the full comprehension of these writings, many necessary remarks. He had, among many other peculiarities, this—that he drew his characters, incidents, and descriptions, from the living world of his own experience, and which, for a man of his active powers of fancy and imagination, made it unnecessary to borrow from others. From this source he derived the original and psychologically rich, creative power, for which he is so much admired; and this makes it so advantageous to be made acquainted, as we are in this work, with his friends, particularly those with whom he was on the most intimate footing, and whose portraits are exhibited in his works.

With respect to the execution of the work itself, we may say that the author has these important qualifications; a fervent and noble admiration of the great subject whose portrait it professes to give; a just and keen appreciation of the vast and various powers that were united to make up so rare a man—and a profound and discriminating acquaintance with all his variegated creations. We must object, however, to the long-winded disquisitions on the several productions of Richter's genius with which we are presented, and of which the third volume almost entirely consists. In a professedly biographical work, this is too great an aberration from the historical to the critical. To this objection it may be added, that the style too frequently runs into an enervated amplification, is too diffuse and flowery, and is plenteously besprinkled with long compound words, of the most arbitrary construction, which do not enhance the grace or perspicuity of the periods. The

lengthiness objected to, we may inform such of our readers as are ignorant thereof, is a habit, we may say a defect, of the German pen, which is the nearest type, *in rerum naturâ*, of the *perpetuum mobile.* Set it once in motion, and it will outlast in activity the term of a chancery suit, or a cycle of Russian winters. It is a blessing that death, generally before the termination of the liberal allowance of three-score years and ten, carries the assiduous scribes off the stage, or, in theology, and every other *ology*, there would remain nothing to exercise any other pen, saving the nothingness of the nothing itself, to declaim upon. We must add, that the work is disfigured with several errors of the press, and the expression of sundry opinions unfavourable to many of Jean Paul's distinguished contemporaries, in which the ardent admiration of his great relative sometimes, we think, misleads the author.

In despite of these objections, however, the work is one of great merit and lasting value, as the most interesting and most comprehensive publication relating to so celebrated a man, and is indispensable to every one who would possess the fullest particulars of his life, genius, and immortal remains.

Whatever may be the popular estimation in his own country of the writings of Jean Paul—and it is one of no cold or narrow character—the critical world seems there divided about it. But the proper period for a calm and philosophical decision on his merits, seems not yet to have arrived there. The interested and excited views taken by the learned men of his time, the spirit of partizanship that reigned during his life, are still existent. In the volumes before us will be found abundant proofs of this state of things. Many judgments by men of no mean importance in the world of letters, who were opposed to him—particularly Nicolai, Merkel, the Schlegels, and, later, L. Tieck—as well as of his friends Herder, Wieland, Görres, and others, might be cited. But these would be of no avail to us; the jury would be found to be so at variance, that it must be dismissed, and appeal for verdict made to another tribunal.

Away from the contagious and obscuring power of such strife in this country, after a thorough investigation and calm consideration of his works, we may pronounce him to have been a man of high, original, and most fertile genius, constituting an epoch in his native literature—not free, like Shakspeare, in the artistic elaboration of his works, from some faults, at times prominent (shall we say it?) to offensiveness; but whose writings will make, on every qualified reader, a

most profound and exalting impression; and which, while fancy, wit, humour, vigorous intellect, a large and loving heart, a capacious soul, with power, like a mirror, of reflecting equally the vast and the minute—the humblest flower of the field,—the sun that warms systems, and the stars that adorn them,—while these are prized as they should be, will never be forgotten by mankind.

The man himself was made up of grand and noble materials, and displayed, in a somewhat trying and diversified life, elements of goodness and power that will ever be estimable. What these were, and how they urged him to action in his struggles through this sphere, we shall now, within what space we have, endeavour to show.

Jean Paul Friederich Richter (we write the mere name with sentiments of love and reverence) was born the 21st of May, 1763, at Wonsiedel, on the eastern side of Bavaria, in the heart of the mountain range, known as the Fichtelgebirge, adjoining Bohemia. His grandfather, Johann Richter, of whom we know little more than that he was eminently pious and poor, was rector of the school at Neustadt am Culm. At the church of Neustadt they still point out a bench behind the organ, where every Sunday he knelt to pray. His father, Johann Christian Richter, was assistant-schoolmaster and organist, and subsequently clergyman, of Wonsiedel. His mother was daughter of Johann Paul Kuhn, clothier of Hof, a small town about twenty English miles further north. His father had great musical talent, was admired as the composer of some excellent church music, and prized as a cheerful and witty social companion. By his touching and animated sermons, he won the affections of his neighbours, and, finally, of his bride, who brought him a respectable property.

When Jean Paul was two years old, he removed with his father, who had been presented with it as a better living, to the village of Jodiz, near Hof, and remained there till his 13th year. We must pass over his early youthful years, to others of a larger and more universal significance, because our space is restricted; and notwithstanding that the portraiture of them, as given by Spazier, is peculiarly fascinating, being chiefly borrowed from the autobiographical fragment above mentioned, and rich in Richter's characteristic expressions and attractions. Among the delightful sketches there given, is the description of the great family-room, in winter, where, near the stove, were the murmuring pigeons, and against the windows the cages with finches; that of the maidservant in the evening, seated at her

distaff, with a blazing resinous pine-splint instead of a candle, "dishing up for herself self-forced ananas of terrific [illegible] tales;" of his sitting in the summer after supper, in the open air, in the court-yard of the parsonage house encircled with walls: of the children in their night clothes, hopping about, and playing in the sweet eventide, like the screeching swallows above them; of the lively yearly fair at Hof: the gifts of his relations at the Trinity festivals: of his stretching his little hands through the bars of the yard gate, to the blue-eyed Augustine, when at night she drove home the cows from the meadows, for his strict father would not allow the limits of the court to be passed; of all the animation and happiness of the recurring household *fêtes*. All these, and many other delightful domestic occurrences, are recorded in a style replete with humour, naiveté and childlike loveliness; and we see in the tender boy, the germs of those powers that were hereafter displayed in the man, and made him so singular, so distinguished, and so engaging a being.

In his thirteenth year, he again removed with his father to Schwarzenbach on the Saale, the living of which was superior to that of Jodiz, although at both it was most insufficient. His education, which the father had negligently superintended at the latter place, was here quite discontinued, and the boy was left entirely to himself; as from accumulated debts, (which from their poverty both at Wonsiedel and Jodiz, is not surprising), the poor parent lost all heart, and withdrew himself much from his family. To the blue-eyed Augustine, the love of the ten-years-old boy, a Catherine succeeded at Schwarzenbach. The mysterious, but unconscious impulses of his young and innocent heart, led to many gentle love scenes, and he has recorded one kiss, stolen in all haste, the recollection of which moved him in older days.

"One little kiss and no more! But in the dark, and behind the closed eyelids, the fireworks of life are enkindled for a moment, and then are over. However I have not forgotten it, the never to be forgotten! It was the first true kiss, and I believe the last. I had to content myself for the future with a telegraphic expression of my love."

We read with considerable interest the account of his first communion, and the description of his enjoyments at the public school, to which he was now sent, though he did not here find the advantages he had anticipated, or that which satisfied his inward craving for knowledge and advancement. But what he highly prized was now acces-

sible,—a rich treasure of works in various classes of literature. His reading previously had been confined to sundry miserable romances, of the first half of the eighteenth century, which he had secretly abstracted from his father's stores, who stood as a Cerberus, at what, however, Jean Paul considered the very gates of heaven. The entire seclusion of his youth from all the outward living world, had driven him to the dead world of books: from these he heaped up a vast accumulation of knowledge of the most diversified character.

At this period began his system, continued to the end of his life, of making extremely copious extracts of all he read. In his 15th year he had already nearly 300 quarto sheets of such materials, and they grew with his years to an almost incredible amount. At the commencement, they were made chiefly from philosophical and theological works. In the first two volumes of his bulky collection, among others, are some thus headed: "On the harmony between Natural and the Christian religion." "On the shortness of youthful life." "What eloquence is." "On the operations of the devil." "All reason is eternal." "On Ideas." "On the Spinozistic Deity." "How the soul thinks." "What beauty is." "On innate Ideas," &c. It is also to be observed, notwithstanding his having been early destined for the Church, that his religious opinions had then a strong bias to the side of heterodoxy. This state of doubt and opposition is not unprecedented in young minds. With the acquisition of historical and scientific facts, and the impressions of the thousand-fold communications of the senses, the reflective faculty acquires a disproportionate vigour, and often overlays the principle of faith. The intellectual power relegates the moral. The youth brings the dead logical forms of the understanding, which can deal only with the outward and the worldly, to the estimation and proof of spiritual and eternal truths, and fails, necessarily, in their demonstration. Nor is this doubting always reprehensible, though to be regretted, because it infers truth *to be*, although it questions the truthfulness of that which is then presented. Where there is a loving heart, and an undeadened conscience, the enquirer, by divine grace and assistance, will be led out of this state of doubt, into one of rejoicing faith and reverence for the established and consecrate. Our juvenile doubter, Jean Paul, outlived this period of cold unbelief, and gave subsequent proofs that the great Christian doctrines had won his cordial and confiding assent.

In the year 1779, his sixteenth year, he went to the gym-

nasium of the Bavarian town of Hof, and here he made considerable progress, although the provision for a thorough intellectual and moral education was very indifferent. History, for example. was a mere dead register of names and events, having no attraction or grace, and geography, a dry catalogue of places; which produced in Jean Paul an utter distaste for these studies, the neglect of which he felt some time after. Although at first little regarded by his school-fellows, as he yet carried much of a rustic air about with him, he soon won a sort of spiritual rule over them by his greater information, and his cheerful communicative disposition. He cultivated their society, and discoursed with them at every opportunity, in fact he was a talker on every occasion, conversing freely, quite unconcerned whether before the best auditory. He says himself, "It is all the same to me, before what company I pour out my thoughts and opinions, or what may be lost or misunderstood of my observations; I seek only to give utterance to my own inner being."

His father died in this year, leaving behind, his widow, five sons, and considerable debts; and the result of this event for the young scholar, was a ten years' struggle with the bitterest poverty. The parents of the mother died soon after, leaving no property.

The desire of becoming an author manifested itself in him as early as the year 1780, to which we have now arrived, when, in his seventeenth year, he wrote two essays, entitled, "How our conception of God arises," and "On the harmony between true and erroneous propositions." There are also of the same date, several unfinished papers on subjects of Natural History, by the study of which he was probably drawn off and secured from the contagion of the sentimental influenza, which never attacked him, so prevalent at that time in Germany, generated by the perusal of *The Sorrows of Werter*, *Siegwart*, and other similar productions."

"Under the influence of a lofty and engrossing idea," he said sometime afterwards, "be it passionate or purely scientific, we find ourselves, like the diver in his bell, sheltered from the waves of the immense ocean that surrounds us." And elsewhere, "He who finds within himself peace and copiousness of ideas, will not seek enjoyment out of himself; every movement, even the corporeal, would be sufficient to overthrow his cup full of nectar."

From this period, his labours as an author, for forty-five years, may be said never to have been discontinued. Meanwhile his voluminous extract books had so increased, that at

Easter 1781, he had already twelve quarto volumes of them, and, to command a ready survey of their contents, he had been compelled to prepare an extensive alphabetical index of their pages. Among those with whose writings he became acquainted at this time, was Theodore Gottlieb Hippel, (born 1741, died 1796), a jurist at Konigsberg, and intimate friend of the great Kant; whose humorous works, *Ueber die Ehe, Ueber die burgerliche Verbesserung der Weibe,* &c. perhaps take the first rank in this class of writings. It is obvious that Jean Paul made him his model, and that his views and modes of representation were, in very many points, modified by his great predecessor.

In 1781 he went to the university of Leipsig, where he felt himself as in a wilderness, abandoned by all human society, and had to struggle against the boa constrictor folds of his ever increasing poverty. Of all the professors at this place, Plattner and Morus most won his esteem. The first had, in his aphoristic, sententious manner, much similarity to Richter. Among the many works which in this city of books came into his hands, were those of Rousseau, which particularly charmed him, and to whom he felt himself related in a sort of spiritual brotherhood.

With the end of the year 1781, as the deep poverty of his family still increased, the care of providing for his scanty wants fell exclusively on himself. He sought to assist himself by tutorship, but in this he failed, and partly from necessity, partly from inclination, he determined to commence authorship.

"As I do not know how to provide myself otherwise," he writes to a friend, "I will write books. I will teach the public, to be enabled to study for myself at the university. I will put the cart before the horse, that it may be the means of getting me out of this wretched miry hollow lane."

Of the advantages of authorship, he afterwards wittily said:

"A man who becomes an author, seldom hangs himself: for this reason the eldest sons of English peers should make the press groan with their works. For if a man wakes early, he has then an object before him, and consequently a reason for getting up."

A whole year however passed, before the work of twelve sheets was completed. This was the second part of his *Greenland Lawsuits.*

This first-born of our great author was a satirical work, in which the wit is conspicuous, and to the birth of which, the writings of Seneca, whose sentiments and style at that time

much attracted him, with Pope's *Dunciad*, and Erasmus, had contributed. He, however, did not yet feel himself on his right path.

"With my future books," he writes, "I will earn more money and less censure. My work is too juvenile to become old. Moreover, though the file brings out, it begets no beauties, and not only the poet but his poem must be born and not made. Criticism diminishes the number of the faults, but also that of the beauties. And finally, if the book is a bad satire upon others, insomuch is it the best upon myself."

Previous to this, he had written another small work, which, like his predecessor Erasmus, he had entitled *The Praise of Folly*. These efforts his confidential friends approved of highly, and one of them, professor Seidlitz, engaged to procure a publisher for them. Now was his heaven opened, and there was no end of his jubilate. He was considerably in debt, and by the produce of the copyright hoped to free himself from its trammels, and to have some small sum left. So sanguine was he, that he immediately set off for Hof, to his mother, unfolded to her his visions of golden mountains, and without visiting any of his old friends in the neighbourhood, hastened back to Leipsig, to touch his beautiful ducats. But the course of authorship, like that of love, "never did run smooth." Fortune had destined otherwise. Seidlitz had not succeeded in finding a publisher, and the manuscript was returned to him without the ducats!

This was a bitter trial, in the career of our poor but noble-minded Jean Paul, in whom, however, the All-wise had laid heroic elements for combat and triumph. "Great men," he has said, "have formed themselves in the forums of freedom, *in schools of trials and crosses, in academies of scientific peace*, not in schools of war. Socrates learnt not from his campaigns to oppose the thirty tyrants, and to drain with tranquillity his hemlock cup." He was at first gloomy and irritated, and upon the point of abjuring all authorship for ever. But in a few days a total alteration took place. A spirit of the loftiest determination and fortitude was awakened in him. The previously faint-hearted lonely student, assumed a firm look, he felt himself to be a man that would no more look out for foreign aid, inasmuch as he was determined no longer to need it, and resolved at all cost to be his own deliverer. The change in the inner man shewed itself in his exterior. He had shirts made *à la Hamlet*, with open collar and breast, let his flowing hair hang uncut on his shoulders, and the style of his apparel, carried to the eccentric, signified him to be one that would hence-

forth live according to his own fashion. "I knew it," he writes subsequently to Spazier, "I felt an invincible presentiment then, in Leipsig, that I should carry my point, to live an independent author, without any official appointment."

In this conviction, he wrote the first part of his *Greenland Lawsuit*, which cost him much pains and many sleepless nights; a work consisting of several satirical essays, "On Authorship from necessity," "On the Weaknesses of Theologians," "On the Pride of Ancestry," "On Women," &c. abounding in wit and humour, with some dash of misanthropy, and with an overflowing richness of antitheses and images, in which the intoxicated author seems to revel. He made the round of all the Leipsig booksellers with his manuscript; no one would accept it. He sent it to Voss of Berlin, the publisher of Hippel's works, who agreed to give him fifteen louis-d'ors for it, and requested him immediately to forward the continuation. He now paid his debts, and hired a small garden house, in which he might uninterruptedly finish the second volume. This advantageous change in his domestic economy, had a beneficial effect on his mind, and this second part exhibits a more tempered and genial character.

Another plague now visited, and, for a long time persecuted him, which he calls his "apparel-martyrdom." By his exposed throat, and eccentric costume, he had incurred the hostility of the Philisters, which went so far, that they would not live in the same street with him, that they might not behold him from their windows. This occurred in Leipsig. In meaner Hof the warfare was still more bitter. His unclothed neck excited horror, and the want of a tail was considered an unpardonable offence. The capricious edict of fashion had already began to banish the use of these appendages in Leipsig, but in retired Hof they still flourished in full bloom. They there preserved their station ten years longer, firm in the respect and the necks of their wearers, until, like many other senseless things, they were expelled by the Brutus and Titus coiffures of the revolutionary soldiers. His friends interceded with him, but the more they urged him the more determined he remained. Some years after, he conformed to the world's usages in his dress, but he maintained, even then, that the youth, who in a similar case would not have done as he did, gave no promise of an energetic and independent manhood.

His second volume of *Greenland Lawsuits* appeared in 1782, for which he received one hundred and twenty-six dollars. It was not so well received by the public, and Voss declined to publish any more of his writings at present. He sent to

most of the distinguished men at Leipsig, a copy of his work, with an accompanying letter. He received no reply. He still however retained his self-dependence and hope in the future. He commenced again in good spirits, and wrote other essays similar to those published. There appeared in 1784, in a Leipsig periodical, a notice of his book, wherein the writer says, "the constant effort to be witty, so impels the author, that we do not doubt the perusal of it will at the beginning excite so much disgust in every rational reader, as to compel him to lay down the book." This attack he disregarded, and wrote on hopefully and earnestly. In a subsequent work he humorously says,—

"Critics discharge their bile, by preference, against writers of genius, who endure their attacks most patiently; even as people deposit their dirt and rubbish more frequently before public edifices, such as an hotel-de-ville, a theatre, a church, rather than against private houses."

It was probably with such reflections as these, which we find elsewhere, that he strengthened himself.

"Despair is a suicide of the heart, and as in Silesia they bury those who have destroyed themselves with their faces downwards, man the prey of despair, lets his face fall to the earth, with which he is not yet mingled, instead of lifting it to heaven which he has lost, heaven which is and will always be open to him. Raise thyself, terrestial worm, lift thy looks, feeble atom, to something higher and more serene, than thy place of sojourn; tranquillity, and not pleasure, is thy duty; let it be constantly thy aim. In a soul full of sorrow and bitterness, an oppressive and gloomy air stifles every intellectual flower and all moral development. Let our hearts open themselves to a tender melancholy, and not to black chagrin and abasement, like the flower that unfolds itself to the dew, but shuts itself against the rain."

The cold acceptation of his book by Weisse, Meissner, Lichtenberg, and other literati; the rejection of his manuscript by all the booksellers to whom he sent it, with humble but pressing solicitations; added to the ever-pressing burthen of his pecuniary circumstances, at last somewhat impaired his firmness, and he had to struggle stoutly with fits of hypochondria that repeatedly attacked him. Against these attacks he endeavoured to strengthen himself by the composition of another work, which he never published, and which he denominated his *Andachtsbuchlein* (Little Book of Devotion). "What is poverty," he says, "and what is he that repines under it? The pain is but as that of piercing a maiden's ears when you suspend jewels in the wound." In vol. ii. p. 113, Spazier gives us extracts from this work, which we are obliged to omit, with much regret.

At last, in November 1784, he was compelled to leave Leipsig privately, as he saw no other way of avoiding the demands of his landlord and other claimants. This was a painful determination for him; the injustice of which he was conscious of, but which, from his extreme need, he was compelled to adopt. He went to Hof, to his mother's, where he resided till 1789, in the strictest retirement. He lived here with her and several of his brothers in one room. They felt the most extreme degree of want; the merest necessaries of life could not always be obtained. The prisoner's allowance of bread and water, as he himself says, was not theirs, as the first was often not procurable. In later years, at a more richly provided table, he often selected the common lettuce, which he ate with dry bread, as a memorial of the bread of affliction that he had eaten in the hours of their poverty, when bread and salad was the principal family meal. He relates to us, that when occasionally a guilder came into the impoverished household exchequer, the jubilee was a frantic one, and the inmates were ready to smash all the windows, in the extravagance of their joy. In one of his letters to his friend Oertel, he requests the loan of a guilder, and promises to visit him, "when he has a pair of boots, which in those days a man could no more think of doing without, when he went abroad, than he could dispense with his feet."

He laboured unceasingly at his extracts and new essays, which were chiefly satirical, and which he again offered to the booksellers, but in vain. Herder had not condescended to answer three pressing letters which Richter had sent, with his manuscript, although subsequently the most cordial friendship united them. From Wieland also, two letters met with the same fate. His acquaintances and connexions in Hof, were mostly opposed to him, as he had not yet relinquished his offensive costume, and by his repeated keen witticisms, he had excited the animosity of others. These circumstances, and his poverty, which betrayed itself in his exterior, shut him out from the select society of official personages, who represented the great world in Hof.

In 1787 he accepted the place of tutor in a family of a nobleman in the vicinity. The time had now arrived when he was to see some of his late writings, which he had fruitlessly offered to so many booksellers, published. Some discussion took place as to the form, and some as to the title, under which the work should appear. At last that of *Selections from the papers of the Devil*, was determined upon, but it was two years before it was finally printed by Beckmann of Gera.

At this time, he framed his *Mitworterbuch*, or collection of synonymous terms, (of which he made great use in all his later works,) where he might find the most striking expressions he required. In this, for example, for the phrase *besser werden*, (to improve,) he had also *genesen*, *zuheilen*, *heil werden*, *grünen*, *reifen*, *erstarken*, *anziehen*, *flügge werden*, *vorrücken*, &c. In like manner, for the word *verschlimmerung*, (deterioration) he had one hundred and eighty-four, and for *sterben* (to die) two hundred different terms.

At the end of 1789, he returned again to his mother's at Hof, on the relinquishment of his tutorship. He abandoned now his singular garb, maintained himself in social assemblages like other men, and was cheerfully received in the best societies of the place. His accomplished performance on the harpsichord, his fascinating manners, and his complete mastery over the female heart, made him a universal favourite with the gentler sex. But in the following year, his pecuniary circumstances compelled him to withdraw from these circles, now become by him so prized, and to resume his office of teacher in his old residence of Schwarzenbach. The school which he superintended here, was a source of happiness and credit to him. How he fulfilled his duty, the whole system of education, and what brilliant consequences were the result, may be seen in vol. iii. p. 15. This office it was that awakened the long entertained, but obscure notion, of writing a pedagogic romance. He intended elevating the outward reality of his school to the ideal, and making it the subject of a new work. Here he wrote his *Schoolmaster Wuz*, with several of his smaller pieces. The first was the type of the whole series of romances so soon to be poured forth from his pen. The greatest part of the incidents of this work, are taken from Richter's own youth, as may be said also of many of his later romances. His social relations in Schwarzenbach were of a most agreeable nature; he also visited weekly his friends, male and female, at Hof. In the former town he formed a cordial intimacy with one fair inhabitant that, at one time promised to pass into a closer relationship. From a letter extant to her, it is evident that the incidents of the preface to the second edition of the *Fixlein*, are only an enlargement of its substance. She was, it appears, of humble station, but worthy of a better lot. Without any extensive intellectual culture, it appears to have been her fortune, like that of so many others in small provincial towns, to be destined to wear out her life in all the slavery and hardship of the heaviest household drudgery.

Revolting at this destination, Jean Paul breaks out in the following terms.

"Thy spring also has had few flowers and many clouds, and thou art, as all thy sisterhood, like the soft berries, that by the rude hand of man are, at the same time, plucked off and crushed. Thy heart has never had anything warmer or better than the crimson stream within it; and thy head no loftier visions than those of the pillow on which it reposed. Thy sweet petals expand themselves only to scentless chalice leaves, to become mere honey vessels for man, who requires in you neither head nor heart, but only rude working fingers, running feet, sweat-drops, and wearied arms. For you the whole wide heavens are shrivelled together for a mere weaving hut, or bacon or wood-loft; the sun himself becomes a mere suspended room-warmer, and the moon a cobler's night-lamp; your gentle souls become buried in the vaulted fortress-cell of marriage, till death mows down the full-blown plant, with all its withered buds."

About this time, the *Invisible Lodge*, an unfinished romance, was written by Richter, and sent, in 1792, to Moritz, of Berlin, who pronounced it to be a work of great excellence, "beyond even Goethe," and promised to find him a publisher among the Berlin booksellers. He offered him one hundred ducats for the book, and sent thirty immediately, with the request, that Jean Paul, cost what it would, should visit him, that he might become personally acquainted with the author of so beautiful and original a production.

This was the important turning point in his fortunes; for it not only terminated his necessitous condition, but introduced him to the society of men of station and distinguished talent; an advantage he had so much desired, and which it was so desirable to possess, if his future sketches of human character should travel out of the narrow circle of his rustic environment. It was of further importance, in giving him confidence in his own powers, and unfolded the direction which they must take, to put forth their manifestations in the most striking and appropriate manner. Satires, for which he hitherto believed himself most qualified, were now relieved by works of gentle and manly sentiment, presentations of an active and healthful imagination, and enlarged worldly experience. He was now enabled to take his station on the ground Nature had designed for him. From this period burst forth from him those full rich streams of love, humour, wit, fancy, and all noble and human sympathies, that had hitherto been closed by the hard frost of circumstances, and showed themselves in the *Hesperus*, *Fixlein*, and *Siebenkäs*. His heart, so long oppressed and crushed down, but which poverty had not

lengthiness objected to, we may inform such of our readers as are ignorant thereof, is a habit, we may say a defect, of the German pen, which is the nearest type, *in rerum naturâ*, of the *perpetuum mobile.* Set it once in motion, and it will outlast in activity the term of a chancery suit, or a cycle of Russian winters. It is a blessing that death, generally before the termination of the liberal allowance of three-score years and ten, carries the assiduous scribes off the stage, or, in theology, and every other *ology*, there would remain nothing to exercise any other pen, saving the nothingness of the nothing itself, to declaim upon. We must add, that the work is disfigured with several errors of the press, and the expression of sundry opinions unfavourable to many of Jean Paul's distinguished contemporaries, in which the ardent admiration of his great relative sometimes, we think, misleads the author.

In despite of these objections, however, the work is one of great merit and lasting value, as the most interesting and most comprehensive publication relating to so celebrated a man, and is indispensable to every one who would possess the fullest particulars of his life, genius, and immortal remains.

Whatever may be the popular estimation in his own country of the writings of Jean Paul—and it is one of no cold or narrow character—the critical world seems there divided about it. But the proper period for a calm and philosophical decision on his merits, seems not yet to have arrived there. The interested and excited views taken by the learned men of his time, the spirit of partizanship that reigned during his life, are still existent. In the volumes before us will be found abundant proofs of this state of things. Many judgments by men of no mean importance in the world of letters, who were opposed to him—particularly Nicolai, Merkel, the Schlegels, and, later, L. Tieck—as well as of his friends Herder, Wieland, Görres, and others, might be cited. But these would be of no avail to us; the jury would be found to be so at variance, that it must be dismissed, and appeal for verdict made to another tribunal.

Away from the contagious and obscuring power of such strife in this country, after a thorough investigation and calm consideration of his works, we may pronounce him to have been a man of high, original, and most fertile genius, constituting an epoch in his native literature—not free, like Shakspeare, in the artistic elaboration of his works, from some faults, at times prominent (shall we say it?) to offensiveness; but whose writings will make, on every qualified reader, a

most profound and exalting impression; and which, while fancy, wit, humour, vigorous intellect, a large and loving heart, a capacious soul, with power, like a mirror, of reflecting equally the vast and the minute—the humblest flower of the field,—the sun that warms systems, and the stars that adorn them,—while these are prized as they should be, will never be forgotten by mankind.

The man himself was made up of grand and noble materials, and displayed, in a somewhat trying and diversified life, elements of goodness and power that will ever be estimable. What these were, and how they urged him to action in his struggles through this sphere, we shall now, within what space we have, endeavour to show.

Jean Paul Friederich Richter (we write the mere name with sentiments of love and reverence) was born the 21st of May, 1763, at Wonsiedel, on the eastern side of Bavaria, in the heart of the mountain range, known as the Fichtelgebirge, adjoining Bohemia. His grandfather, Johann Richter, of whom we know little more than that he was eminently pious and poor, was rector of the school at Neustadt am Culm. At the church of Neustadt they still point out a bench behind the organ, where every Sunday he knelt to pray. His father, Johann Christian Richter, was assistant-schoolmaster and organist, and subsequently clergyman, of Wonsiedel. His mother was daughter of Johann Paul Kuhn, clothier of Hof, a small town about twenty English miles further north. His father had great musical talent, was admired as the composer of some excellent church music, and prized as a cheerful and witty social companion. By his touching and animated sermons, he won the affections of his neighbours, and, finally, of his bride, who brought him a respectable property.

When Jean Paul was two years old, he removed with his father, who had been presented with it as a better living, to the village of Jodiz, near Hof, and remained there till his 13th year. We must pass over his early youthful years, to others of a larger and more universal significance, because our space is restricted; and notwithstanding that the portraiture of them, as given by Spazier, is peculiarly fascinating, being chiefly borrowed from the autobiographical fragment above mentioned, and rich in Richter's characteristic expressions and attractions. Among the delightful sketches there given, is the description of the great family-room, in winter, where, near the stove, were the murmuring pigeons, and against the windows the cages with finches; that of the maidservant in the evening, seated at her

distaff, with a blazing resinous pine-splint instead of a candle, "dishing up for herself self-forced ananas of terrific popular tales;" of his sitting in the summer after supper, in the open air, in the court-yard of the parsonage house encircled with walls; of the children in their night clothes, hopping about, and playing in the sweet eventide, like the screeching swallows above them; of the lively yearly fair at Hof; the gifts of his relations at the Trinity festivals; of his stretching his little hands through the bars of the yard gate, to the blue-eyed Augustine, when at night she drove home the cows from the meadows, for his strict father would not allow the limits of the court to be passed; of all the animation and happiness of the recurring household *fêtes*. All these, and many other delightful domestic occurrences, are recorded in a style replete with humour, naiveté and childlike loveliness; and we see, in the tender boy, the germs of those powers that were hereafter displayed in the man, and made him so singular, so distinguished, and so engaging a being.

In his thirteenth year, he again removed with his father to Schwarzenbach on the Saale, the living of which was superior to that of Jodiz, although at both it was most insufficient. His education, which the father had negligently superintended at the latter place, was here quite discontinued, and the boy was left entirely to himself; as from accumulated debts, (which from their poverty both at Wonsiedel and Jodiz, is not surprising), the poor parent lost all heart, and withdrew himself much from his family. To the blue-eyed Augustine, the love of the ten-years-old boy, a Catherine succeeded at Schwarzenbach. The mysterious, but unconscious impulses of his young and innocent heart, led to many gentle love scenes, and he has recorded one kiss, stolen in all haste, the recollection of which moved him in older days.

"One little kiss and no more! But in the dark, and behind the closed eyelids, the fireworks of life are enkindled for a moment, and then are over. However I have not forgotten it, the never to be forgotten! It was the first true kiss, and I believe the last. I had to content myself for the future with a telegraphic expression of my love."

We read with considerable interest the account of his first communion, and the description of his enjoyments at the public school, to which he was now sent, though he did not here find the advantages he had anticipated, or that which satisfied his inward craving for knowledge and advancement. But what he highly prized was now acces-

sible,—a rich treasure of works in various classes of literature. His reading previously had been confined to sundry miserable romances, of the first half of the eighteenth century, which he had secretly abstracted from his father's stores, who stood as a Cerberus, at what, however, Jean Paul considered the very gates of heaven. The entire seclusion of his youth from all the outward living world, had driven him to the dead world of books: from these he heaped up a vast accumulation of knowledge of the most diversified character.

At this period began his system, continued to the end of his life, of making extremely copious extracts of all he read. In his 15th year he had already nearly 300 quarto sheets of such materials, and they grew with his years to an almost incredible amount. At the commencement, they were made chiefly from philosophical and theological works. In the first two volumes of his bulky collection, among others, are some thus headed: "On the harmony between Natural and the Christian religion." "On the shortness of youthful life." "What eloquence is." "On the operations of the devil." "All reason is eternal." "On Ideas." "On the Spinozistic Deity." "How the soul thinks." "What beauty is." "On innate Ideas," &c. It is also to be observed, notwithstanding his having been early destined for the Church, that his religious opinions had then a strong bias to the side of heterodoxy. This state of doubt and opposition is not unprecedented in young minds. With the acquisition of historical and scientific facts, and the impressions of the thousand-fold communications of the senses, the reflective faculty acquires a disproportionate vigour, and often overlays the principle of faith. The intellectual power relegates the moral. The youth brings the dead logical forms of the understanding, which can deal only with the outward and the worldly, to the estimation and proof of spiritual and eternal truths, and fails, necessarily, in their demonstration. Nor is this doubting always reprehensible, though to be regretted, because it infers truth *to be*, although it questions the truthfulness of that which is then presented. Where there is a loving heart, and an undeadened conscience, the enquirer, by divine grace and assistance, will be led out of this state of doubt, into one of rejoicing faith and reverence for the established and consecrate. Our juvenile doubter, Jean Paul, outlived this period of cold unbelief, and gave subsequent proofs that the great Christian doctrines had won his cordial and confiding assent.

In the year 1779, his sixteenth year, he went to the gym-

nasium of the Bavarian town of Hof, and here he made considerable progress, although the provision for a thorough intellectual and moral education was very indifferent. History, for example, was a mere dead register of names and events, having no attraction or grace, and geography, a dry catalogue of places; which produced in Jean Paul an utter distaste for these studies, the neglect of which he felt some time after. Although at first little regarded by his school-fellows, as he yet carried much of a rustic air about with him, he soon won a sort of spiritual rule over them by his greater information, and his cheerful communicative disposition. He cultivated their society, and discoursed with them at every opportunity, in fact he was a talker on every occasion, conversing freely, quite unconcerned whether before the best auditory. He says himself, "It is all the same to me, before what company I pour out my thoughts and opinions, or what may be lost or misunderstood of my observations; I seek only to give utterance to my own inner being."

His father died in this year, leaving behind, his widow, five sons, and considerable debts; and the result of this event for the young scholar, was a ten years' struggle with the bitterest poverty. The parents of the mother died soon after, leaving no property.

The desire of becoming an author manifested itself in him as early as the year 1780, to which we have now arrived, when, in his seventeenth year, he wrote two essays, entitled, "How our conception of God arises," and "On the harmony between true and erroneous propositions." There are also of the same date, several unfinished papers on subjects of Natural History, by the study of which he was probably drawn off and secured from the contagion of the sentimental influenza, which never attacked him, so prevalent at that time in Germany, generated by the perusal of *The Sorrows of Werter, Siegwart,* and other similar productions."

"Under the influence of a lofty and engrossing idea," he said sometime afterwards, "be it passionate or purely scientific, we find ourselves, like the diver in his bell, sheltered from the waves of the immense ocean that surrounds us." And elsewhere, "He who finds within himself peace and copiousness of ideas, will not seek enjoyment out of himself; every movement, even the corporeal, would be sufficient to overthrow his cup full of nectar."

From this period, his labours as an author, for forty-five years, may be said never to have been discontinued. Meanwhile his voluminous extract books had so increased, that at

Easter 1781, he had already twelve quarto volumes of them, and, to command a ready survey of their contents, he had been compelled to prepare an extensive alphabetical index of their pages. Among those with whose writings he became acquainted at this time, was Theodore Gottlieb Hippel, (born 1741, died 1796), a jurist at Konigsberg, and intimate friend of the great Kant; whose humorous works, *Ueber die Ehe, Ueber die burgerliche Verbesserung der Weibe*, &c. perhaps take the first rank in this class of writings. It is obvious that Jean Paul made him his model, and that his views and modes of representation were, in very many points, modified by his great predecessor.

In 1781 he went to the university of Leipsig, where he felt himself as in a wilderness, abandoned by all human society, and had to struggle against the boa constrictor folds of his ever increasing poverty. Of all the professors at this place, Plattner and Morus most won his esteem. The first had, in his aphoristic, sententious manner, much similarity to Richter. Among the many works which in this city of books came into his hands, were those of Rousseau, which particularly charmed him, and to whom he felt himself related in a sort of spiritual brotherhood.

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"As I do not know how to provide myself otherwise," he writes to a friend, "I will write books. I will teach the public, to be enabled to study for myself at the university. I will put the cart before the horse, that it may be the means of getting me out of this wretched miry hollow lane."

Of the advantages of authorship, he afterwards wittily said:

"A man who becomes an author, seldom hangs himself: for this reason the eldest sons of English peers should make the press groan with their works. For if a man wakes early, he has then an object before him, and consequently a reason for getting up."

A whole year however passed, before the work of twelve sheets was completed. This was the second part of his *Greenland Lawsuits.*

This first-born of our great author was a satirical work, in which the wit is conspicuous, and to the birth of which, the writings of Seneca, whose sentiments and style at that time

much attracted him, with Pope's *Dunciad*, and Erasmus, had contributed. He, however, did not yet feel himself on his right path.

"With my future books," he writes, "I will earn more money and less censure. My work is too juvenile to become old. Moreover, though the file brings out, it begets no beauties, and not only the poet but his poem must be born and not made. Criticism diminishes the number of the faults, but also that of the beauties. And finally, if the book is a bad satire upon others, insomuch is it the best upon myself."

Previous to this, he had written another small work, which, like his predecessor Erasmus, he had entitled *The Praise of Folly*. These efforts his confidential friends approved of highly, and one of them, professor Seidlitz, engaged to procure a publisher for them. Now was his heaven opened, and there was no end of his jubilate. He was considerably in debt, and by the produce of the copyright hoped to free himself from its trammels, and to have some small sum left. So sanguine was he, that he immediately set off for Hof, to his mother, unfolded to her his visions of golden mountains, and without visiting any of his old friends in the neighbourhood, hastened back to Leipsig, to touch his beautiful ducats. But the course of authorship, like that of love, "never did run smooth." Fortune had destined otherwise. Seidlitz had not succeeded in finding a publisher, and the manuscript was returned to him without the ducats!

This was a bitter trial, in the career of our poor but noble-minded Jean Paul, in whom, however, the All-wise had laid heroic elements for combat and triumph. "Great men," he has said, "have formed themselves in the forums of freedom, *in schools of trials and crosses, in academies of scientific peace*, not in schools of war. Socrates learnt not from his campaigns to oppose the thirty tyrants, and to drain with tranquillity his hemlock cup." He was at first gloomy and irritated, and upon the point of abjuring all authorship for ever. But in a few days a total alteration took place. A spirit of the loftiest determination and fortitude was awakened in him. The previously faint-hearted lonely student, assumed a firm look, he felt himself to be a man that would no more look out for foreign aid, inasmuch as he was determined no longer to need it, and resolved at all cost to be his own deliverer. The change in the inner man shewed itself in his exterior. He had shirts made *à la Hamlet*, with open collar and breast, let his flowing hair hang uncut on his shoulders, and the style of his apparel, carried to the eccentric, signified him to be one that would hence-

forth live according to his own fashion. "I knew it," he writes subsequently to Spazier, "I felt an invincible presentiment then, in Leipsig, that I should carry my point, to live an independent author, without any official appointment."

In this conviction, he wrote the first part of his *Greenland Lawsuit*, which cost him much pains and many sleepless nights; a work consisting of several satirical essays, "On Authorship from necessity," "On the Weaknesses of Theologians," "On the Pride of Ancestry," "On Women," &c. abounding in wit and humour, with some dash of misanthropy, and with an overflowing richness of antitheses and images, in which the intoxicated author seems to revel. He made the round of all the Leipsig booksellers with his manuscript; no one would accept it. He sent it to Voss of Berlin, the publisher of Hippel's works, who agreed to give him fifteen louis-d'ors for it, and requested him immediately to forward the continuation. He now paid his debts, and hired a small garden house, in which he might uninterruptedly finish the second volume. This advantageous change in his domestic economy, had a beneficial effect on his mind, and this second part exhibits a more tempered and genial character.

Another plague now visited, and, for a long time persecuted him, which he calls his "apparel-martyrdom." By his exposed throat, and eccentric costume, he had incurred the hostility of the Philisters, which went so far, that they would not live in the same street with him, that they might not behold him from their windows. This occurred in Leipsig. In meaner Hof the warfare was still more bitter. His unclothed neck excited horror, and the want of a tail was considered an unpardonable offence. The capricious edict of fashion had already began to banish the use of these appendages in Leipsig, but in retired Hof they still flourished in full bloom. They there preserved their station ten years longer, firm in the respect and the necks of their wearers, until, like many other senseless things, they were expelled by the Brutus and Titus coiffures of the revolutionary soldiers. His friends interceded with him, but the more they urged him the more determined he remained. Some years after, he conformed to the world's usages in his dress, but he maintained, even then, that the youth, who in a similar case would not have done as he did, gave no promise of an energetic and independent manhood.

His second volume of *Greenland Lawsuits* appeared in 1782, for which he received one hundred and twenty-six dollars. It was not so well received by the public, and Voss declined to publish any more of his writings at present. He sent to

most of the distinguished men at Leipsig, a copy of his work, with an accompanying letter. He received no reply. He still however retained his self-dependence and hope in the future. He commenced again in good spirits, and wrote other essays similar to those published. There appeared in 1784, in a Leipsig periodical, a notice of his book, wherein the writer says, "the constant effort to be witty, so impels the author, that we do not doubt the perusal of it will at the beginning excite so much disgust in every rational reader, as to compel him to lay down the book." This attack he disregarded, and wrote on hopefully and earnestly. In a subsequent work he humorously says,—

"Critics discharge their bile, by preference, against writers of genius, who endure their attacks most patiently; even as people deposit their dirt and rubbish more frequently before public edifices, such as an hotel-de-ville, a theatre, a church, rather than against private houses."

It was probably with such reflections as these, which we find elsewhere, that he strengthened himself.

"Despair is a suicide of the heart, and as in Silesia they bury those who have destroyed themselves with their faces downwards, man the prey of despair, lets his face fall to the earth, with which he is not yet mingled, instead of lifting it to heaven which he has lost, heaven which is and will always be open to him. Raise thyself, terrestial worm, lift thy looks, feeble atom, to something higher and more serene, than thy place of sojourn; tranquillity, and not pleasure, is thy duty; let it be constantly thy aim. In a soul full of sorrow and bitterness, an oppressive and gloomy air stifles every intellectual flower and all moral development. Let our hearts open themselves to a tender melancholy, and not to black chagrin and abasement, like the flower that unfolds itself to the dew, but shuts itself against the rain."

The cold acceptation of his book by Weisse, Meissner, Lichtenberg, and other literati; the rejection of his manuscript by all the booksellers to whom he sent it, with humble but pressing solicitations; added to the ever-pressing burthen of his pecuniary circumstances, at last somewhat impaired his firmness, and he had to struggle stoutly with fits of hypochondria that repeatedly attacked him. Against these attacks he endeavoured to strengthen himself by the composition of another work, which he never published, and which he denominated his *Andachtsbuchlein* (Little Book of Devotion). "What is poverty," he says, "and what is he that repines under it? The pain is but as that of piercing a maiden's ears when you suspend jewels in the wound." In vol. ii. p. 113, Spazier gives us extracts from this work, which we are obliged to omit, with much regret.

At last, in November 1784, he was compelled to leave Leipsig privately, as he saw no other way of avoiding the demands of his landlord and other claimants. This was a painful determination for him; the injustice of which he was conscious of, but which, from his extreme need, he was compelled to adopt. He went to Hof, to his mother's, where he resided till 1789, in the strictest retirement. He lived here with her and several of his brothers in one room. They felt the most extreme degree of want; the merest necessaries of life could not always be obtained. The prisoner's allowance of bread and water, as he himself says, was not theirs, as the first was often not procurable. In later years, at a more richly provided table, he often selected the common lettuce, which he ate with dry bread, as a memorial of the bread of affliction that he had eaten in the hours of their poverty, when bread and salad was the principal family meal. He relates to us, that when occasionally a guilder came into the impoverished household exchequer, the jubilee was a frantic one, and the inmates were ready to smash all the windows, in the extravagance of their joy. In one of his letters to his friend Oertel, he requests the loan of a guilder, and promises to visit him, "when he has a pair of boots, which in those days a man could no more think of doing without, when he went abroad, than he could dispense with his feet."

He laboured unceasingly at his extracts and new essays, which were chiefly satirical, and which he again offered to the booksellers, but in vain. Herder had not condescended to answer three pressing letters which Richter had sent, with his manuscript, although subsequently the most cordial friendship united them. From Wieland also, two letters met with the same fate. His acquaintances and connexions in Hof, were mostly opposed to him, as he had not yet relinquished his offensive costume, and by his repeated keen witticisms, he had excited the animosity of others. These circumstances, and his poverty, which betrayed itself in his exterior, shut him out from the select society of official personages, who represented the great world in Hof.

In 1787 he accepted the place of tutor in a family of a nobleman in the vicinity. The time had now arrived when he was to see some of his late writings, which he had fruitlessly offered to so many booksellers, published. Some discussion took place as to the form, and some as to the title, under which the work should appear. At last that of *Selections from the papers of the Devil*, was determined upon, but it was two years before it was finally printed by Beckmann of Gera.

At this time, he framed his *Mitworterbuch*, or collection of synonymous terms, (of which he made great use in all his later works,) where he might find the most striking expressions he required. In this, for example, for the phrase *besser werden*, (to improve,) he had also *genesen*, *zuheilen*, *heil werden*, *grünen*, *reifen*, *erstarken*, *anziehen*, *flügge werden*, *vorrücken*, &c. In like manner, for the word *verschlimmerung*, (deterioration) he had one hundred and eighty-four, and for *sterben* (to die) two hundred different terms.

At the end of 1789, he returned again to his mother's at Hof, on the relinquishment of his tutorship. He abandoned now his singular garb, maintained himself in social assemblages like other men, and was cheerfully received in the best societies of the place. His accomplished performance on the harpsichord, his fascinating manners, and his complete mastery over the female heart, made him a universal favourite with the gentler sex. But in the following year, his pecuniary circumstances compelled him to withdraw from these circles, now become by him so prized, and to resume his office of teacher in his old residence of Schwarzenbach. The school which he superintended here, was a source of happiness and credit to him. How he fulfilled his duty, the whole system of education, and what brilliant consequences were the result, may be seen in vol. iii. p. 15. This office it was that awakened the long entertained, but obscure notion, of writing a pedagogic romance. He intended elevating the outward reality of his school to the ideal, and making it the subject of a new work. Here he wrote his *Schoolmaster Wuz*, with several of his smaller pieces. The first was the type of the whole series of romances so soon to be poured forth from his pen. The greatest part of the incidents of this work, are taken from Richter's own youth, as may be said also of many of his later romances. His social relations in Schwarzenbach were of a most agreeable nature; he also visited weekly his friends, male and female, at Hof. In the former town he formed a cordial intimacy with one fair inhabitant that, at one time promised to pass into a closer relationship. From a letter extant to her, it is evident that the incidents of the preface to the second edition of the *Fixlein*, are only an enlargement of its substance. She was, it appears, of humble station, but worthy of a better lot. Without any extensive intellectual culture, it appears to have been her fortune, like that of so many others in small provincial towns, to be destined to wear out her life in all the slavery and hardship of the heaviest household drudgery.

Revolting at this destination, Jean Paul breaks out in the following terms.

"Thy spring also has had few flowers and many clouds, and thou art, as all thy sisterhood, like the soft berries, that by the rude hand of man are, at the same time, plucked off and crushed. Thy heart has never had anything warmer or better than the crimson stream within it; and thy head no loftier visions than those of the pillow on which it reposed. Thy sweet petals expand themselves only to scentless chalice leaves, to become mere honey vessels for man, who requires in you neither head nor heart, but only rude working fingers, running feet, sweat-drops, and wearied arms. For you the whole wide heavens are shrivelled together for a mere weaving hut, or bacon or wood-loft; the sun himself becomes a mere suspended room-warmer, and the moon a cobler's night-lamp; your gentle souls become buried in the vaulted fortress-cell of marriage, till death mows down the full-blown plant, with all its withered buds."

About this time, the *Invisible Lodge*, an unfinished romance, was written by Richter, and sent, in 1792, to Moritz, of Berlin, who pronounced it to be a work of great excellence, "beyond even Goethe," and promised to find him a publisher among the Berlin booksellers. He offered him one hundred ducats for the book, and sent thirty immediately, with the request, that Jean Paul, cost what it would, should visit him, that he might become personally acquainted with the author of so beautiful and original a production.

This was the important turning point in his fortunes; for it not only terminated his necessitous condition, but introduced him to the society of men of station and distinguished talent; an advantage he had so much desired, and which it was so desirable to possess, if his future sketches of human character should travel out of the narrow circle of his rustic environment. It was of further importance, in giving him confidence in his own powers, and unfolded the direction which they must take, to put forth their manifestations in the most striking and appropriate manner. Satires, for which he hitherto believed himself most qualified, were now relieved by works of gentle and manly sentiment, presentations of an active and healthful imagination, and enlarged worldly experience. He was now enabled to take his station on the ground Nature had designed for him. From this period burst forth from him those full rich streams of love, humour, wit, fancy, and all noble and human sympathies, that had hitherto been closed by the hard frost of circumstances, and showed themselves in the *Hesperus*, *Fixlein*, and *Siebenkäs*. His heart, so long oppressed and crushed down, but which poverty had not

hardened, nor disappointment cankered, nor despair paralyzed, rose strong and triumphant, became conscious of its own fulness, and opened itself to the whole surrounding world. Joy came back to him again, led by Hope; a new life was given to him, and the old, desolate, and forbidden one left behind him for ever.

How much at this time the whole inner man was changed, how his earlier sentiments, frequently approaching to misanthropy, had assumed a milder and more human tone, may be gathered from many passages of the journal, which during his whole life he most industriously kept. He commemorates therein the delight he felt one day, at this period, that he had been enabled to assist a poor mountaineer, and a travelling handicraftsman, with money, as well as good advice. "How often," says he, "will they take these dollars out of their pockets, and consider which of their long privations they shall relieve with them. With what pleasure will they recollect the present day, and the unexpected dollar, and will be mindful once more than common to them, of the gracious giver of all good gifts." We wish Herr Spazier had favoured us with more of these passages, so characteristic of the man. At this time too, the pedestrian exercises, to which he had been always attached, were systematically adopted. His *Fixlein* was almost entirely composed in his excursions on foot between Hof and Baireuth. "Life," he says, "if one always sits cowering at home, cuts too deep furrows in the hollow lane of daily procedure; man should at times get abroad; and not we only, but the earth itself would not preserve its powers, but for regular daily motion."

He returned in the spring of 1794 to Hof, after four years teaching at Schwarzenbach, where he remained with his mother till 1796. Here he gave instruction to several children in the town, working at intervals at his *Fixlein*, *Biographical Recreations*, and *Siebenkäs*. Now occurred his separation from a fair inhabitant of Hof, whom he had selected for his bride; touching which, many painful letters were found among his papers. The lady took the initiative in this, and a more fortunate man led her home as his wife. She later took her place among the authoresses of Germany as a writer of romances. In 1795, he became acquainted with another female friend in the neighbourhood of Baireuth. This was the Polish princess Lunowsky, and she forms the first link in that great chain of women of rank which, from this epoch, is wound about the life of Jean Paul. Of her he speaks in high terms of admiration and regard. Later, a change must have come over the spirit of the dream with respect to this connexion,

at first so fascinatingly attractive, as he subsequently writes to a friend—"The advantages of our association with a princess are, that one acquires thereby the opportunity and the courage of making a closer acquaintance with the ladies of her suite."

He felt the oppressiveness of his present position in Hof, from its discordancy with his yet limited means. Perhaps, under this influence it was, that, although his later writings had displayed a finer and more loving mood, his satirical humour would still frequently break forth. His friends often objected to this. "You know," was his reply, "what Addison relates of a man who, like Jupiter, had been nursed by a goat, and on that account felt himself constrained in his manhood, when alone in his chambers, to give a leap like a kid, as a sort of sacrifice to his mixed nature. Like him, I have also inherited a goat's foot instead of the gout, and I cannot help, for the life of me, from cutting a caper now and then myself." He took more earnest advice with himself upon the matter, however; designedly gave play to this goat's foot in his *Siebenkäs;* and then took farewell of it for ever. With the commencement of his romance of *Titan* began the second and nobler epoch of his poetic life.

In March 1796, he received a letter from a lady of Weimar, signed "Natalie," wherein she informed him that she, Wieland, Herder, Knebel, and some other distinguished persons resident there, were quite enchanted with his last works. "Wieland," it was said, "calls you our Yorick and Rabelais." In May he learnt that the sister of this Natalie was at Baireuth. He hastened to pay his respects to her, and was most flatteringly received. "I could," he writes to his friend Otto, "be carried about here as a wonder of the world, if I had the time for it. They have all read my works, and I have produced a different effect to that in Hof. With her, particularly, everything is better and fairer than anywhere else; and even as with her two nightingales, when she sings my heart is so affected, that it seems ready, like theirs, to burst from my bosom." Quite enraptured with delight, he returned to Hof, and found there a second letter from Natalie, inviting him to Weimar. In June, therefore, he set out on foot, with an attendant to carry his luggage; and on the journey, in the excitement of his feelings, saw the whole heavens, as it were, opened to his gaze.

At last he arrived at Weimar, "that city of God," as he calls it, "to which, from my youth upwards I had directed my eyes

as to a Keblah." Here his reception by the foremost men of his native land, and the most distinguished women, was of a highly enthusiastic kind, and surpassed his most ardent expectations. On reaching the walls, a dusty and humble pedestrian, the gate-keeper told him that the Grand Duke had given orders at all the gates, that he should be immediately informed of his arrival. From one extreme of the social relations of life to the other, he passed as by a bound. An unpretending stranger, entering the town in the simplest manner, from his retired and homely country roof, seated in a neighbourhood of cold dulness and rustic *gaucherie*, where he was "unhonoured and unsung," one moment—the next, a wonder and an idol in the courtly halls and saloons of a most intellectual city, and welcomed by clouds of incense and anthems of gratulation from men of honour, genius, and renown. Verily for our poor Jean Paul, this was an hour of trial, as well as of triumph (and are not all triumphs the severest trials?) But after the first reeling shock of surprise, he recovered his native simplicity, dignity, and truthfulness, and bore himself with the calm and unostentatious self-possession, which is native to great souls. He remained at Weimar three weeks. It is impossible to depict the joyous effect of his reception; to have a faint conception of it, we must read the letters in vol. iv. p. 18, addressed to his friend Otto, where he describes it most vividly and fully.

Still more enraptured, if possible, are his feelings when he speaks of his goddess Natalie, whom he met with here. She was a Charlotte von Kalb, who lived a sorry married life with a president of that name, a very respectable but ill-suited mate for her. Jean Paul had scarcely seen her, when he fell deeply in love; and with the lady, who was of an equally excitable and impetuous nature, the result was the same. He "recognised in her," he writes to Otto, "at the first glance, the Titaness," that is, the high, energetic womanly creature, that he had so long sought for his forthcoming romance—*the Titan;* "This divine woman has two great charms—magnificent eyes, such as I never saw, and a great soul, such as I hitherto deemed an impossible thing." His friend Otto, in his reply, says—"Thy Kalb, from the schedule thou hast given me, stands completely before me. She is, as you describe her, quite Woldemar-ish; but heaven have mercy upon her husband, if he is no Woldemar." We wonder what the Titanic creature, with the magnificent eyes and the great soul, would have said, had she known the nature of this correspondence, in which she, with her whole heart full of poesy and stormy love, with

all else that she was, had said and done, had been *scheduled* by our Jean Paul, and transmitted by a Bavarian foot-postman to a prosy provincial at Hof.

We regret that we have not space for the observations made by Richter on his Weimar friends, particularly Goethe and Schiller. Among other things, we find that, despite appearances, the most unbroken harmony did not subsist amongst the learned gentlemen there, especially after the commencement of the *Horen*, in 1795, by Schiller, assisted by Goethe, Humboldt, Fichte, &c., while the *Deutsche Mercur* was conducted by Wieland, on different philosophical and critical principles. This division, however discordant a tone might have disturbed the private relations of Weimar, did not publicly exhibit itself till the publication of the *Xenien*. Goethe appears to have been befriended by the duke, and Wieland by the duchess-mother. Herder, trammelled by his official position, was not a free man, and could, as little as Goethe, tolerate the frivolity of Wieland; and we cannot conceal from ourselves, after a close attention to the correspondence of Schiller and Goethe, that both of these distinguished men felt for the other something approaching to dislike. Alas! that such things should have been! but the earthly differences of these men have, with their earthly career, had their termination:

> "Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
> Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares,
> The poets who on earth have made us heirs
> Of truth and pure delight in heavenly lays."
>
> WORDSWORTH.

With regard to Jean Paul, the division was in this remarkable—that Herder and Wieland took side with him, while Schiller and Goethe were against him; the former openly, the latter with caution, keeping a way of retreat open. The effect of this division, the bickerings and party operations, with sundry reflections thereon by Spazier, most unfavourable to Richter's opponents, and certainly not in all instances well-founded, are given at great length in the work. Richter, in letters to Knebel, let fall some unguarded observations on Goethe, which speedily became known. Soon after, two *Xenien* against Jean Paul, by Goethe, appeared. War was now declared, and the whole fury of the Goethe *clique* was poured forth against Richter, which long injured his interests and his influence with the public.

After his brief but gratifying sojourn in Weimar, he returned to Hof, and worked industriously at his *Titan*. He

sent a portion of this work to Natalie, entreating her opinion, and anticipating her full approbation of his treatment of one of the foremost characters in it. At first he received no answer, but when he the second time pressed for her reply, he learnt that her idea of it and his own were totally at variance; and he found that, with all his fancy, he could not mount so high as her purely *womanly* sublimated conception of it. Of her we have no further tidings for a long time, a somewhat severe conflict in 1799 excepted. In her place advances another female phenomenon, with open arms, not less lofty-minded in her way. This was the celebrated Madame de Krudener. She arrived at Hof, in August 1796, to visit him, "and stood in the full bloom of youth before him,* like a beaming comet." Richter himself says, "She enkindled in me an intoxicating joy, such as no other woman has produced, and in fact she is like none." And what says the enchantress herself, who twenty years afterwards somewhat fascinated the Emperor Alexander? "Not to be forgotten is he by me," she writes, "doubtless still more from what I saw and felt, than from what I read and admired in his works." At her departure she invited him to Leipsig, "in order to open her heart entirely to him there; to show him the virtues and defects of that heart full of love, quite unreservedly." But he did not encounter her again until some years later in Berlin.

Soon after this beaming comet had passed by him, he received fifty dollars by post from an unknown admirer, with thanks for the enjoyment which his writings had given to the donor, who afterwards proved to be the aged poet Gleim. The offer of the situation of tutor to the children of the Princess Hohenlohe was made to him on advantageous conditions; but he declined this appointment, determined to abide by his author vocation; as he had yet so much to give forth, "that if death were not to come before his eightieth year, it must yet be so much embittered by such an abbreviation of his hours of composition."

The incomplete *Titan* he now, as was the case with many other of his romances, laid by for awhile, to be resumed hereafter, and wrote his *Jubelsenior*, his beautiful *Kampaner Thal*, and the *Palengenesien*. With the composition of these and some minor papers, he filled up great part of the interval from 1796 to 1799.

In the summer of 1797 he was about to apply himself to the

* She was then thirty years of age.

continuation of his *Titan*, when another "beaming comet" appeared, which diverted him from his course. This was Emilie von Berlepsch, a young, beautiful, and accomplished widow, who came from Switzerland to visit him. By this ardent creature the heart of our Jean Paul, so susceptible, as we know, was immediately fascinated, as he found in this new apparition all the charms of her predecessors united. He accompanied her in an excursion of pleasure to Franzenbad, in Bohemia. Hence he was summoned, however, by the intelligence of his mother's death, and he returned to bury her. From this duty he hastened back to the beautiful widow, "to pour out his inconsolable grief into the heart of a lofty womanly being." Thence he went, in October 1797, to Leipsig, whither the sweet Emilie was to follow him, as in the neighbourhood of that town she possessed a country-seat.

Very different was his reception now to that of his first sojourn there. Every one thronged around him, and sought his society; particularly the booksellers, who, formerly deaf as adders to his wise charming, had now become his great admirers! But the treatment which would have made the poor and solitary youthful struggler happy, too frequently at present annoyed him. The many inconvenient visits wearied him, the condescension of the rich traders was too obvious, and he began to yearn again for his peaceful Hof. His uneasiness here was also increased by the arrival of the widow, who was anxious, in the strength of her love for him, that he should marry her. He had already, in an unguarded moment, given something like a pledge. She had (for they manage their love affairs singularly in Germany) some time before, recommended to him as wife, a young friend of hers, a lovely, rich, and highly-endowed lady of Zurich, for whom no consort had hitherto been found pure and good enough!

"She proposed to combine her and the Zuricher's property, and she, the widow, was to reside with us. I pointed out to her the inconsistency of such an arrangement. She understood me, but her soul was linked to mine. During several of our conversations on this matter, she was seized with fearful convulsions and faintings; this touched me powerfully, and I promised to marry her. She desires now to do whatever I wish; she will purchase an estate wherever I may point out, on the Neckar, on the Rhine, or in Switzerland. More dear to me than she is, none can become. In so far as greatness, purity of soul, and worldly riches are concerned, my lot would be happy enough, but——"

Here the letter to Otto breaks off, and we nowhere find the

supplement. We find afterwards that the marriage did not take place; and thus terminates what his biographer calls the fourth specimen of his "magic art with women."

For many years we learn that he had maintained an unbroken friendly intercourse with Charlottes, Helens, Sophias, Paulines, and all his other youthful female friends, and exchanged letters with them, which a stranger would have considered as the most ardent love-epistles. We regret that his biographer has not been equally communicative with respect to these Charlottes, &c., and the "magic art" touching them, the origin of which connexions, we apprehend, preceded the affair with the Titaness. Shortly after appears another comet, named Hermione, who seems, however, to be but a telescopic one, and, shrouded in impenetrable vapour, passes by. "The scenes with her may be classed with the most winning, and exhibit to us the extraordinary advantage the author had extracted from his profound acquaintance with the female heart, as does also his association with other interesting women in Nurnberg and Erlangen.

We must here protest against any conclusions being drawn from these statements derogatory to Jean Paul, or to the fair subjects of his ardent but transitory regards. We believe that no imputation can be made that is degrading to them or dishonourable to him. The customs of Germany are different from ours; social restraints are there less rigid and suspicious, and there is a greater singleness and unreservedness of character. To the lofty and creative spirit of a man of genius, also, a fair and noble-hearted woman would be a different thing than to the sensual worldling. The beauty of her being, and its melody, far sweeter than the sound of any instrument, would penetrate to his soul; she would not be a charm merely for the senses; and with his love would be interwoven a deep feeling of devotion that would hallow every communication. The form would be an object of affection only for the essence that dwelt therein. The shrine would be worshipped, and homage and incense offered up; but the saintly and the lovely which it enclosed,

"The light that never was on land or sea,"

the immaterial, the intangible, would be the substance of the devotee's fervent admiration.

In 1798, he visited Weimar again, chiefly to enjoy the society and cement his friendship with Herder. He was well received by the whole literary circle there, particularly, contrary to his expectation, by Goethe; and he at one time felt

disposed to take up his residence there permanently. He was somewhat annoyed by the baseness of several miserable writers and booksellers bringing out books written in his name, in the vain endeavour of imitating his style and manner. Open attacks upon him were also not wanting; and Bouterwek, to his own disgrace, had given his name to a foolish character in a novel he then published. F. Schlegel, in the *Atheneum*, and the editors of two or three other literary periodicals, also assailed him. Nevertheless, his stay in Weimar formed a happy and brilliant epoch in his life. He lived on the most intimate terms with Herder and his family, with whom he spent the evening of every day. Herder ranked the rich, overflowing poetic spirit of Jean Paul far above the lifeless productions of the time, which only in form could claim this appellation, and which he denominated "fountains without water." "Richter," he said, "in opposition to these, stood on a lofty elevation; and I cheerfully sacrifice all artificial metrical forms, for his virtue, his breathing world, his feeling heart, and his ever-creative genius; for he it is who brings back fresh life, truth, and reality, for our decrepid and perverted poetry." Once he said to his wife—"Before I conclude the *Adrastea*, I will raise therein a memorial to Richter, which he will rejoice at, and will show to Germany what we possess in him." This may be seen in the *Adrastea*, and in the *Litteratur und Kunst.*

In the beginning of 1799, he was about to enter into matrimonial connexion with his old friend the Titaness. We do not exactly make out how they had been brought again into such intimate relation. The termination of the affair, to state it briefly, was similar to that of the beautiful widow. We have much interesting matter at this part of the work, relating to the sayings and doings at Weimar; of the disadvantageous results of Jean Paul's adherence to Herder, who had many enemies in and about the place; his free and sportive observations on literature and the literati there; his opinion on the first representation of *Wallenstein's Camp* and the *Piccolomini;* of Herder's unlucky *Metakritik on Kant*, which exasperated Goethe and Schiller, who ascribed the greater part of it to Richter, but who had in fact only contributed several of the notes. A fierce and discreditable hostility now broke forth again; Richter was not the man, with his keen temperament and impetuous feelings, to take all this quietly; nor did he. The particulars of these matters our limits prevent us giving, and it is well, perhaps, that it is so.

In the spring of 1799, he went to the neighbouring court of Hilburghausen. His reception by the duke was most friendly, who conferred on him at his departure the diploma of Legations-Rath. Here he fell in love with a lady of the court, Caroline von F——. Although her relatives were opposed to their union, the affair advanced so far between the lovers, that the marriage was determined on; but this also, like some preceding ones, went off. At this time he wrote for a literary annual, edited by Gentz, his essay on Charlotte Corday, in which he defended her from the attack of Girtanner, who declared her to have been more execrable than Marat. Richter, on the contrary, vindicated the act of Corday, if not on just principles, in a strain of fervid and dignified eloquence. "Not as citizeness slaying a fellow-citizen, did Corday raise her arm and strike down Marat; but, as a heroine in a civil war extirpates an enemy of the state: consequently, not as an individual for selfish purposes, cuts off another; but as a sound member of the commonwealth removes a renegade cancerous limb." After this appeared his polemic work, the *Clavis Fichtiana*, abounding in original views, and deep quiet humour, against the new philosophic system then advanced by Fichte.

In the summer of 1800, Richter left Weimar, chiefly on account of the disagreeable circumstances consequent upon the rupture with the before-named lady, Caroline von F—. He went to Berlin, where, as he states, he was received like a god, with universal enthusiasm, particularly by the learned, their wives and daughters. In one of the parties there, he unexpectedly met with his future wife. He had received an invitation to a little fête, given in a garden, and had arrived late, when only one place was vacant, at the lower end of the table. He seated himself there by the side of a lady, the "magic art" of whose beauty, wit, and intelligence, soon took captive the tender heart of our Jean Paul, and she, in return, was equally fascinated by him. This was a Caroline von Meyer, daughter of a highly respectable jurist there, who ranked among the most accomplished and interesting females of Berlin. All the customary crosses and trials of patience, the glimpses of paradise, and the as sudden anguishing farewells, that from of old, as by prescription, have surrounded love's course, and of which our Richter knew something, were now to have an end. Two noble hearts, not now to be severed by the iron hand of remorseless destiny, but intertwined by love and earnest truth, were to be united in the golden bonds of peace, happiness, and domestic joy. The usual preliminaries were soon ar-

ranged, and the marriage took place in May 1801. Soon after he left that city, where he had in vain solicited the appointment of prebend of the king, and went to reside with his bride, at Meiningen. Here he continued his *Titan*, of which two volumes had been previously published at Berlin; and here, leaving the bustle of courts and great cities, he recommenced his former peaceful life, which, in the society of his excellent wife, in all respects worthy of him, he enjoyed until the end of his days.

In Meiningen he soon won the most intimate friendship of the duke, whom he visited daily, and who came in return in the most kindly manner, and frequently took his meals at their humble residence. We are again compelled to omit many beautiful sketches and extracts, relating to this interesting period, among others, the petition of his dog to the duke, and the account of the birth of his first child.

From this date commences the second and last part of his life, when, withdrawn in a manner from the outward world, to the smaller one of his quiet domestic circle, he sought peace and contentment, and found them as husband, father, and companion; like a man, who tired of the storms and struggles of life, withdraws to his tranquil country home, sheltered in its still nook, to turn to right uses the experience of his earlier days. The serenity that surrounded him, manifests itself in those works that belong to this portion of his career; they were peaceful reflections of his own life. A similar change exhibited itself also in his own person. Hitherto thin and pale, with restless eye, quick words, often unsettled, hurrying from place to place, and staying but a short time in any, his figure now grew stouter, his face filled up and became embrowned, and his whole aspect was that of a man of steady, contented, and unanxious mind, vigorous in body, with free and firm foot, standing on his own proper ground.

The first product of this happy time, was his romance the *Flegeljahre*. That Richter had in this work, in the characters of the two brothers, Walt and Vult, depicted the two phases of his own nature, had been often asserted, but is here firmly established by evidence. Many most interesting particulars are given by Spazier touching this fact, and many incidents of Jean Paul's other works, which enlighten that which is otherwise obscure, give a significance not otherwise attainable, and show how much of the personal and domestic life of the man appears in his writings, which the uninformed reader had enjoyed only as fascinating fictions.

In 1802 he quitted Meiningen, to take up his abode in Coburg, although the duke pressed him most earnestly to remain, offering him a free residence, the supply of any books he might wish to read, as well as many other conveniences of life. We do not learn what induced this change. His stay in Coburg, where his only son and second child was born, was short, as in August 1804 he had settled himself in Baireuth. Here he passed the remainder of his days, honoured and respected by all men.

In 1805 and 1806, appeared his *Levana*, a work on education, containing the soundest, noblest, and most profound views on that subject. This, with the *Titan*, the *Hesperus*, and *Flegeljahre*, may be reckoned among his masterpieces. For the last, Cotta paid him seven louis-d'ors per printed sheet. For the *Titan*, he received from Matsdorff only four louis-d'ors, and for the *Levana*, four and half per sheet. The *Levana* met with universal satisfaction. Goethe wrote to Knebel—

"An extract from Jean Paul's *Levana*, in the Morgenblatt, has very much delighted me. Here appear his boldest virtues, without the smallest degeneration; grand and just views, clear arrangement of the propositions, richness of imagery and allusions, flowing naturally, unstrained and appropriate, and all this in the most intelligent element. I know not how to say enough in favour of these pages, and wait for the work in the greatest expectation."

We cannot refrain from presenting, not an analysis of this work, which would require a separate article, but a fragment or two. We cannot shew the elevation, the grandeur, and the fine proportions of the structure, but we will chip off a piece of the material, to give our readers a faint notion of the rich marble of which it is built.*

"If we could bring to light and particularize the plan of study and lecture-catalogue for moral culture, of ordinary fathers, they would be found perhaps to run in this fashion. In the first, lessons of pure morality must be read to the child, by myself or his tutor; in the second, less pure or matter connected with our selfish interests; in the third, 'do you see your father do so?' in the fourth, 'you are but little yet, and this is only fitting for grown-up persons;' the fifth, 'the chief thing is, that you advance yourself and become something

* There is an amusing and characteristic anecdote relating to this work. A Mr. Reinhold, on the occasion of compiling a "Lexicon to the Levana," professing to clear up any obscurities therein, wrote to Richter for his explanation of some particular passage. Jean Paul's reply was, "My dear Lexicographer, when I wrote the sentences you enquire about, it was well known to God and myself what I intended to convey. To God, I have no doubt, it is yet equally well-known, but as for myself, I must confess it has escaped me. Unless your penetration can dissipate the darkness, it must, I fear, remain as it is."

in the world;' the sixth, not the temporal, but the eternal, ensures the dignity of man;' in the seventh, 'therefore endure patiently all injustice, and love othere; in the eighth, 'bear yourself however bravely, when another assails you;' in the ninth, 'be not so passionate, my dear boy;' in the tenth, 'a boy should not sit so still;' in the eleventh, 'you should imitate your parents more;' in the twelfth, 'and educate yourself.'" * * *

"What is religion? Faith in God! Not only is it a sense of the supreme and the holy, and the belief in the invisible, but it is a presentiment thereof, without which, no kingdom of the incomprehensible, of the supramundane, in fact, no *second* kingdom, could be cogitable at all. Root God from the human heart, and all that is above and beyond the world, would be but a magnified repetition of it, the supramundane would be but a higher enumeration of the mechanical, and consequently, would remain the earthly still." * * *

"Wherever religion is, there man and animals, and all things are loved. Every living thing is a moving temple of the infinite. Every thing earthly is transfigured and glorified, by the thought of its relation to Him; but one worldly thing ever remains in darkness, that is Sin, a true annihilation of the soul, an everlasting Tantalus, Satan." * * *

"Our age has only the appetitive faculty, as in brutes, the insane, the sickly; not that power of will that in the early Christian churches displayed itself so nobly. Art must now fortify the young spirit, and will, as formerly did the state. The virgin and youth must learn, that there is something higher on the sea than its waves, namely, the Christ who appeases them!" * *

"There is no faith without miracles, and faith itself is a miracle of the deepest root. To every thing great that befalls, you are compelled to ascribe an origin mysterious, unforeseen, inexplicable, like genius, love, power, and everything noble upon earth. Only the weak and the limited proceeds by degrees, by steps and painful advancement;—the ladder of heaven has no steps. * * *

"You are compelled to admit of two miracles, the birth of the finite, and the birth of life in the centre of dead matter. But the admission of one thing inexplicable warrants the belief of every other, and one miracle is sufficient to annihilate all your, so called, philosophy. You may justly, therefore, refer the child to revelation, and to the hidden mysteries of God in nature, for all that you are unable to explain to him. The best religious doctrine is the life of Christ, and then the sufferings and death of his followers, even of those whose history is not related in the Scriptures. * *

"Let the holy in yourselves, turn (without the employment of syllogisms and inferences) to the holy in the child. Faith, as it were, the pre-moral, the patent of nobility, of humanity brought from heaven, opens the young heart to the older and greater heart. To injure this faith, is to resemble Calvin, who expelled music from his churches; for faith is the reverberation of the celestial music of the spheres.

"In the hour of death, remember, everything in the parting soul

fades and dies away, poetry, reflection, effort, each earthly joy: the night flower of faith alone blooms, and flourishes, and strengthens, with its fragrance, in the last closing darkness."

On occasion of the war in 1806 and following years, he stepped forth in the *Frieden Predigt*, (Discourse of Peace,) and his *Dämmerungen für Deutschland*, (Twilight for Germany), as a political writer, with a courage approaching to temerity. With an eloquence and power worthy of his object, he strove to rouse the spirit of his countrymen, at the same time, that, with the keenest humour, he ridiculed many long-standing prejudices. The following are extracts from his writings of this period.

"True courage arises not from numbers of people, good or bad, from recruits, animals lavish of warlike spirit and defiance of wounds, but from the spirit exhibited in peace, in domestic halls, on the throne, during prolonged misfortune. But this fortress of a primitive Christian spirit, is only established by religion, wisdom, and a true manly character." * * *

"The successes of the French in their wars, must be attributed, first, to the vivacity of the national character, next, to the preference they give to physical power: the combination of these qualities, gives them that impetuosity that leads to victory. Among the Germans, on the contrary, no one is deemed capable of commanding some hundred regiments, and ranging them in battle array, until he can scarcely support himself; in one word, princes excepted, an army cannot be skilfully directed by any one, who has not been shaved many thousand times! The French approximate more to the Grecians, who, according to Winklemann, represented Mars as young and beardless. This is doubtless the motive which makes many young German officers, endeavour to anticipate the advance of age, in houses of pleasure, and all sorts of debauchery, so that they, very early, present the aspect of decrepitude; perhaps this is also the reason that many youths labour to make their beards grow, which they display afterwards to mask their youth and cover their visage, as with the laurel that concealed the bald forehead of Cæsar."

He now received from the Prince-primate von Dalberg, a pension of 1000 gulden, an assistance he had long hoped for from other German princes. This for the first two years was paid out of the prelate's private purse, until the general pension fund could provide for it. In 1813, with the termination of the grand duchy of Frankfort, his pension ceased. He made many applications to those parties who might be effectual in procuring its renewal, and whose favourable offices he expected, but in vain, until in 1815 the king of Bavaria took upon himself its continuation. From this date he made yearly excursions of pleasure every spring, to such places in Ger-

many, as from their natural beauties or the residence of distinguished individuals, had attractions for him. He received a doctor's diploma, from the university of Heidelberg, a circumstance that afforded him high gratification. This intellectual elevation he communicated to the world, in his peculiar *naive* manner, in a "supplementary leaf" to his *Levana*, and henceforth subscribed all his prefaces and letters to his private friends with this title. The diploma was couched in highly flattering terms: in it he is styled, "*poeta immortalis, lumen et ornamentum seculi, princeps ingenii et doctrinæ, et vir qualem candidiorem terra nondum tulit, &c.*" In one of his excursions, he became acquainted with Sophia Paulus, known to the world afterwards by her writings, and her short unhappy marriage with A. W. Schlegel. This brilliant woman charmed him much, and the rapture with which he spoke of her to his wife, excited for a time her jealousy, which was however but short-lived. In 1819, he visited Stuttgard, and in 1820 Munich, where his son was a student at the Gymnasium, under Thiersch, the philologist. The intervals of these journeys were chiefly occupied in superintending the new editions of his works, which were frequently called for.

Amidst these avocations, his heart was bright and cheerful as the azure heavens over his head, when unhappily a dark cloud swept across his sky, and broke fearfully upon him. His son Maximilian, whom he believed fully and prosperously engaged in his studies, particularly of philology, but who had injured his health by too ardent application and nightly reading, as well as an excessive asceticism, unexpectedly fell ill, and three days after his father's arrival, died in his arms.

The loss of this only and beloved son, shook his health extremely, both bodily and mental. As an abstraction from the anguish of his grievous loss, he took refuge in renewed occupation, and commenced a work, which unfortunately, instead of withdrawing him from the painful subject of his sorrow, but drew him the more closely to it. This was his *Selina;* in which, in the form of a romance, he endeavoured to prove the immortality of the soul, an attempt which he had undertaken in earlier works, but not it appears to his entire satisfaction. The agony of his affliction he endeavoured to conceal from his dearest friends, and we have therefore only accidental evidence of it; as when he was accounting to his medical attendant for the probable cause of the severe affection of his eyes, he mentioned his continued solitary weeping for the loss of his boy.

"I continue," said he, "to write humorously, although, during the whole time, my eyes are filled with tears." To Heinrich Voss, with whom he had become acquainted lately, and to whom he was very much attached, he writes, that whenever he met with the word philologist in his reading, he "felt a crushing blow at his heart." His wife complained to their friends, that a worm seemed knawing deep into his soul, that he shunned all society and recreation, and appeared to stand alone among men. In the next year, 1822, he believed himself to be a little stronger, and, by the advice of his friends, went to Dresden, to visit his wife's relations.

"I require assistance," he wrote to them, "not to be enabled to forget, that is impossible, but to endure the bitter recollection. Time has changed much in me. He seems to consider man as a block of marble, from which he may knock off, piece after piece, even to a beloved son."

Although he was not received here with that tumultuous enthusiasm, with which he had been greeted in other cities, his welcome was more cordial, particularly by his relatives. Nevertheless a decreasing interest in all surrounding objects which previously so fascinated him, was observable ;—treasures of art, the scenery of external nature, and beautiful and interesting women.

"He often forgot to take some lovely proffered hand, or let it drop again in distraction of mind; or suffered persons, who were to be introduced to him, to stand for some time behind his chair, without moving or noticing them, as all unconscious. And yet at times he would break forth again as an unclouded sun. How delightfully did he manifest his nature to every one in company! Even to the unlearned and poor in spirit, he reached forth a helping hand. How did his hosts honour him. A wild animal of a husband became, from the date of his visit, tame; another, a wretched niggard, had his house altered, in order to have a chamber provided expressly for him, with conveniences suitable to his taste and habits."

Thus writes an accomplished woman of him at this period.

In Dresden he discovered that his left eye was every day becoming weaker, which gave him considerable uneasiness. In November 1822, he received the overwhelming intelligence of the death of his much-loved Heinrich Voss. In one of his letters, he says, "Alas! he and my Max. lie in one tomb in my soul. On earth I expect no more one who can be so dear to me. Oh thou irreparable Heinrich!"

In the autumn of 1823, Spazier visited him at Baireuth; and he has given us a lovely and engaging description of the

domestic life of Jean Paul, communicated by his daughter Emma. This is full of those little characteristic traits, which cannot be adequately conveyed, but by an entire transcription. This we have no room for; but we will try to convey some notion of this delightful picture.

"When we were quite young," she says, "our family inhabited two floors of a house, and my father occupied one of the attics as his study. We children clambered up stairs in the morning, and clattered at the door, until my father opened it, and he then took down from an old shelf, a drum, already with some holes in it, and a pipe, with which we tuned up pretty strongly, while he continued his work. Then we were also allowed to play with the little squirrel, which he kept there, and which, in the evening, he took with him in his pocket to the Harmonie. He had a little mouse, and all sorts of animals, which he attended to himself, and in autumn he collected winter-nourishment for his *laub-frosche*, (a frog indicating the changes of the weather), and his spiders. My father was kind to all, to animals as well as men. He never went out without opening the cage for his canary bird, as if in compensation for his absence. A dog that he had only had for a few days, and was about to change for another, he fed and littered the preceding evening with particular care. He had divers expedients for providing all sorts of minor enjoyments. It was always a gratification for him to prepare his ink, which he did therefore much oftener than was necessary. Everything that he found belonging to any one in his chamber, packing-strings, pieces of glass, stoppers, &c. he put into a separate bag. 'I am curious,' he often said, then, 'to know to what purpose I can convert this.' He burnt no letters, the most trifling bill or paper was preserved. He had thick books written full of our simple modes of childish speech. Every joke and piece of fun against him was allowed to us. We often entreatingly said 'Father, dance a bit,' and then he gambolled about and cut several capers. At meals he was very talkative; he listened also to whatever was related to him with the greatest sympathy, had the art always of improving it, so that the narrator was enlightened by his own communication. In the evening, when in the midst of some story, we were perched upon his sofa, in the dark room, he would suddenly say, 'did you not hear anything?' 'No,' said we. 'But I did,' was the reply. He then rose, opened the window, and seemed to take in a piece of marchpane. 'This the Christ-child has just now brought for you, I heard him knock.'"

To the foregoing account, by his cousin, Spazier adds some additional traits of Richter's character, which we cannot entirely omit.

"Employment of time, and order in all things, were to him the very soul of life. The dinner-hour, the food for the day, which he himself ordered in the morning, the condition of the pens with which he wrote, these were to him circumstances of importance. He ascer-

tained every hour of the day, the position of the moon, the degree of temperature, the fall and rise of the barometer. Violations of the established household spirit of order and carefulness annoyed him. If any part of the simple food that he had ordered was spoilt or forgotten, it disturbed him extremely, and he would withdraw into his solitary chamber for days. The most extraordinary circumstance was, that things of trivial importance had place in his mind by the side of the greatest. Amidst the excitement of composition, when he was committing his glorious conceptions to paper, he would sketch on it one of his flitting canary-birds, with red ink, and point out its difference from another, or catch a fly, buzzing about him, for his prophetic weather frog. At his family holidays all the servants must participate. On the 1st of April he would summon all his people in turns, and then, as customary on that day, with great glee surprise them, and no one must spoil this sport for him. I see now his merry countenance, when on this occasion, he looked at the be-thou'd servant maid, asking her for the absent knife that had lost its blade and had no handle! When he was eating fruit, and the dog near him looked wishfully, he held the plate to its nose, to suppress its longing, not otherwise to be appeased, by convincing it, that the food was unsuitable to its palate. He would reprove his daughter, if, in passing some shop, she stood and looked in attentively, because she only excited a vain hope in the shopkeeper that she intended to make some purchase. His childlike goodness of nature was particularly displayed on occasion of the thousand applications for assistance or advice, or when his judgment was solicited by other and younger authors, in their labours, which was the case every week, either by visit or letter. Not one of these, however singular, did he let pass unsatisfied or unanswered."

In the meantime the malady of the eyes increased, and he soon began to suffer much in the right one. All means were tried, but the disorder was not local; it arose from the increasing disorganization of the whole body, to the production of which he had himself been accessory by his medical dilettantism. By repeated bleedings he had completely enfeebled his system. In this state he continued until the summer of 1825. In October dropsy exhibited itself, and his feet began to swell.

A full account of the last sad moments of this noble-minded man is not given by Spazier in this work, as he had previously furnished that to the public in another book, entitled, *Jean Paul Richter, in his Last Days and Death.* Without any apprehension of the danger of his situation, one bodily organ after another refused its service, except the sense of smell, which he gratified until his decease with the odour of flowers, held before him. In his last hours his mental powers remained with him, only interrupted by sleep, and occasional lethargy,

till, on the 14th November, 1825, after much pain, he sunk into the sleep of death. His funeral was attended by all the distinguished families in Baireuth, and accompanied with a solemnity and sympathy worthy of the departed.

The curtain has now fallen, the drama of Jean Paul's life has been acted out by him, the lamps are extinguished, the theatre which once knew it knows it no more, and the machinery, the mere material organization, in which and with which it was represented to man's admiring eyes, is cast by, to moulder away among other "properties" in the still and lonely nook of a Baireuth grave; the performance has ceased, but we bear away its beauty in our hearts, and none of its engaging and soul-touching scenes will ever be forgotten. The noble lessons it has taught us will survive in all worthy breasts. The fortitude, the love, the charity, the friendship, the patience—the support for the weak, the law to the strong, the encouragement for those who despair—all its precepts of wisdom, its manly virtue, its divine consolation, its sweet and sad music—will be treasured in our heart of hearts, as a living memorial and a lasting example; for, with some of the frailty of all that is human, it was of a grand, noble, and elevating character. Well does it deserve from us a fervent *plaudite;* and to the spirit of the man who was its living principle, in all reverence and brotherly love, let us bid a solemn, but, in Christian hope we trust, not an eternal, FAREWELL!

ART. VII.—1. *The New Zealanders. Library of Entertaining Knowledge.* London.

2. *The British Colonization of New Zealand, being an account of the Principles, Objects, and Plans of the New Zealand Association, together with particulars concerning the Extent, Soil, and Climate, Natural Productions, and Native Inhabitants of New Zealand, with Charts and Illustrations.* London: 1837.

3. *Report from the Select Committee of the House of Lords, appointed to enquire into the present state of New Zealand, and the Expediency of regulating the Settlement of British subjects therein.* 1838.

4. *Information relative to New Zealand, compiled for the use of Colonists.* By John Ward, Esq. Secretary to the New Zealand Company, third edition, corrected and enlarged. 1840.

5. *Manners and Customs of the New Zealanders.* By J. S. Polack, Esq. 2 vols. 1840.
6. *A Chart of New Zealand, from original survey.* By T. McDonnell, R. N. Engraved and Published by James Wyld. *A Chart of Port Nicholson, New Zealand.* Surveyed by E. M. Chaffers, R.N. 1839. Published 1st June, 1840.
7. *The New Zealand Journal, Nos. I. to XIV. (a London Newspaper, exclusively devoted to New Zealand.* Published once a fortnight,) 366, Strand.
8. *Supplementary Information relative to New Zealand, comprising Despatches and Journals of the Company's Officers of the first Expedition, and the first Report of the Directors.* 1840.

THE desire for information assuredly "doth make the meat it feeds on." It seems only necessary to create an interest in the public mind upon any subject, and all who are able to impart thereto a ray of light, at once step forward to do so. Before the year 1837, the published accounts of New Zealand were extremely scanty. No sooner, however, did the friends of systematic colonization direct their attention towards those interesting islands, as an eligible field for their labours, than every one who had visited, or merely caught a glimpse of New Zealand, forthwith submitted his experience to the public, in the shape of book or pamphlet, map or chart. These productions, some of which are of great merit, make us tolerably well acquainted with the country. We have placed a carefully selected list of the best of them at the head of this article; and as some of them,—the first, second, and fourth, for instance,—are well executed compilations from all previous sources, they will be found to contain all our existing knowledge of the New Zealand group, and of its inhabitants and productions.

In the *Dublin Review* for February 1838, we inserted an article on the principles of colonization, and on New Zealand as a field for their exercise. Our main object there, was to explain and enforce those principles, first developed by Mr. E. G. Wakefield, which have since been put into successful operation in South Australia. We also adduced some evidence, to show, that as a field for further application of the principles in question, New Zealand stands unrivalled. The object of the present article is to illustrate still further the latter part of the subject, and to give a brief history of the proceedings for the colonization of New Zealand, up to the present time.

Referring, then, to our former article for a full exposition of the new principles of colonization, it now only remains to remind the reader, that they embody all the means necessary for establishing *society complete in all its parts*, and not merely for placing people in a new settlement. The system which these principles constitute, is the very reverse of that ruinous systemless practice, which seems to assume that to convey people to a new and fertile country, and there to leave them to their own unaided efforts, is the one thing needful. It seems formerly to have been thought (if thought were ever bestowed upon the matter,) that the wilderness could be subdued by mere masses without capital. The consequence was, that misery and long suffering have been inseparable from attempts at colonization. Virginia, after twenty years, and an immigration of twenty thousand people, had a population of only two thousand. The all but failure of the Swan-river settlement can only be attributed to the complete ignorance of the principles of colonization which its plan betrayed. There is reason to believe that as a field for colonization, Western Australia is superior to South Australia. The soil of the former is rather better than the latter, the supply of water is less precarious, and the climate is at least as salubrious; and yet, by the mere force of a sound system, South Australia, in less than four years,* has become a flourishing community of fifteen thousand people; whilst Western Australia, in thrice that time, has not one-third of the population, and is further, by a greater proportion, from the attainment of the grand object of colonization,—the establishment of a society complete in all its parts.

The design of the present article is to lay before the reader a brief history of the proceedings of the last year for the colonization of New Zealand, together with some further evidence of the eligibility of the country as the seat of a British community.

When we last wrote, the New Zealand Association was in full operation, endeavouring to urge upon government the necessity of colonizing New Zealand. The association consisted of two classes of persons; the heads of families who had determined to establish themselves in the proposed colony, and public men who, on public grounds alone, were willing to undertake the responsible task of carrying the measure into operation.

* The Buffalo, with the first governor of South Australia on board, sailed from Portsmouth on the 23rd July 1836; and our intelligence thence reaches January 1840.

The united object of both classes, was to induce the government and the legislature to apply to New Zealand the peculiar system of colonization explained in our former article, and which has proved so eminently successful in South Australia; and to make provision for the guarding the natives from the evils to which they have been exposed by their intercourse with a lawless European population. Their object, in a word, was to substitute regular for irregular colonization. It had ceased to be a question whether New Zealand should be colonized; colonization had become inevitable; and the design of the association was to introduce the *best* instead of the *worst* kind of colonization; to provide that it be achieved by worthy instead of unworthy instruments.

Up to a very recent period, the only colonizers of New Zealand were the very outcasts of a population of outcasts. Escaped convicts from the penal colonies; runaway sailors from whaling ships; needy adventurers, whose improvident habits, and evil courses, have made them men of no country; these, with a small admixture of worthy and energetic men, such as will find their way to all eligible fields,—but who, in New Zealand, have hitherto formed too inconsiderable a minority, to curb the evil passions and neutralize the evil influence of the majority,—these form the bulk of the European population of New Zealand.

Dr. Lang, who wrote a brief account of New Zealand in 1839, in four letters to the Earl of Durham,* thus describes the mass of the European population.

"Of the character of the European population, now permanently settled in New Zealand, it is scarcely necessary to inform your lordship. With a few honourable exceptions, it consists of the veriest refuse of civilized society,—of runaway sailors, of runaway convicts, of convicts who have served out their term of bondage in one or other of the two penal colonies, of fraudulent debtors who have escaped from their creditors in Sydney or Hobart Town, and of needy adventurers from the two colonies, almost equally unprincipled. In conjunction with the whalers that occasionally visit the coast, the influence of these individuals on the natives is demoralizing in the extreme. Their usual articles of barter are either muskets and gunpowder, or tobacco and rum. Most of them live in open concubinage or adultery with native women, and the scenes of outrageous licentiousness and debauchery that are ever and anon occurring on their premises, are often sufficiently revolting to excite the reprobation and disgust of the natives themselves."—*Lang*, pp. 7, 8.

* Published by Smith and Elder, Cornhill.

Several amusing anecdotes illustrative of the character of the European population, are told by Dr. Lang. The following instance of fraud against cupidity is worth recording:—

"Of the character and practices of a considerable portion of the European population in New Zealand, the following may perhaps serve as a specimen. There is an individual at present at the Bay of Islands, who is known among the Europeans of that vicinity by the respectable *soubriquet* of the 'rat-catcher.' He had been a dealer in slop-clothing, and a notorious gambler in New South Wales; but having been obliged, when his affairs became desperate in Sydney, to leave that colony altogether, he embarked for the usual refuge of the destitute, New Zealand, and commenced his old practices as a general dealer and gambler at the Bay of Islands. On one occasion, when he had gambled away all his property at the bay, but a single box of spermaceti candles, he took a boat at Kororadika, and embarking with the box rowed over to Paihia, one of the stations of the Church Missionary Society on the opposite shore, where he offered the candles to the missionaries at sixpence a pound, telling them he could procure them sixty pounds worth at the same price, from a vessel which had just arrived in the port, provided he could only advance the ready money for them. The missionaries, of course, advanced the money, which the 'rat-catcher,' of course, pocketed and applied to his own purposes; thereby teaching the missionaries not to deal in future with disreputable persons, and especially not to attempt to purchase articles of property from such persons at one fourth of their market price."

Such was the population which the philanthropic body of men who composed the New Zealand Association, sought to neutralize by means of systematic colonization. With this view they entered into close communication with the government on the subject, and at first there seemed to be some degree of willingness to promote the association's plan; but at length a strange objection was raised, namely, that the association was not a company trading for profit. A charter was offered on condition of their becoming a trading company; but with the condition the association was not in a situation to comply, having expressly excluded profit from their object. Having thus failed in their negociations with government, they deemed themselves virtually dissolved, but some few of the members set to work to form a joint-stock company, so constituted as to obviate the objection of the government; and the result was the present New Zealand Company.

The proceedings of this company, for the past year, constitute a somewhat remarkable history. It was not until the spring had somewhat advanced, that the company commenced

its operations, yet by this time the first colony is firmly established in the capital of a future empire.* The history of British colonization, from first to last, does not furnish a more remarkable instance of vigorous action. Seldom has so much been effected in so short a space of time, and there can be no doubt, now that the colony is fully and fairly started, that a few years will witness the growing up of a nation in British New Zealand.

Before the New Zealand Company made its plan of operations public, it had purchased a vessel of 400 tons, called the *Tory*, which had the reputation of being a very fast sailer. This vessel was completely equipped, and ready for sea, when, on the second of May, the company deemed itself in a situation to come before the public. The prospectus stated the objects of the company to be, the purchase and resale of land, and the promotion of emigration on the South Australian plan, so far as the same could be applied under the circumstances of the case.

The *Tory* sailed for Gravesend on the fifth of May, and from Plymouth on the 12th. The London correspondent of a Plymouth paper, described the ship, her equipment, and the object of the expedition at length. The following extract is all that we need quote.

"The *Tory* carries eight guns, and is equipped in a very superior style. She carries only specie, and such articles of merchandise as are suitable for barter with the natives for land. The expedition is under the orders of Colonel Wakefield, a very distinguished officer; and the ship is commanded by Mr. Chaffers, R.N. a skilful nautical surveyor, who was master of His Majesty's ship *Beagle*, in Captain Fitzroy's surveying expedition in the South Seas. The *Tory* carries a surgeon, another gentleman devoted to medical statistics, a naturalist (Dr. Dieffenbach, of Berlin), a draftsman (Mr. Heaphy), a few young gentlemen as volunteers, and an interpreter, Naiti, a New Zealand chieftain, who has resided in England for two years, and has acquired the English language and habits. It is understood that this expedition is a preliminary one, for the purpose of selecting the site of a town, and acquiring correct and scientific information in regard to the country. The *Tory* is ordered to proceed to the company's territory on the west coast of the northern island, which embraces the harbours of Kaipara and Hoki-anga, and also to Cook's Strait; where it is probable a settlement will also be formed in the neighbourhood either of Cloudy-bay or Port Nicholson."

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* The first ship with settlers, reached Port Nicholson on the first February.

The *Tory* was most fortunate in her passage, having had the unusually short run of ninety-five days. Colonel Wakefield's proceedings will be described in a subsequent part of this article.

The instructions given by the New Zealand Company to their chief agent, Colonel Wakefield, are exceedingly minute, and the objects of the company are explicitly stated under three heads—namely: *first*, the purchase of lands for the company; *second*, the acquisition of general information as to the country; and *third*, preparations for the formation of settlements under the auspices of the company.

It will be seen from the following extract from the first head of the instructions, that there was a strong leaning on the part of the company towards Cook's Straits, as being on the great highway, as it were, between the eastern and Australian colonies, and Great Britain. This predilection was shared in by many of those who formed the first colony; indeed, as a great commercial locality, it is probably not surpassed. The colonists, therefore, will be much gratified to learn, on their arrival at the place of rendezvous, that Colonel Wakefield has succeeded in purchasing Port Nicholson, in Cook's Strait, and the whole of the lands on the northern and southern shores of the strait. But we are anticipating events; let us return to the extract:—

"You should endeavour to make an extensive purchase on the shores of that harbour, which, all things considered, shall appear to offer the greatest facilities as a general trading depôt and port of export and import for all parts of the islands—as a centre of commerce for collecting and exporting the produce of the islands—and for the reception and distribution of foreign goods. In making this selection, you will not forget that Cook's Strait forms part of the shortest route from the Australian colonies to England, and that the best harbour in that channel must inevitably become the most frequented port of colonized New Zealand. A mere harbour, however, whether there or elsewhere, might be of but little value. There is not in the world, perhaps, a safer or more commodious harbour than Port Hardy, in D'Urville's Island; but the smallness of the island renders its harbour of less importance than several others on the shores of Cook's Strait. That harbour in Cook's Strait is the most valuable, which combines, with ample security and convenience as a resort for ships, the nearest vicinity to, or the best natural means of communication with, the greatest extent of fertile territory. So far as we are at present informed. Port Nicholson appears superior to any other. As to the relative advantages, however, of the different harbours of Cook's Strait, you will probably be able to obtain useful information from captains

of whaling ships and trading vessels, or from permanent English settlers in Queen Charlotte's Sound, or Cloudy Bay; and with this view, as well as for the purpose of comparison on your own observation, we suggest that you should visit one or both of those harbours before you proceed to Port Nicholson. You are at liberty to engage either at those harbours, or elsewhere, the services of any Englishmen or natives, whom you may wish to accompany you in your visits to other harbours.

"It is far from being intended that your purchases of land, on behalf of the company, should be confined to that harbour which you may consider superior to all the others. While you will endeavour to acquire as much land as possible in that spot or neighbourhood, it is also desirable that you should effect purchases in any part of Cook's Strait, which shall appear highly eligible for commercial settlements, or for agricultural purposes, within easy reach of a good harbour. And, in particular, we must express our anxiety that you should obtain land around one good harbour, at least, on each side of Cook's Strait."—*Ward,* 117-18.

It will be seen hereafter that these instructions and expressed wishes of the company have been most amply fulfilled.

The manner in which the company instructs Colonel Wakefield to deal with the native tribes, is a cheering feature in their plan. Unhappily, the whole history of European colonization is but a continuous record of barbarity and injustice towards the aboriginal races. Civilization having been found difficult, extermination has been openly practised. Even very recently, in Van Dieman's Land, a small body of the aborigines was hemmed in and shot down in cold blood by a few Europeans; and when the government took some steps to bring the monsters who perpetrated the act to justice, the press raised an outcry against punishing men for shooting "monkeys;" and an intimation was held out, that if this course were persevered in, it would be necessary to find some more secure method of getting rid of the "vermin;" and the mode recommended was to dose wheaten bread, or cakes, of which the natives are very fond, with arsenic! Indeed, in a letter from a member of the English bar, dated "Melbourne, Port Philip, December 3," and published in the eighth number of the *New Zealand Journal,* the practise is treated as quite common. "Some of the white people here treat the natives most shamefully; for the slightest offence they kill them, and drop their bodies into some creek; and some have been known to leave about *dampers*—a species of bread, baked in the bush, in which arsenic has been previously put, for the very purpose of destroying the blacks." But the views

and intentions of the New Zealand Company are diametrically opposed to these "ancient precedents," as the following extracts will show:—

"In one respect, you will not fail to establish a very important difference between the purchases of the company and those which have hitherto been made by every other class of buyers. * * * *

"It may be doubted, whether the native owners have ever been entirely aware of the consequences that would result from such cessions as have already been made to a great extent of the whole of the lands of a tribe. Justice demands, not merely that these consequences should be as far as possible explained to them, but that the superior intelligence of the buyers should also be exerted to guard them against the evils, which, after all, they may not be capable of anticipating. The danger to which they are exposed, and which they cannot well foresee, is that of finding themselves entirely without landed property, and therefore without consideration, in the midst of a society where, through immigration and settlement, land has become a valuable property. Absolutely they would suffer little or nothing from having parted with land which they do not use, and cannot exchange; but relatively they would suffer a great deal, inasmuch as their social position would be very inferior to that of the race who had settled amongst them, and given value to their now worthless territory. If the advantage of the natives alone were consulted, it would be better, perhaps, that they should remain for ever the savages that they are. This consideration appears never to have occurred to any of those who have hitherto purchased lands from the savages of New Zealand. It was first suggested by the New Zealand Association of 1837; and it has great weight with the present company. In accordance with a plan which the association of 1837 was desirous that a legislative enactment should extend to every purchase of land from the natives, as well past as future, you will take care to mention in every *booka-booka*, or contract for land, that a portion of the territory ceded, equal to one-tenth of the whole, will be reserved by the company, and held in trust by them for the future benefit of the chief families of the tribe.

"A perfect example of this mode of proceeding will occur soon after your departure from England. We intend to sell in England, to persons about to settle in New Zealand, and others, a certain number of orders for equal quantities of land (say 100 acres each). * * And one-tenth of these land-orders will be reserved by the company for the chief families of the tribe by whom the land was originally sold; in the same way precisely as if the lots had been purchased on behalf of the natives. The priority of choice for the native-allotments being determined by choice, as in the case of actual purchasers; the selections will be made by an officer of the company, expressly charged with that duty, and made publicly responsible for its performance. Wherever a settlement is formed, therefore, the chief native families of the tribe will have every motive for embracing a civilized

mode of life. Instead of a barren possession, with which they have parted, they will have property in land, intermixed with the property of civilized and industrious settlers, and made really valuable by that circumstance; and they will thus possess the means, and an essential means, of preserving, in the midst of a civilized community, the same degree of relative consideration and superiority as they now enjoy in their own tribe."—*Ward,* 119-20.

This is an admirably contrived provision for promoting the civilization of the New Zealanders. Taken in conjunction with the character of the natives, there is fair reason to hope that New Zealand will form a bright exception to the exterminating influences of colonies generally. The New Zealanders do not require an enormous breadth of land, for they are, and always have been, cultivators—not hunters, like the American Indians. America abounds with animals of the deer tribe, and with numerous furred animals, of which Europeans have taught them the value. New Zealand has no aboriginal animals. This made them cultivators of necessity, and, *pro tanto*, advanced them one step in civilization. It has rendered them prone to labour, and they adopt with extreme readiness the improvements of civilization. Their eagerness to learn is quite remarkable. They understand, and are frequently parties to, a contract to labour for wages; and one of their reasons for rejoicing in the arrival of the *Tory*, and the prospect of a settlement, was, that there would be an abundance of employment for them. The works at the head of this article all treat more or less of the natives and their habits; and innumerable instances will be found of the skill which they attain as seamen, ship-carpenters, cultivators, and indeed in the use of tools and implements generally: so that there can be no doubt that the reserved lands will, when surrounded by civilization, be much more efficient in affording the natives an ample subsistence, than the whole of the lands would have been without European arts and employment. With hunters, such as the Americans are to this day, no circumstance could give value to a small quantity of land, so as to make it provide for the subsistence of the natives; but with a race of cultivators, a breadth of land would be valueless. They cannot use much land; they are therefore well provided for, in proportion as they are taught to use a little land with effect.*

We now come to the second head of the instructions—namely, the acquisition of general information. On this head

* The reserve for the natives out of the lands sold, was worth £10,100 in July last. It would now sell for £35,000.

a very short extract will answer our purposes. As it instructs Colonel Wakefield to communicate *all* he can learn on *every subject* of interest, detail here is unnecessary:—

"It is impossible that you should furnish the company with too much information, or with information of too varied a character. We shall be anxious to know all that you can possibly learn upon every subject of inquiry. The subjects of inquiry comprise every thing about which it is possible to inquire. No matter should be deemed unworthy of examination—no particulars, however minute, will be unacceptable."--*Ward*, 123.

From the third division, respecting preparations for the formation of settlements under the auspices of the company, the following extract is all that our purpose demands:—

"Supposing you to have selected from any purchases that you may make in Cook's Strait, or in the neighbourhood of Kaipara, or in the district of the company's land at Kaipara, that spot which you shall deem the fittest for a first settlement—that spot which shall present the most satisfactory combination of facility of access, security for shipping, fertile soil, water communication with districts abounding in flax and timber, and falls of water for the purpose of mills—and where the native inhabitants shall evince the greatest desire to receive English settlers, and appear most anxious to obtain employment for wages—there you will make all such preparations for the arrival of a body of settlers as the means at your disposal will allow. Amongst these, it occurs to us, that the natives should be employed at liberal wages, in felling the best kinds of timber, taking the logs to the place which you may have marked out for the site of a town, and also in collecting and preparing flax and spars, as a return freight for vessels which may convey settlers to the place. You should also make the natives thoroughly aware of the nature and extent of the intended settlement, so that they may not be surprised at the subsequent arrival of a number of large ships. And at this spot, when you quit it, you will of course leave such persons as you may be able to spare, and shall be willing to remain, for the purpose of assuring the natives of your return, and of pursuing the labours of preparation. On quitting this spot, you will proceed directly to Port Hardy, in D'Urville's Island, where you will remain until some of the company's vessels shall arrive from England. By the first and subsequent vessels you will receive further instructions. It is of essential consequence that you should, if possible, reach Port Hardy by the 10th of January next, or, if that should not be possible, that you find means of transmitting to the company's vessels, that will be directed to touch there by that time, a full account of the spot on which you may have determined as the site of the first settlement."—*Ward*, 124-5.

In accordance with this plan, a limited portion of the company's lands, to be comprised within the first settlement, was

offered for sale on the first of June. The first town consisted of eleven hundred acres, besides public squares, streets, boulevards, and gardens; and the selected country lands comprised one hundred and ten thousand acres. These lands were divided into eleven hundred sections, each section to consist of one hundred country acres and one town acre. Deducting the reserved land for the aborigines, the remaining nine hundred and ninety sections were offered for sale at one pound per acre, or one hundred and one pounds per section. On paying down this sum, the purchaser received a land order on the company's local officer, entitling the holder to select his section according to a priority of choice, afterwards determined by lot at the company's offices.

The quantity thus put up in the first instance was taken in a very short time. The total sum realized was £99,990. Of this sum only £24,997. 10*s*. was reserved to meet the expenses of the company, and the remainder, being 75 per cent. of the whole, or £74,992. 10*s*. was set apart to defray the cost of conveying emigrants to the colony, and so give value to the lands which they had sold. By the conditions of sale, the purchasers of land-orders were entitled to claim 75 per cent. of their purchase money, either in the shape of passages for themselves and families, or for their servants and labourers; and where no claim was made, the benefit was equally conferred on the land-owner, as the whole of the £74,992. 10*s*. one way or the other will be entirely expended in emigration. It is the emigration fund which is to establish the "golden mean" between land capital and labour, the very spirit of the system on which the company proceeds.

The readiness with which the lands of the first colony were taken up, no doubt arose from the success of South Australia, founded on the same principles. The system was no longer the untried speculation of a few philosophers. Its soundness was no longer open to argument. All room for controversy had ceased. It had been three years* in operation. The "practical men" admitted the system to be good, and objection was straightway silenced.

When the principles were new and untried, it was found necessary to anticipate the sales of land by authorising the borrowing of a sum of money. The South Australian act moreover forbade the commissioners to commence operations until they had disposed of land to the amount of £35,000.

* The Buffalo sailed for South Australia on the 23d July, 1836.

This they accomplished; and, with the loan they contracted (£30,000), the commissioners commenced operations with an adequate labour fund.

But the second application of the system is on a more ample scale. Instead of a loan of £30,000 the company commenced with a capital of £100,000, and their land fund, instead of being £35,000, was, as we have seen, £75,000.

Very soon after the realization of the land fund, and the determination of the order of choice, which took place on the 29th July, the directors made arrangements for the departure of the emigrants who were to form the first colony. Before taking this step, however, the directors had selected an efficient surveying staff, consisting of a surveyor-general, (Captain Smith of the artillery), three assistant surveyors, and twenty-two men. This corps was accompanied by a land commissioner, instructed to make further purchases, provided with ample means to fulfil the objects of the company in the event of any disaster happening to the *Tory*. This second expedition sailed from Gravesend in the barque *Cuba*, of 270 tons, which was understood to be a fast sailer. She did not reach Entry Island, however, until the 1st of January, after an unusually long run of one hundred and forty-five days; and sailed the next day for Port Nicholson, where a private letter of the 13th January, from a passenger on board, states they were at anchor, anxiously waiting the return of Colonel Wakefield in the *Tory* from Hoki-anga.

The instructions given to Captain Smith were in every respect most judicious. A due regard for the welfare of the colony is a conspicuous feature, and a personal knowledge of the surveyor-general enables us to state our conviction that the wishes of the directors will be minutely fulfilled. The following extracts will be sufficient to show the views of the directors with regard to the future city:—

"Your surveying operations should at first be entirely confined to the site of the town.

"In laying out the plan of the town, you must as closely as possible adhere to the conditions on which the land-orders have been sold, as expressed by the enclosed copy of the terms of purchase—providing, at all events, that every holder of a land-order obtains one full acre of land within the town.

"The Directors wish that, in forming the plan of the town, you should make ample reserves for all public purposes, such as a cemetery, a market-place, wharfage, and probable public buildings, a botanical garden, a park, and extensive boulevards. It is, indeed, desirable that

the whole outside of the town, inland, should be separated from the country sections by a broad belt of land, which you will declare that the company intends to be public property, on condition that no buildings be ever erected upon it.

"The form of the town must necessarily be left to your own judgment and taste. Upon this subject the directors will only remark, that you have to provide for the future rather than the present, and that they wish the public convenience to be consulted, and the beautiful appearance of the future city to be secured, so far as these objects can be accomplished by the original plan—rather than the immediate profit of the company.

"It is of essential consequence that the town lands should be made ready for allotment as soon as possible.

"As soon as the survey and plan of the town are completed, you will proceed to the survey of country sections.

"You will observe by the 'terms of purchase,' that the company undertakes that the eleven hundred country sections shall consist of the most valuable land at the disposal of the directors in the first settlement.

"The directors trust, at all events, that you will adopt that mode of proceeding by which the holders of the preliminary land-orders will most surely obtain the most valuable land in the first settlement, and by which the priority of choice determined by lot will be most strictly observed.

"In case any order or orders should not be presented to you at the time when the opportunity for choosing occurs, it will be your business to choose for the absent holder."

All preliminary arrangements being thus completed, the month of August and part of September were occupied in preparing for the departure of the first colony. The company had chartered five ships, namely, the *Adelaide*, the *Aurora*, the *Oriental*, the *Duke of Roxburgh*, and the *Bengal Merchant;* and on the 14th of September the three first were ready for sea. The *Bengal Merchant* had proceeded to Glasgow to take on board the Scotch emigrants, and the *Duke of Roxburgh* was not ready until a few days after.

On the day just named, the directors proceeded to Gravesend in the *Mercury* steam-vessel, accompanied by a large party of friends interested in the colony, for the final inspection of the ships, and for the purpose of taking leave of the settlers. An entertainment was given on board the *Mercury* to the principal colonists and the directors' friends; and on board of each ship good cheer was provided for the body of the settlers. "The scenes of the days," says one of the published accounts, "were altogether such as cannot fail to be memorable in the future annals of the colony."

The company afterwards found it necessary to charter the *Glenbervie*, to take out a large quantity of goods, the property of settlers, which had been shut out from the other ships; and the *Bolton* was also taken up to convey a large number of passengers (232) who had been disappointed in procuring passages in the earlier ships. The *Coromandel* was despatched on private speculation, and took out some of the company's settlers. The following table, from Mr. Ward's *Information for the use of Emigrants*, exhibits the total emigration to New Zealand in 1839:—

Ship.	Tonnage.	Cabin Passengers.				Steerage Passengers.				Total of Passengers.	From what port and when sailed.
		Adults.		Children under 15		Adults.		Children under 15.			
		Male.	Fem.	Male.	Fem.	Male.	Fem.	Male.	Fem.		1839.
Tory, Preliminary Expedition	382	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	London, May 5.
Cuba, Surveying Staff.....	273	8	..	..	..	22	..	..	..	30	London, Aug. 1.
Oriental	506	18	3	..	..	62	36	13	22	154	London, September 15.
Aurora.....	550	14	6	1	..	50	35	26	16	148	London, September 18.
Adelaide	640	20	8	4	4	45	47	28	20	176	London, September 18
Duke of Roxburgh	417	15	11	8	7	37	41	27	21	167	Plymouth, October 5.
Glenbervie, Store Ship.	387	3	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	5	London, October 20
Bengal Merchant	503	22	8	4	5	53	36	21	12	161	Glasgow, October 31.
Bolton	540	9	9	6	9	56	45	54	44	232	London, November 19.
Coromandel, Private Ship	662	8	..	..	..	7	9	12	8	44	London, December 11.
	4860	123	45	23	25	334	249	181	143	1123	

On reference to the official table published in *Capper's South Australia*, we find that the first year's emigration to that colony amounted to 950, although the first ship sailed in February. The European population of New Zealand, previous to the commencement of the company's operations, has been variously estimated from 2000 to more than 3000; and as all the Australian colonies—South Australia not excepted—are continually furnishing emigrants to New Zealand, the British population now probably exceeds 4000, a considerable number of whom will doubtless be drawn to the new settle-

ment. What the law called the outcast population will speedily be out-numbered by the sounder population. A considerable number of bad people in all the Australian colonies is the necessary consequence of the proximity of the penal colonies. A large proportion of these have found their way to New Zealand, in spite of the distance, because of the absence of legal authority of any kind. Now, however, that law is established, distance will operate, and New Zealand will be the very last of our Australasian colonies to be favoured with the presence of the industrious persons who have hitherto crowded her shores. South Australia is already suffering from this cause, and the practicability of performing the journey from Sydney on foot, will rather tend to increase the evil. South Australia and Port Philip, from this time forward, have a stronger interest in the moral regeneration of the older Australian colonies than New Zealand.

Under a regular government the improvement of the present population will be by no means a difficult matter. That society has been kept together at all, shows that there must have been a considerable proportion of orderly persons; so that the settlers composing the first colony will find a large number of persons in all parts of the northern island ready to join them in suppressing disorder, and in establishing a well-regulated community.

No colony was ever established under more favourable prospects than the first colony of New Zealand. In the first place the labouring emigrants—the bone and muscle of the colony, so to speak—formed the finest body of people we ever saw congregated together for such a purpose, albeit, our experience in matters of emigration is far from small. As the company gave passages to the labouring class, they were strict in their selection both as to the physical and moral qualifications of the candidates for passages. They were for the most part in the prime of life, in full health, and of approved moral character; and it was impossible to look upon them without a conviction that they were the people to carve fortune out of the desert.

Among the wealthier classes were several men of birth and education—men who, in planting a colony, will not be content with a mere rude abundance, nor with their new home unless it bear the distinct marks of a high state of civilization. They go out impressed with the value of a system of which they themselves are a constituent element; they believe that system

to be efficient to the creating a society complete in all its parts; and believing so, all their energies will be directed to the verification of the principles to which they are attached.

The very form in which their capital was transmitted to the colony was in some degree evidence of this. Many of the settlers took out houses in frames, ready to be put up, like a bedstead, in the course of a day. These "colonial houses" are now made by many builders in London, and when put up are not surpassed in comfort by the most permanent edifices in the metropolis. Mill machinery of all kinds, both for sawing and grinding, has also been taken out. So also have steam-engines. Agricultural implements of the most approved kind, together with mechanics' tools, and goods of every description; so that it is difficult to conceive that the colonists will feel a serious want, without possessing at the same time the means of gratifying it.

But it is in the manner in which the moral and intellectual wants of the people have been attended to, that the *completeness* of the system is most manifest. Even before the departure of the colony, a literary and scientific institution was established, having in connexion with it a public library; the archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Hinds, and several other friends of the colony, being among the donors.

Arrangements for the promotion of education have also been made; and among these the immediate opening of an infant-school deserves especial notice. It is part of the plan of the promoters of this school, to educate the children of the natives, as well as those of the Europeans. We have evidence of a demand for this education in the very first number of the *New Zealand Journal*, which contains the proceedings of a public meeting of the Europeans inhabiting the Bay of Islands, to take into consideration the condition of the children of European fathers and New Zealand mothers, and to devise means to promote their education. This is commencing the work of civilization in a proper manner. It must ever be matter of doubt whether the prejudices and habits of adults can be gotten rid of, or even altered; but, by operating on children, a sure foundation for moral improvement is laid.

In imitation of South Australia, the first number of a newspaper was published here, called the *New Zealand Gazette;* the second number to be published in the colony as soon after the arrival of the ships as possible. For this purpose, presses, types, and all things needful were taken out in the *Adelaide;*

and by the time, perhaps, that this article is in type, the second number will have reached this country.

The religious wants of the settlers have also been duly cared for; and in so doing the directors have evinced freedom from anything in the shape of prejudice, by offering a free cabin passage to ministers *of every denomination*, provided the grounds of application in each case are satisfactory to the board. The principal condition imposed by the board is, that there should be a congregation—that is, that there should be a number of persons whose opinions the minister applying for a passage represents, sufficiently large to render a spiritual pastor necessary.

The advantages of a bank, of character and credit, were also conferred upon New Zealand at the very birth of the colony. The directors of the New Zealand Company made an arrangement with the Union Bank of Australia, a respectable and most successful banking establishment, by which a colonial currency will at once be brought into circulation, and the monetary changes of the colony be managed with ease and security. This bank issues bills on Sydney at a charge of two per cent.; but on such of these bills as are made redeemable in New Zealand in the notes of the bank, the holder will be entitled to a return of two per cent.; so that by this cross transaction a remittance to New Zealand will be effected without cost.

In the foregoing narrative we have endeavoured, in the plainest language, to give the history of the proceedings of the New Zealand Company for the year 1839; but there remains still to be told the action of the government, before we go into the events of the present year, which may emphatically be characterized as the "child of the past."

We have already stated that neither the New Zealand Association of 1837, nor the New Zealand Company of 1839, could win any sympathy—still less the countenance, of the government. This is not at all wonderful. "You have put no patronage in your plan," said a shrewd observer; "you cannot succeed. If you desire to propitiate a government, you must place some official situations at its disposal." The self-supporting principle, however, on which it was proposed to colonize New Zealand, did not permit this. It was proposed to make New Zealand pay all the expenses of transporting labour to the colony, and yet that the colony should *not cost this country one shilling*—that New Zealand should

never appear in the estimates. This is inconsistent with that extensive system of patronage which exists in our older colonies.*

By the energetic operations of the company, however, the government found itself forced into action; and just as the company's ships were preparing to take on board the emigrants who formed the first colony, Captain Hobson, of the navy, was sent out to New Zealand, for the purpose of erecting it into a British colony.

New Zealand had previously been treated as an independent foreign state, and Captain Hobson was instructed to call himself in the first instance "consul!" He was then to obtain a cession of sovereignty from the chiefs, and declare New Zealand—or rather so much thereof as he could obtain the cession of, or as happened to be inhabited by the British—a dependency of New South Wales. Of this portion he was at once to become lieutenant-governor.

Now it is extremely difficult to understand the principle on which a part of the executive government of this country can treat as *alien* a country over which we have certainly constantly exercised sovereign functions. It is a well-understood principle of international law, that discovery and occupation give a right to sovereignty, *as against all civilized powers*, over the savage tribes which may inhabit the country. The conduct of the discovering country towards the native tribes does not in any way affect that right of sovereignty. Of our original sovereignty no one has ever doubted. It has been exercised in many ways. Magistrates have been appointed; criminals have been taken up, have been carried to Sydney, and have there been tried and punished. Yet in 1839 her Majesty was advised to declare that the crown had no jurisdiction over those islands—that any European power was at liberty to settle there—and that if we accredited any representative of the crown to make his appearance in New Zealand, it must be in the character of *consul* only that he could enter into preliminary negociations with the chiefs, to barter sovereignty for a blanket. Whatever may have been our former sovereignty over New Zealand, it has been determined that we shall take a new lease thereof, dating from some new farce to be enacted by Captain Hobson;—a deter-

* See an article headed the Poor Relation Interest, in No. 7 of the *New Zealand Journal.*

mination fraught with every possible difficulty, and which cannot fail to force ministers into all kinds of inconsistencies. The simplest course was open to them. Sovereignty had been exercised. No doubt had been thrown upon it. All that the government had to do was to send out a governor. If this had been done at any time, not a single voice would have been raised against it, and every difficulty in the way of ministers would have been removed.

The expedient of repudiating the sovereignty of New Zealand, seems to have been hit upon, for the purpose of deterring people from joining in, or in any way seconding, any plan of colonization which might be put forward. But the men who were engaged in the colonization of New Zealand were not to be thus turned from their purpose. They said, "We will colonize the country in spite of all opposition. We do not undervalue the recognition of the government, and we will do our best, either by parliamentary motion or otherwise, to bring about such recognition; but if we fail, we will do our best without it. If we are without the support and protection of government, we shall at least be saved from undue interference; and as we shall cost the mother-country nothing, we shall ever be regarded with kindly feelings." Accordingly, the colonization of New Zealand took place, as we have already described. It was a great movement of a body of the people, acting independently of their rulers.

When it was determined to disclaim the sovereignty of New Zealand, all other consequences were disregarded. Not one of the results likely to spring from such a declaration were taken notice of. New Zealand being a sovereign independent state, what was there to prevent the out-cast Europeans from adopting the customs of the natives to as great an extent as might suit their passions and their tastes? With such a population, murder itself would cease to be a punishable crime, and the outcast European would stop short of cannibalism—not because there was any law to restrain him, but because it was foreign to his habits, and repugnant to his feelings. This is a consequence which could not fail to strike the most superficial reflector as the inevitable consequence of declaring New Zealand an independent country, subject only to the customary regulations —we should be ashamed to call it *law*—of the native tribes.

Another consequence was, that New Zealand, which had all along been respected by foreign powers as a British pos-

session was at once thrown open to colonization by any European power. France was not slow to take the hint, and our government is now embarrassed, and we are threatened with differences if not with a quarrel with France, by the actual establishment of a French colony on Banks's Peninsula on the eastern coast of the southern island. It is true that the French are not successful colonizers—that this attempt is paltry,—that their means are inadequate—and that the hatred of the New Zealanders towards "the tribe of Marion,"* will either lead to their destruction or force them to amalgamate with the English; but it is the principle involved in the colonization of British territory by the French, which is open to the strongest objection. The French will make useful settlers in New Zealand. The soil and climate are well adapted to the vine, the olive, the mulberry and other productions of southern Europe; of these the English know nothing. The arms of the first colony should therefore be opened to the French—a liberal naturalization law should be among the earliest acts passed for or by New Zealand. As friends and fellow-colonists the French should always be welcome;—but not as rivals; yet how to prevent them establishing themselves as rivals seems difficult, now that ministers declare that we had no sovereignty previous to Captain Hobson's arrival in January last.

Another consequence not contemplated, is a species of dilemma into which the government has been thrown by the determination. Our sovereignty over New Zealand is to take its date from the cession thereof by the chiefs to Captain Hobson, and yet at the same time a commission is appointed to examine titles to land, to confirm such as have been obtained by fair means, and to disallow such as were obtained for a fraudulent or inadequate consideration, or such as are unreasonably large in extent. Now if her Majesty had no sovereignty before the 30th of January, 1840, how can the government exercise any control over the acts of the inhabitants of New Zealand antecedent to that date? Her Majesty's authority, according to the proclamation, no more existed in New Zealand in 1839, than it does in France at this present moment. Could her Majesty issue a commission to take cognizance of the acts of the British inhabitants of Boulogne? Many gentlemen, there,

* After Marion du Fresne, the early French navigator, who was killed and eaten by the natives. The French are now known by no other name than *Te heveh na Mariou* (the final *n* being changed to *u*,) or the Tribe of Marion. Polack, vol. ii. 121.

know full well that the Queen's writ, happily for them, does not extend to that pleasant retreat; yet this same New Zealand commission is an assumption of sovereignty over a period of time at which it has been deemed not to exist, and is therefore as completely untenable as an attempt to exercise judicial authority over Boulogne or Calais. The dilemma then resolves itself to this. Either we had sovereignty in New Zealand before Captain Hobson's proclamation or we had not. An enquiry into the title to land under the crown is an exercise of sovereignty. Now if we had no sovereignty, the commission can exercise no jurisdiction and it becomes a weak attempt to push jurisdiction where none can be claimed. If, on the other hand, such jurisdiction, be asserted and insisted upon, it amounts to an exercise of sovereignty, and Captain Hobson's proclamation becomes a dead letter. To enumerate the inconsistencies into which government must necessarily be involved by the foolish jealousies of the colonial-office would fill one number, and therefore tire our readers. The newly-erected government of New Zealand can scarcely do any two acts, whether administrative or judicial, the one of which will not neutralize, or to use an American term, nullify the other. If they insist on proclamation No. 1, respecting sovereignty, proclamation No. 2, respecting titles, is absurd and untenable. If they say a word against the occupation of the French, the proclamation of sovereignty is asserted to be a dead letter. If courts of justice be established under proclamation No. 1, those courts cannot look back beyond its date, at a time when that which Captain Hobson's chief-justice, and the advocate-general, will call murder, was a justifiable act—an act sanctioned by the practice of "the independent sovereign New Zealand chiefs." If a delinquent of 1839 be hanged by Captain Hobson in 1840, such an act will nullify his own proclamation, for it would amount to the assertion of a sovereign right which that proclamation denies. A mere tyro in pleading would have no difficulty in drawing a plea in abatement of the indictment, setting forth, that the killing mentioned therein took place while New Zealand was a sovereign and independent state, in which such killing was a perfectly legal act. We might enumerate other difficulties, had we not other and more interesting matter to occupy the remainder of our space. Such are the evils calculated to spring from an ineffectual attempt to stop the colonization of New Zealand.

In the early part of March, the company received intelligence of the safe arrival of the *Tory* at Cook's Strait, after a

rapid and prosperous voyage of ninety-six days. This event had been looked for with great anxiety by all persons in any way interested in New Zealand. Every thing had gone on well in this country, but the friends of those bold and energetic men who had ventured their lives and fortunes in the "first colony," could not conceal from themselves, that there were many contingencies which might have thrown a damp upon the enterprise. A disaster to the first expedition might have been fatal to the hopes of the colonists and of their friends in this country.

The publication of Colonel Wakefield's first dispatch, in a second edition of the *New Zealand Journal*, on the 10th of March, dispelled all gloom; the more especially as the shortness of the voyage enabled Colonel Wakefield to fulfil all the expectations of the Company.

It is true that, in contemplation of the bare possibility of disaster to the *Tory*, every arrangement which prudence could dictate was made to obviate its effect. The officers, who afterwards embarked in the *Cuba*, were empowered to do all the first expedition could do, and were, moreover, furnished with the means of so doing. Nay more, had disaster overtaken both vessels, the means of repairing it in some degree accompanied the first colony. But as it has happened, early delay would have been all but fatal to the successful planting of the colony. The *Cuba* made a long passage; and the *Adelaide*, as we have already stated, was injudiciously carried into the Cape, and a delay of another month would probably have thrown the best of the lands into the hands of the missionaries—an event as injurious to the welfare of the natives* as to that of the colonists. Colonel Wakefield found the missionaries at Port-Nicholson; but when his proposals were heard, and the operation of the reserved lands explained to the chiefs, the missionary proposals were rejected, and they were compelled to return to their station disappointed, and of course imbued with hatred most orthodox against those who had so successfully out-bid them in the land-market.

The *Tory* anchored in Ship Cove, Queen Charlotte Sound,

* The Missionaries of the Church Missionary Society have possessed themselves of immense tracts of land, without any provision—without the slightest regard for the temporal welfare of the natives—whilst the company reserve one-tenth of all their lands to be held in trust for the benefit of the chiefs. The lots drawn for the natives were good numbers; and it so happens that their lands, which in August last were worth 11,000*l.* are now worth at least 25,000*l.* The Catholic mission is free from the taint of what has been called *land-sharking*; so we believe are the Wesleyans.

on the 16th of August, and we have now intelligence from New Zealand up to the middle of March. These seven months form an important epoch in the history of New Zealand. A large territory has been acquired for the New Zealand Company, embracing the whole of the southern portion of the northern island, and the northern portion of the southern island, and comprising Cook's Strait—a great maritime highway, with numerous free harbours. Twelve hundred British people have been established on a spot admirably suited to commerce. These proceedings, important as they are in themselves, have been productive of still more important consequences. Law and order have been proclaimed among a population notorious for licentiousness and anarchy, and so great a transfusion of all that is sound in society will immediately take place, that New Zealand must necessarily take a high place among our colonial possessions. Our limited space will not permit us to quote Colonel Wakefield's despatches; we must, therefore, content ourselves by stating that New Zealand possesses all the requisites for a flourishing colony. The whole face of the country differs greatly from the Australian continent—for such is the fact. Australia always gives one the idea of a country in an imperfect state of formation, and so indeed it is. Volcanic disturbance has been wanting. The whole surface of the country wants a great upheaving, in order to adapt it for the habitation of man. The want of broken ground is a great evil. The mountain torrent, and the highly fertilized valley, are there almost unknown, and the vast plains are but thinly timbered. In America, the manner in which a country is timbered, is the criterion by which the soil is judged of, and there is doubtless much truth in the test. Now New Zealand would in this respect abundantly satisfy a Yankey chopper. The country is a succession of richly wooded hills, sometimes rising to mountains, and fertile valleys. The country is intersected in every direction with magnificent rivers, and mountain streams; many of these are navigable, and others may, and will hereafter be rendered so, and all spread their fertilizing influence over the valleys.

The climate is unexceptionable. The droughts which prevail in Australia are unknown. Rain is frequent, though not so much so as in this country; and disease is rare among the people. All the productions of this country, and most of those of Southern Europe, flourish in New Zealand. It is especially a wheat growing country; and, in a Sydney paper now before us, we find New Zealand seed wheat advertised at one guinea

per bushel! The vine, the olive, the mulberry, flourish almost without the aid of man.

The natives, too, instead of being a drawback, are a decided acquisition. Great mistakes are usually made touching the qualifications of native tribes. The chief evil, and that which tends to the extermination of the aborigines, is want of capacity. It is not ferocity but barbarism that is the great drawback to civilization. All energetic tribes are ferocious. We ourselves have been ferocious beyond all example in history; but we have enormous energy. Ferocity melts away as intelligence increases. That the New Zealanders will civilize easily there cannot be a doubt. In the first place they never were hunters, as there never were animals to hunt; hence they commence at a stage of civilization somewhat removed from utter barbarism. As a consequence of this they have considerable mechanical skill. They adopt with great readiness European improvements, and use tools with a degree of dexterity which excites the surprise of every one. They have built boats, and even schooners, and their skill in seamanship is great. Many of the traders between Sydney and the Bay of Islands are manned by New Zealanders; and some are thoroughly competent to take the command of large ships.

Another circumstance in their favour is their physical superiority. The women are for the most part comely, and many very beautiful. Moreover they are gentle in their manners, and much attached to the men with whom they connect themselves. Several of the Europeans have taken New Zealand wives, and there is every probability of an extensive amalgamation. Of course occasional union will take place between Europeans and the women of all native tribes with whom they have intercourse, but amalgamation properly speaking has never taken place any where but in New Zealand, Tahiti, Hawaii, and other islands of the Pacific. In short the character of the New Zealanders forbids the idea of extermination. They may ultimately be lost by amalgamation with Europeans, but that is a process which is not only brought about without suffering, but is productive of the happiest consequences. We have examined some of the portraits of chiefs sent home by Mr. Heaphy, the draftsman of the company, and, excepting always the tattooing, there is nothing to indicate the savage. Dignity, intelligence, and even mildness of temper, are conspicuous in some of them; and nearly all, but especially the chief Hiko, exhibit precisely that kind of manly beauty which women love to look on.

The proceedings for the colonization of New Zealand have produced great excitement in Sydney, and indeed in all the Australian colonies. Emigration is taking place from all of them; and one ship alone took above one hundred and fifty passengers to the Bay of Islands. The British population of New Zealand at this moment cannot be far short of four thousand, and possibly may nearly reach five thousand.

Capital, too, is flowing thither, to an extent to excite the jealousy and alarm of the old colonists. Besides a branch of the Union Bank of Australia at Wellington, Port Nicholson, a bank has been subscribed for at the Bay of Islands. Three thousand shares were subscribed for in three days at the Bay, and the two thousand shares reserved for Sydney were taken in one day. Barristers in good practice have left Sydney for the new field. Stock-keepers are transporting their whole stock thither. A newspaper, the *New Zealand Gazette*, is to appear in Wellington, Port Nicholson; another is about to be transferred from Sydney to the Bay of Islands; and the *New Zealand Journal*, published in London, represents the interests of the colonists here. The establishment of this last paper in February last, is in itself a remarkable feature in the history of New Zealand colonization, for the existence of a paper of the kind is evidence of a "special public," as it has been called, of no inconsiderable extent. The fourteenth number of this paper, published on the 1st of August, is filled with extracts from the Australian papers, showing the great interest which New Zealand is exciting there. In short, a great current of all the material elements of civilization is setting from Australia generally to New Zealand, which must contribute to the advantage of all, and especially to that of the mother-country.

We regret that a warning from the publisher prevents our making extracts from Colonel Wakefield's important dispatches. The works, however, which we have placed at the head of this article, will enable our readers, who wish for more specific information, to possess themselves of it. To those who desire to continue informed respecting the progress of what must eventually become the Great Britain of the southern hemisphere, the *New Zealand Journal*, published once a fortnight, places the means of so doing within their reach.

ART. VIII.—1. *The Stage, both before and behind the Curtain; from Observations taken on the spot.* By Alfred Bunn, late Lessee of the Theatres Royal, Drury Lane and Covent Garden. In 3 vols. London: 1840.

2. *Glencoe; or, the Fate of the Macdonalds. A Tragedy, in five acts.* By T. N. Talfourd. London: 1840.

3. *The Roman Brother. A Tragedy.* By John A. Heraud, author of *The Judgment before the Flood, The Descent into Hell, The Pleasures of Genius,* &c. &c. London: 1840.

MR. BUNN does undoubtedly open a picture of life behind the stage curtain, for which few of those who occasionally sit before it, will perhaps find themselves wholly prepared. It is not our province to justify, or even to excuse, on his part, many of the disclosures which he has thought fit to make. He has—often upon slight grounds, often upon no pretext which rightly-constituted minds would deem at all admissible—violated every rule of confidential correspondence. In his capacity of lessee and manager of one, and for a while of both, of the national theatres, he has had, of course, frequent communication with actors, dramatic authors, and artists of various classes. Several of these individuals will most probably (and with good reason) complain of the unceremonious manner in which he has, in his present work, dealt with their applications to him on matters which they expected he would keep secret from the prying eye of the world. With these affairs, however, we have nothing to do. Our business is to contemplate the spectacle which he has presented to us, and a very curious one it is in many points of view.

The actor is here no longer an actor. The painted eyebrow, the rubied cheek and lip, the figure, fabricated with all the *modiste's* refined skill, are stript of their artificial beauties, and paraded before us in their least attractive undress. Mr. Bunn, holding in his hand his exhibition pole, shows them up without any remorse—nay, too frequently with a vindictive severity which deserves animadversion. We are no great admirers of Mr. Macready—we have never idolized Mr. Charles Kemble. Both these performers have often received from the "dramatic critics" eulogies to which no man of pure taste can, in our opinion, ever subscribe. Whatever the characters in which those performers appear, it is always Macready—always Kemble. In one part alone, to our judgment, has Macready been accustomed to lose his personality—that of *Rob Roy.* Yet it is the very part which he most dislikes, and which he

has more than once stipulated not to play. Charles Kemble thinks there is not, and never was, a *Hamlet* except that which he was wont to pourtray; and yet it is, perhaps, of all others, the part in which he has made the least impression upon his audience, and which he has played many a night to empty benches. Nevertheless, although we agree with Mr. Bunn for the most part in his estimate of the pretensions which these gentlemen have put forward as the would-be "stars" of their time, still we must think that his efforts to extinguish them altogether are less likely to injure their reputation than his own.

So also, with reference to Sir Edward Bulwer and Mr. Talfourd. The former, it is well known, has given the world to understand that he has "presented" dramatic compositions to the theatres without any desire to receive for them pecuniary remuneration, and solely with a view to save the age which has had the honour to produce him, from the stain of its hitherto having had no Shakspeare. The labourer need never blush to demand his reward, and it was a silly ambition, in a literary man especially, to boast that he repudiated the idea of gain by his exertions for the stage. Mr. Bunn has taken good care that Sir Edward's mask should be removed. He has displayed the vanity of the modern "Shakspeare," as Lady Blessington's coterie have denominated the author of "Richelieu," in the most unqualified style. Sir Edward writes a play—sends an agent to ask Mr. Bunn how much he will give for a drama by a first-rate author,—Mr. Bunn not to see the manuscript before-hand—to pay down the money at once, simply on the ground that it is Sir Edward Bulwer's production, that name alone being quite a sufficient guarantee for its success, but with a saving clause, that should by any mischance (though such a thing was almost impossible) the play not succeed in representation, the money was to be returned! Mr. Bunn gave a flat negative. Ye gods! Here is a state secret, a negotiation of the most confidential description carried on with the dramatic autocrat of the day, disclosed in the face of the world without the slightest apology! By right it ought not to have come out for at least a hundred years. But Mr. Bunn is no respecter of proprieties. To his shame it must be said that he would not wed the *Duchesse de la Valiere* by proxy, and that to the *Lady of Lyons*, he infinitely preferred the lions of Van Amburgh.

Our learned friend Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, comes out of Mr. Bunn's ordeal with dramatic honours almost as much faded

as the tinsel turban in which we have seen Maudane more than once enacted. In the preface to his *Ion*,—at least in one of his prefaces to that tragedy, originally printed only for "private circulation," intended never to be produced on the stage—the serjeant vowed that the said drama was composed by him in the leisure hours of his travels upon circuit, and that whereas it would not remain in his head mixed up with *Nisi prius* cases, he was under the necessity of having resort to the printer in order to get rid of it. Somehow or other *Ion* escaped into Macready's hands, and, the serjeant *nolente volente*, Macready presented it to the play-going portion of our population, who applauded it with so much vigour, that the grave lawyer became amazed at his own success. Since then the muse claims all his vacations as her own. One of the best portraits we have of Garrick is said to be that in which he appears pulled on one side by Tragedy, on the other by Comedy. The genii of Melodrama and of the Common Pleas endeavouring to seduce Mr. Talfourd to their respective dominions, would form a fitting frontispiece for a new edition of *Glencoe*, if we are to believe all that is said of him by Mr. Bunn.

Amidst many truths which the ex-emperor of Covent Garden and Drury Lane should perhaps not have told, he has however mingled not a few which, as affecting the destinies of the stage itself, are of importance to the writer who is disposed to treat that subject in a philosophic point of view. It is a question not yet fully discussed, to what kind of age in the progress of man's transition from mere barbarism to all the refinement of which his intellect is susceptible in this life, the greatest quantum of histrionic enjoyment may be said to belong. The cart of Thespis had its day, which often "drew," as Mr. Bunn would say, when Æschylus did not. Even in the time in which we live (we blush to relate it), we have witnessed more genuine bursts of laughter at the street performance of Punch and Judy, than at the representation of some modern comedies, which, to use the language of the playbills, were "to be repeated every evening in consequence of the transcendently triumphant acclamations with which they had been hailed." It is very certain that plays which rivet the enthusiastic attention of French and German audiences from the first scene to the last, would infallibly send John Bull to sleep before the commencement of the third act; and before the fifth could be begun, would be completely "off-off-offed" to the tomb of all the Capulets.

Even Shakspeare no longer attracts money to the treasury of our theatres. This is a fact which both Mr. Bunn and Mr. Macready have proved, to their cost, to be indisputable. It is true that Macbeth, Othello, Lear and Hamlet, may for a season produce good houses when played by a new performer, who, like Charles Kean for instance, puts on a tone of earnestness, and displays characteristics of superior talent. But the crowds which the novelty of the debutant assembles soon grow thin—the charm passes away, and even a trip to America has lost its effect in freshening up the withered laurels of the most successful modern aspirants to the vacant throne of the drama.

In a psychological sense the mind of England has undoubtedly lost completely its relish for the stage. This result may be accounted for upon various grounds. Some of these are apparent to the most superficial enquiry. Two great sources of excitement predominate—politics and money. The House of Commons, the Stock Exchange and Lloyd's, never fail to command the attention of those classes of men amongst us, who in other countries are the principal supporters of the drama. It is a well ascertained fact, that whenever a session occurs of more than ordinary agitation at Westminster, the theatres of London are literally abandoned, while those of Paris overflow whenever an *émeute*, or even a "revolution" is impending or in progress. This fact may stand in place of a dissertation. What cares an underwriter at Lloyd's, for a mimic storm at Drury Lane, whose fortunes depend on the caprice of real tempests at sea? And the speculator deeply embarked in "Spanish" or the Consols, what cares he for all the Shylocks that ever trod the stage? We would at any time back the execution of a Courvoisier for an assemblage of the proudest nobles and ladies of the land, and gentry and mobility of every degree, against the tortures of Pierre, or the agonies even of the most beautiful Juliet that ever died upon the boards of Covent Garden.

Then our dinner hours, our cold evening air at (we may say) all seasons of the year, our comfortable houses, our domestic habits, our well educated children, books, music, dinner parties, which, though dull, cannot be avoided, our dancing meetings which are essential to the hopes of mothers and unmarried daughters, our numerous families so entirely devoted to what are called "serious" occupations,—these and many other causes, added to the dearth of histrionic genius, and the utter worthlessness of all modern dramatic compositions,—one

or two of those of Mr. Knowles perhaps excepted,—have combined, together with the vastness of our national theatres, in which few can hear what is said upon the stage without ear trumpets, to ruin the adventurers who attempt to force dramatic entertainments down the thorax of John Bull.

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

"Take care of what you are about," said Mr. Bunn (as he was one fine morning on his way to the city), to a friend of his who was supposed to be engaged in negotiating for a lease of one of the great theatres,—"Take care of what you are about, or you will soon go to the place for which I am now bound." "What place is that?" "The Bankruptcy Court."

Perhaps another decisive reason for our general desertion of the houses of dramatic exhibition is, the very general taste that has within the last ten or fifteen years especially grown up amongst us for music of a superior character. Besides the Italian Opera, which has received the support of the most brilliant performers in Europe, the German Opera has found in this country, and we may add, very deservedly, many admirers. There is scarcely a morning or evening of the week on which there are not concerts during the fashionable season in London, and they are in general extremely well attended. During the autumn we hear of musical festivals in succession in most of the principal towns, which our new facilities for loco-motion allow to be sustained by the most celebrated singers. Go to one of these assemblages, and in the evening of the same day enter the local play house, and the miserable shew of empty boxes proves that the national taste for the drama may be said to have completely passed away.

The enormous salaries now given to musical artists of the first-class, shew beyond all doubt the decadence of every other source of attraction to our theatres; and yet it is in the midst of their rivalries in this respect, that dramatic performers, who believe themselves to be indispensible to the stage, have set up pretensions to reward upon a similarly extravagant scale. When the talent of Kean first (1814) made itself conspicuous, he was contented to enter into an agreement for three years, at £8, £9, and £10 per week. The committee of Drury-Lane finding that the nights of his performance brought to their treasury sums seldom much under £500 per night, very handsomely cancelled that contract, and gave him £20 per week. On the termination of his engagement he stipulated for, and received down to the close of his career, no less a sum than £50 per night, and this too during a considerable period when

his genius having fallen into decay, and his character having been blighted by vices too gross for description in these pages, the theatre which he had once adorned by his unrivalled abilities was, to the honour of the public taste and feeling be it said, utterly abandoned. The fatal trial of Cox *v.* Kean completely ruined him in public estimation. He felt this blow deeply at his heart. The following note which he addressed to a very worthy man, his secretary, from his cottage in the Isle of Bute, where the reckless companion of his guilt resided with him, is too remarkable to be passed over. That depraved woman had used Phillips with so much indignity that he was obliged to quit the cottage. From a neighbouring inn, while waiting for a coach, he wrote a letter to the tragedian, detailing what had occurred, to which the miserable slave of crime made this most affecting reply:—

"Dear Phillips,

"I am shocked, but not surprised. In error I was born, in error I have lived, in error I shall die. That a gentleman should be insulted under my roof creates a blush I shall carry with me to my grave; and that you are so in every sense of the word, is unquestionable; from education, habits, and manners. It is too true that I have fostered a worm until it has become a viper. But my guilt is on my head. Farewell! Yours,

ED. KEAN."

The statistics of salaries given to theatrical performers from time to time are curious:—

"In the season of 1821-22, Mr. Charles Young had a *weekly* salary of 20*l.* at Covent Garden Theatre, and in the following year he had a *nightly* one of the same amount at Drury Lane; a scale of remuneration according to which he was paid, until his retirement from the stage. In the very height of their popularity, such actors as Munden, Fawcett, Quick, Edwin, Irish Johnstone, &c., had 14*l.* a week; Lewis, as actor and manager, 20*l.* per week, and in January 1812, Matthews, *the* Matthews, the most extraordinary actor that ever lived, says, in a letter to Mrs. Matthews on the subject of a proposed engagement at Covent Garden Theatre. 'Now to my offer, which I think STUPENDOUS AND MAGNIFICENT,—17*l.* per week.' John Kemble, for acting and managing, had a weekly salary of 36*l.*; Miss O'Neil's salary, at the beginning of her brilliant career, was 15*l.* and never exceeded 25*l.* per week; George Cooke (greatly attractive) had 20*l.* per week; Mrs. Jordan's salary, in the zenith of her popularity, was 31*l.* 10*s.* per week; Mr. Charles Kemble, until he became his own manager, never had more than 20*l.* per week; Dowton had 12*l.*, and never more than 20*l.* per week. Up to 1822, (and during the greater part of her career to that period she was highly attractive), Miss Stevens (the present Dowager-Countess of

Essex) had 20*l.* per week; but in the following season at Drury Lane, she was paid at the rate of 60*l.* per week. In 1822, Mr. Macready had 20*l.* per week; and in 1832, and up to 1837, (barring an interregnum alluded to in a preceding chapter), he had 30*l.* per week, and in 1839 he had the modesty to demand, and to receive 25*l. per* NIGHT. In 1832, Mr. Power had 20*l.* per week; he is now, and for some time past has been, in the receipt of 120*l.* per week. In 1822, Mr. Farren had 16*l.* per week; in 1832, 30*l.* per week, and at present receives 40*l.* per week. In 1822, Mr. Liston had 17*l.* per week; he then sprung up to 50*l.* and 60*l.* per week, and finally had 20*l.* per night. Miss Ellen Tree, when engaged with me to play at both theatres, and eventually only at one, had 15*l.* per week; she went to America, stayed there two seasons, and returned to stipulate for, and to receive, 25*l.* per night."—vol. i. pp. 62-65.

These latter are undoubtedly extravagant salaries. It seems impossible that any theatre, which is not filled to overflow night after night, could pay them, without imposing upon itself the most imminent danger of soon becoming bankrupt. There is no doubt that this large diversion of the funds from the remuneration of managers and authors to the pay of actors, must have had a serious effect upon dramatic writing in this country. Mr. Bunn's details upon this subject have exposed some of the causes of the falling off in these latter years, so conspicuous in our theatrical literature:—

"Within the last fifty years, and until within the last twenty, these gentlemen were enabled to obtain a comfortable living, and by virtue thereof contributed to the amusement of the public, the benefit of the performers and manager, and the general advancement of the drama. The late George Colman received 1,000*l.* for the comedy of *John Bull*, which averaged a receipt of 470*l.* a night for forty-seven nights, and realized a profit of 10,000*l.*; Mr. Morton received 1,000*l.* for *Town and Country;* Mrs. Inchbald received 800*l.* for *Wives as they Were;* Mr. Reynolds received for the *Blind Bargain* and *Out of Place*, in the same season, 1,000*l.*—(N.B. This last named author, from commencing early, has, during his successful career, made by dramatic literature the unprecedented amount of 21,000*l.*); and sums comparatively equal, have been repeatedly realised by others. Inasmuch as the authors are the very keystone of the building, so ought they to be proportionably remunerated; but the case is quite different. There is in this vast metropolis but a certain portion, and that a very small one, of theatrical money—money that finds its way from the pocket of the patron into that of the playhouse; and unless that portion be equitably distributed, in the absence of all assistance from government, the principal theatres must go to ruin.

"It is pretty evident that NOVELTY (the sole support of the stage), unless it makes its appearance in some new performer, which is rarely the case, can only be hoped for in an author; and although it is equally

evident that the said 'novelty' must be purveyed by the said performer, the obligations are so mutual as to put to the blush the present disgraceful disparity of payment between the one and the other. To this shameful disparity may be attributed in a great degree the falling off in our dramatic literature; for, as our original dramatists can, for the most part, obtain a much greater remuneration by composition for periodical publications, than they can upon the scene of their *quondam* glory, so the managers, from the impossibility of paying actor and author on the same scale, are compelled to apply to translators and adapters, and support their own upon the resources of a foreign stage.

"With the exception, perhaps, of that excellent man and eminent dramatist, Knowles, who can never be paid too much for his works, the principal theatres can no longer hold out sufficient inducement to scholars and men of genius to enter their arena, hemmed in, as they would be sure to find themselves, between the dictation of the performers on the one side, and their salaries on the other—the former humiliating to the author's pride, and the latter emptying his pocket."—vol. i. pp. 69-71.

Another great drawback upon the prosperity of our national theatres, is the modern system of giving "orders," which has grown to be one of the most inevitable obstacles in the way of their profitable administration. There are so many to whom, from one cause or another, free admissions must be conceded, that an apparently full house very often produces a wonderfully disproportionate return in money. Performers always stipulate for a certain number. The quantity bestowed upon the press, in return for flattering criticisms, or for a reduced price of advertisements, is also very great. Should a head-strong manager refuse orders to some of the "press" gentry, he must make up his mind to have his best exertions for the amusement of the public assailed week after week, with untiring animosity. Mr. Bunn states that, during one short season alone, from the 17th of May to the 12th of July, 1824, Mr. Robertson, then treasurer to Messrs. C. Kemble, Willett, and Forbes, wrote no fewer than 11,003 orders, chiefly for admission to the boxes, which, calculated at the rate of 7s. each, amounts to the sum of £3,851. 1s. It is stated that these orders were issued principally with the view of supporting Mr. C. Kemble in the course of ambition by which he was at that time actuated, to obtain the highest degree of celebrity for his position in the dramatic world. No doubt this was one cause of the extraordinary number of gratuitous admissions then lavished upon the town. But there are those who can tell of other causes for this prodigality, of a much more questionable character. To attract young men to the theatre, it became necessary to crowd the saloons with women, whose

characters it is not expedient to describe. It is well known that this *policy* (though we will not say that it was known to Mr. Charles Kemble) had its defenders at Covent Garden theatre.

Indeed, in running over the direct causes for the decline of the habit of play-going in this country, we should not fail to enumerate the unblushing display of vice made in the upper boxes and saloons night after night. We know not whether this most infamous source of allurement has been latterly corrected to any material extent; but the period is certainly not remote, when it was impossible for a respectable family to attend any of the theatres in a quiet comfortable manner, without being exposed to intrusions of the most indecent description. Language and conduct of a kind fit only for the most abandoned circles of existence, were to be heard and witnessed, frequently even in what are called the dress-circles. No wonder that, all these causes combining to the destruction of the national theatres, these establishments have now become ruinous to every man who ventures to speculate upon them as a mode of making money.

The following results of order-giving are very ludicrous:—

"In further evidence of the dangerous tendency of such practice, it very frequently happens that the parties to whom you give orders, particularly if they happen to be performers, congratulate their manager on there being a fine house, at the very time a little reflection would convince them that the appearance such house assumed was created by the free admissions which they and others had received. Give an author a number of orders for the support of his play, and from the vociferation of his friends, by virtue of such orders, he not only dates its complete success, but maintains that it has been productive to the treasury—at least, FROM THE APPEARANCE OF THE HOUSE. Give an actor orders, and if hissed by every other person in the theatre, save those to whom he entrusted them, he will stoutly argue he was applauded throughout the evening. Give them to a tradesman, and, seeing a full house, without reflecting that half of its audience paid the same admission money by which he got in himself, he will call the next day for his "little bill," because there was so numerous an audience the night before. I once gave admissions to a gentleman for himself and family; and having some legal business to transact for me, he came behind the scenes for a few minutes between the play and farce, to speak to me, and then returned to his party. When his bill of costs was, sometime after, sent in, one of the items ran thus:—'To attending you in your room at the theatre, 6*s.* 8*d.*' (the night he and his household entered free); but then, as Doctor Johnson said, in reply to an inquiry as to who such a gentleman was, 'I am afraid he is an ATTORNEY!'

"It is an impression with many, that a given quantity of orders

brings along with it a given quantity of money. I doubt it; and it is impossible, I should say, that it can ever bring the quantity it keeps away; for out of the 3851*l.* worth of admissions gratuitously distributed, according to the foregoing declaration, at least one half of the amount might have found its way into the treasury of the theatre. Then the trouble entailed upon a theatre by these courtesies is beyond belief. Those who apply for them, seldom do so unless the entertainments to be seen are attractive; and though at the moment such applications are made you happen to be very much occupied on matters calculated to aid the exchequer, if you do not instantly attend to matters that cannot aid it at all, you are set down for an ill-bred upstart, in every respect unfit for your situation. Taken altogether, the ORDER SYSTEM is one of the most thankless, troublesome, and injurious of the many duties devolving on the manager of a theatre."—Vol. i. pp. 84-6.

Among the many expedients which have been attempted with a view to attract the public to the national theatres, was the lowering of the prices of admission, from seven shillings to four shillings for the boxes, and so in proportion for the other parts of the house. The prices of admission to our principal theatres are nearly double those which the play-goers pay in any other country, and it was therefore, not perhaps unreasonably supposed, that if the doors were thrown open upon more economical terms, the taste for theatricals might be revived to the extent which prevailed in the days of Garrick and Cooke, and Siddons. In his evidence before the parliamentary committee upon the state of the drama, Charles Kemble being asked whether, in his opinion, a reduction in the prices of admission would be likely to improve the fortunes of the theares? his answer was, that in his opinion such an alteration would not have any such effect, that in the long run it would not bring one additional person to the attendants in the boxes. Mr. Charles Kemble was, nevertheless, the first who resolved upon trying this experiment, in contradiction to his strong impressions on the subject, and the result was a total failure.

The fact is, John Bull is not an advocate for cheap amusements. It is a part of his pride to pay liberally for his enjoyments, for there is, as every body is well aware, a strong aristocracy of the purse, which has its own well-marked circles in our society. In all the externals of equipage and dress, they like to vie with the circles of birth and station above them. But they have an absolute horror of being seen in the same seat with their own shopmen, or with the order of mere "pretty well to do people," from which they have themselves only recently emerged. Tell them that instead of seven shil-

lings, they will only have to pay five shillings for a place in the boxes of a theatre, and they will immediately calculate that the amusement thus cheapened is no longer worth going to see.

Mr. Bunn has thought fit to bestow many of the pages of his desultory and often amusing pages on the eccentricities of the late unfortunate Malibran. He has published several of her whimsical letters, addressed to him on various occasions. These productions unhappily shew the "spoiled child" of nature in every respect, and betray the almost inevitable perils to which a female of brilliant talent is exposed upon the stage.

It is, however, no part of our province to assume the chair of the moralist, when dealing with works such as those now before us. We must take the world as we find it, leaving the correction of evil to those who can choose their time and their place for such high duty, and deriving from the fleeting literature of the hour, such amusement as it is capable of yielding. To mark, as we go along, the dangers that await the young and careless, may be of use, even though we glance at them in a very cursory manner. There is perhaps no gift of genius more liable to lead to destruction, than those connected with the vocal powers. The admiration which they are so certain to call forth, the thousand flatteries which they heap upon the young aspirant to fame, the charm which they really possess, and the slender guard which protects the innocence of females constantly exposed to the public eye, undoubtedly render all such endowments exceedingly precarious in their consequences. There has been scarcely any eminent female singer of our time, or we might add, perhaps, of any other, who can be said to have passed uninjured through the ordeal of public admiration.

Amongst Malibran's odd tastes, was a most ungovernable fondness for porter! Mr. Bunn thus discloses her frailty in this respect.

"If to have been the humble medium of introducing to the public an entertainment of so delightful a nature, of bringing before them, in all the splendour of her unrivalled powers, such an extraordinary creature as this artiste, be the proudest and the brightest recollection of far departed years of memory, during a long theatrical career, the knowledge that the *Maid of Artois* was the *first* and unhappily the *last* original character portrayed by the enchantress on this stage, and the last character she performed on any stage, presents a sorrowful

contrast. Every cord of the heart vibrates, by any recurrence to the slightest associations of this charming actress, with the character in which she so fascinated her beholders.

It may be, therefore, an acceptable diversion from the painful details which we shall have to enter upon, to record a humorous incident which led to the thrilling, the more than brilliant, the not-to-be-forgotten execution, by Madame Malibran, of the finale to this opera. I had occasion during this last rehearsal but one, to express myself in strong terms at her leaving the stage for more than an hour and a half, to go and gain £25 at a morning concert. Neither the concerted pieces of music, nor the situations of the drama in which she was involved, could possibly be proceeded with, and the great stake we were then contending for, was likely to be placed in jeopardy by an unworthy grasp at a few pounds, to the prejudice of a theatre paying her nightly five times as much. She knew she had done wrong, and she atoned for it by her genius, while her pride would not have permitted her to do so. She had borne along the two first acts on the first night of performance in such a flood of triumph, that she was bent, by some almost superhuman effort, to continue its glory to the final fall of the curtain. I went into her dressing-room previous to the commencement of the third act, to ask how she felt, and she replied, 'Very tired, but,' (and here her eye of fire suddenly lighted up,) 'you angry devil, if you will contrive to get me a pint of porter in the desert scene, you shall have an encore to your finale.' Had I been dealing with any other performer, I should perhaps have hesitated in complying with a request, that might have been dangerous in its application at the moment; but to check *her* powers was to annihilate them. I therefore arranged, that behind the pile of drifted sand, on which she falls in a state of exhaustion, towards the close of the desert scene, a small aperture should be made in the stage; and it is a fact, that from underneath the stage, through that aperture, a pewter pint of porter was conveyed to the parched lips of this rare child of song, which so revived her, after the terrible exertion the scene led to, that she electrified the audience, and had strength to repeat the charm, with the finale to the *Maid of Artois*. The novelty of the circumstance so tickled her fancy, and the draught itself was so extremely refreshing, that it was arranged, during the subsequent run of the opera, for the negro slave at the head of the governor's procession, to have in the gourd suspended to his neck, the same quantity of the same beverage, to be applied to her lips, on his first beholding the apparently dying *Isoline*.—vol. ii. pp. 67-70.

We can very well understand that the difficulties of a manager in dealing with authors, are often of a very unwelcome character. The number of tragedies, comedies, farces, and all sorts of dramatic entertainments sent to him for inspection in the course of a year, is truly surprising, considering the few

of the whole which eventually turn out to be capable of representation. Only think of one play alone covering a space of six hundred pages, one of the principal incidents in which, is a sort of love scene between Diana and the Man in the Moon! While upon this subject we cannot refrain from giving a list of various dramatic productions which were passed in review by Morton, the late play-reader to Drury-lane:—

"*Paired off.*—The plan, characters, and dialogue of this piece, are by no means objectionable, but I fear it is not up to the mark, for the breadth necessary for a one-act piece. The part intended for Mrs. Glover is tame, and what she *could* or *would* do nothing with.

"*Nicolas Pedrossa.*—Sad stuff, to be returned.

"*The Adventurers.*—Not worth adventuring, sure to be damned.

"*Saucy Alceste.*—This piece must belong to my worthy friend *Thompson.* I have unhappily wrecked so many of his pieces, that my spirit is grieved when I am compelled to say, I do not think this up to the mark. Do a good-natured action, by doing an ill-natured one; take the burthen of refusal on your own sufficient shoulders, for poor as I am, I would give five guineas, if I could honestly say the *Saucy Alceste* would be wafted into Port Drury, by the *aura popularis* of public favour.

"*Perversion.*—Cannot be acted.

"*Theory and Practice.*—The subject of this play is paper-money, but the author's MSS. can never be changed into cash.

"*The Chimney-piece.*—Is a fair farce, and smartly written; the only danger in the piece is, the FAR TOO FREQUENT mention of Mrs. Horn. A certain author says, 'push the duke as far as he'll go;' Mrs. Horn is pushed too far, and verifies Sheridan's words, 'when these fellows get hold of a good thing, they never know when they've enough of it.' I have pencilled at the end a finishing speech, which, if the author pleases, is at his service. (N.B. This was by Rodwell, and was played with much success.—A.B.)

"*The Way to get Mad.*—May be returned to Mr. Heaven-knows-who, for I can't even make out the author's name, but his address is ——.

"*Woman.*—An elegant bit of French comedy, the intrigue clever, the dialogue smart and nimble. In the hands of Gautier, Lafont, and Leontine Fay, it could not fail of being effective—but, (d—n it, there's always a 'but') Sir Harry Hauton would be far too gay for Farren, and Cooper could not be feathery enough for *Sir George*, nor would the blandishments of *Lady Emily* be ably sustained by Miss Phillips. Its merit (could it be well played,) I think, entitles it to a hearing; but whether that hearing would reward the theatre, you as a manager must determine.

"*Everybody's Relation.*—I cannot be in love with the piece, whatever I might be with the lady-writer.

"*Whitefeet.*—This piece is quite unfitted for representation.

"*Oratory Tablet.*—This I had read, but the contents had escaped my recollection,—a bad sign. It is another sad instance of the misapplication of powers to an ungrateful subject. In my opinion its acceptance could answer no good purpose to either manager or author.

"*The Iron Shroud.*—Avoid it.

"*Radulph.*—An old acquaintance, but he does not improve upon it.

"*Panthea.*—Read the last page! (I did so, and found that six people stabbed themselves in less than six minutes, and four of them were eunuchs! A.B.)

"*The Ballot.*—Written by O'Keefe in 1809, when nothing was left of his genius but its irregularities and its vulgarities.

"*The Baron.*—Written by his daughter; contains many snatches of talent, but overlaid by mystery and quantity.

"*Edelbert.*—Respectably written, but of what use to Drury-lane would a *respectable Saxon* TRAGEDY be? Certainly none.

"*The Assassin.*—Is unskilful and unavailable.

"*The Day of Mishaps.*—A farce in one act. Should this piece be started, it could only live by its activity. It is a stage-coach, and though without a drag, it would not be overturned, but I could not warrant it a run,—perhaps *I've lost my place* might be a smarter title to it.

"*Imbio or the Requital.*—Nonsense.

"*The Refusal.*—No better.

"*The Nervous Man.*—A farce re-written, introducing a new first act, with a new character for Power. I think it improved by the alteration; if you think with me, I suppose the Dons Farren and Power must be consulted. (Written by Bernard, and acted with much success. A. B.)

"*Prince of Naples.*—Won't do, any one but you.

"*The Two Catherines.*—The perusal took me more time to understand than half-a-dozen better ones; and after all the riddle was not worth finding out. It cannot be used.

"*Pyramus and Thisbe.*—This I have seen or read somewhere; it is whimsical and fairly farcical, but this *dissection* of the stage I have never seen answer.

"*The Post Obit of Fame.*

"'DEAR BUNN.—This sad evidence of the wreck of genius, made me melancholy; you may say, when the age is in the wit is out. I deny it, and am proving it, by achieving what no existing author dare attempt, namely, a five act comedy.—T. M.'

"*One Fool makes Many.*—The author, I am sorry to say, is one of 'the many.'

"*The Dead Alive.*—Quite hopeless.

"*Murtock, Mc Griffin and O'Dogharty in Spain.*—The merit this piece has, consists in an intimate knowledge of the manners, localities,

and habits of the Spaniards—warlike and domestic—but the essentials of passion and dramatic interest are not in sufficient force. I think the author overrates his Irish hero. He has called on me, telling me Power has reduced the piece from five to two acts, 'at one fell swoop;' it might not be condemned, but could not be attractive.

"*Matilda de Shabran.*—If an opinion (supported by experience) be true, viz. that no music will succeed, unless bottomed by a good drama, then this piece is hopeless:—next, in reply to the convertability of the music into *Roxalana*, I should say it could not effectively be done, for the sultan is purely comic. The music of this piece must be, from the nature of this piece, heroic, warlike; for there are dangerous battlements, and the other clamorous accompaniments, which could not fit what is positively comedy. As for *my* piece on the subject, I (as you may guess,) converted the *Comedy* into *Farce*, which removes to a greater distance the character of the two pieces. Mine was all *breadth* and *breeches* for Madame Vestris.

"*Swamp Hall.*—This piece I have either read or seen, as all the circumstances are familiar to me. Won't do at all.

"*The Baby.*—Hasty and trivial; the inviting thing is the title, which I think a good one; but the business is common-place.

"*Podesta.*—This play could not be advantageously acted. The plot is complicated, to an audience inexplicable; it has all the confusion of an Italian feud, but none of the grandeur of a *Fiesco* or a *Foscari*. There is some poetry, some dramatic power, and some dramatic situations, but not enough to balance the defects.

"*By the King's Order.*—A bustling affair, but very dangerous. As when there is *any* hope, however small, I never wish to exclude it, it may be worth while for you to run it over. (N.B. I *did* run it over, and found *none*.—A.B.)

"*Marriage-à-la-Mode.*—As far as embodying the pictures of Hogarth, the piece is well contrived, but the agency of dialogue is very dull, and unrelieved by the least gleam of gaiety. A recollection of the paintings will convince you, that coarseness and the tragic effects of adultery and murder, are dangerous tools to handle dramatically. As a drama, (independently of pictorial reference) it is very humble.

"*Women as they are.*—Are very bad."—vol. iii. pp. 157-62.

We have already alluded to Sir Edward Bulwer's somewhat high-toned pretensions of having one of his dramatic productions not only accepted for representation, but absolutely paid for in advance, before the party who was to make the said advance, could even get a sight of the play, so as to enable him to form the slightest estimate of its value. The demand of Sir Edward can hardly be considered reasonable in any point of view. At the same time we must repeat our opinion, that the publication of the worthy baronet's letter, is far from being

justifiable. We do not imagine that we can incur any blame in transferring the said amusing epistle to these pages, inasmuch as it is now before the world, and our readers may as well have a laugh at it as any others of the tribe denominated, time out of mind, the "gentle." Should they however feel any qualms of conscience upon the subject, all they have to do is to shake their heads, look particularly scrupulous, and pass as speedily as possible over the next page or two, in order to escape the insinuating temptation.

"In the beginning of March, this said year of 1836, Mr. Macready came into my room, and with a self-satisfied smile said, 'What will you give for a first-rate play, by a first-rate man?'

"'A first-rate price,' said I, 'and who's your friend.'

"'I am not at liberty to mention names,' answered he.

"'Then send me the piece, and you shall have my answer in four-and twenty-hours,' said I.

"'I do not think the author will do that,' rejoined he.

"'Pray, have you read it?' inquired Pilgarlick.

"'I have, and think very highly of it,' answered he.

"'Well, doctors, you know, may differ, and I should like to know upon what grounds, I, who have all the risk to run, am to be deprived of the same opportunity of judging accorded to you, who are a comparative cipher in the affair,' said I.

"'Well, well, I understand you are free then to receive the play, and I will therefore see the author, try and get his permission to mention his name, and give you some idea of his terms,' ejaculated Mr. Macready, and out he went.

"The following day brought another interview, at which Mr. Macready conveyed to me the important intelligence that the author was no less a personage than *Edward Lytton Bulwer;* that he required a considerable sum to be paid down on the delivery of the manuscript, and that the communication was to be considered altogether private! I took the liberty of saying, that although Mr. Bulwer might be considered a first-rate novelist, he could not possibly be considered a first-rate dramatist, and that I declined making any such blind bargain. We parted on the understanding that I should write my sentiments on the business part of this interview to Mr. Bulwer, which I instantly did, to which I received the following reply:—

"'Albany, March 7, 1836.

"'SIR—Before I reply to the more business-part of your letter, allow me to set both parties right with regard to a seeming misunderstanding. *I made* no communications. I rather imagine I was the person who *received* them. I had an offer from another theatre. Previous to my decision, I felt obliged (according to an old promise) to show the play to Mr. Macready, and, *in some measure to allow him the first choice!* Mr. Macready professed himself so much pleased with the play, that he wrote me word he would speak to you, concealing my

name. He afterwards called on me, and made certain propositions, which I considered fair and liberal, but which I was obliged to modify in some instances—viz., to limit the copyright to the theatre to three years, and to require a certain portion of the money on giving the MS., though perfectly willing, should the play fail of an adequate run, to return it.

"'With regard to showing the MS. to you, sir, in your capacity of manager, while I allow it quite natural in you to wish *to see the play before you produce it!* yet, having in no instance, since my first publication, allowed the purchaser to inspect any work of mine in MS., having always found such reputation as I may possess a sufficient guarantee for its contents; so, on the other hand, it is natural for me not to depart from a rule, hitherto carefully maintained on one side, and cheerfully complied with on the other. Nor can it be from any want of respect for your judgment, or deficiency in courtesy to yourself, that I am compelled to adhere to this maxim! Had I the pleasure of your personal acquaintance, *and had you not been the manager of the theatre!* I might naturally have wished to benefit from the suggestions of a longer dramatic experience than my own.

"'I fear, as it is, that our difference upon this point will constitute an insuperable objection to arrangements between us, unless any middle course could be suggested, which is only likely to arise from a personal interview on the matter. At present I shall take leave to consider the negociation begun by Mr. Macready at an end; and have the honour to be, sir, "'Your obedient servant,

"'E. L. BULWER.

"'P.S.—When I consented to the request of Mr. Macready to mention to you my name, I did so on the understanding, which, no doubt, he communicated to you, that it was a strictly private and confidential communication.'"

"The one great point of requiring me to buy what the profane call a *pig in a poke*, not being conceded, the matter, after a letter or two more, dropped."—vol. ii. pp. 169-73.

In the course of his amusing volumes, Mr. Bunn endeavours to defend himself against the attacks of those critics who have accused him of doing all he could, during his managerial reign, to ruin the public taste for what is called the "legitimate" drama, and to substitute, for enjoyment supposed to be yielded by that class of our national literature, the grosser entertainments derivable from Van Amburgh's lions, the Bayaderes, and all that apocryphal species of exhibition, described as fitted only for Bartholemew's fair. Our author, in support of his defence, enumerates many "legitimate" tragedies, comedies, operas, and farces, which were performed on the boards under his superintendance. He further appeals to the splendid style of new scenic decorations with which

Mr. Macready produced, at Covent Garden, most of Shakspeare's compositions; and he concludes, from the comparative failures with which their respective exertions for the renewal of a pure taste in the public mind upon this subject, that it would have been a mere waste of money, and an abandonment of every hope of fortune, upon his part, if he were to persevere in offering to the town enjoyments which they had no disposition to appreciate. We confess that we can discover no good answer to the *argumentum ad crumenam*. If the crowd prefer the lions to the Othellos and the Romeos, it is not Mr. Bunn's fault. To do him justice, we really think that he is possessed of a right taste in theatrical matters, and that he had every desire to put the stage upon a high-toned footing, if he could possibly have done so. But the fates were against him. The drama, we suspect, has dropped its yellow leaf in our land—the tree has withered, never again to feel the return of a real spring.

Such tragedies as those already produced by the prolific pen of Mr. Talfourd, and the applauses with which they have been received, instead of encouraging us to expect better days in this respect, on the contrary, extinguish the little sparks of hope which had lingered in our dramatic horizon. His *Ion*, by far the boldest and most energetic exertion of his muse, was noticed by us, on its first appearance, in considerable detail. We imagine we then demonstrated that piece to be one of those examples of vicious writing, replete to the eye of the just critic with every possible fault in attempts at fine poetic composition; and that it was, of itself, a sort of storehouse of conceits and insipidities, for such a critic to draw upon whenever he might have occasion to warn his pupils against the dangers to which an unformed style is exposed. Nor have we since varied in our judgment upon that play, although it is still produced now and then upon the stage, and is spoken of by Mr. Talfourd's admirers as a "master-piece." The jargon of coteries has always been the bane of our current literature; and when we remember that even Haley and Glover had their "day" of renown, we are not to be astonished at anything.

We presume it will be granted that the *Athenian Captive* was an utter failure, and that although *Glencoe* has been saved for a season by some few effective melo-dramatic situations towards the closing scenes, it is, as a composition, literally despicable.

The story of *Glencoe* is so well known, that we need not

fatigue the reader by reminding him of that degrading page in the annals of England. The two first acts are mere talk, partly for the purpose of making up the requisite number of five acts, partly of telling us that *Mac Ian*, the chief of the clan of the Macdonalds of Glencoe, had gone to Fort William to tender his oath of allegiance, for the sake of preserving his kindred from the sentence of destruction that had gone forth against them—his mistake as to the proper authority—and his hastening to Inverary, in order to be within the time for performing the obligation. The scene opens in the hall of the chief, situated in the lower part of the Glen, where we find his two sons, *John* and *Alaster*, sitting "pensively" at a table, a turf fire burning near them—time, midnight—and a storm raging without. *Alaster* would have preferred standing out against the new sovereign. *John* argues in favour of prudence, and takes occasion to give an outline of the character of *Halbert*, the future hero of the tragedy, their cousin, already deeply in love with *Helen Campbell*, the niece of *Captain Robert Campbell*, who was then on his march to the glen, for the purpose of carrying into execution the rigid orders of the court. This is followed by a long narrative of the death-bed scene of *Halbert's* father—a rival chieftain of the clan—the said narrative having nothing whatever to do with the main action of the tragedy, except in so far as it introduces the shadowy form of a witch, who foretells the destruction of the whole clan, unless *Halbert* sacrifices the ambition which he derived from his father, to raise himself to be its leader. He does give up his aspirations, accordingly, and subsides into the condition of a gentle lover of *Helen Campbell*—a passion in which, however, he has a rival in the person of his own brother, *Henry*.

Let us pause here for a moment, and contemplate the points of interest which the author proposes to us during the progress of the piece. Foremost in his view is, as he expresses himself in his preface, the exhibition of "the features of the stupendous glen," especially "the spot where the tower and chapel of Halbert are supposed to be placed; that is beneath the mountain summit called the Pap of Glencoe, towards which a huge gully leads, or seems to lead, from the bed of the river, and where, enclosed amidst the black rocks, in the darkness of which that gully is lost, far above the glen, *may* be the site of such a rude dwelling." Another great point of interest our tragedian imagines also he has found in "the house of Mac Ian, supposed to be, where no doubt it was, in the lower and wider part of the glen, where by the

side of the Cona, the wild myrtle grows in great profusion, about two miles to the south east of Loch Leven." Now how it could have entered into the head of a somewhat practised play-writer, that he ought to place the "chief interest" of his production in the display of any natural *scenery*, however attractive it might be in itself, we are quite at a loss to conjecture. As an auxiliary to the movement of the action, as a fair pretext for the decoration of a drama in performance, —wild passes and gullies, and waterfalls, and projecting masses of mountain, may be serviceable. But to look to these scenic subsidiaries as the principal features of a tragedy, betrays at once the shallow comprehension the author must have of the object which it should be his aim to achieve, viz., the incessant direction of the mind of his audience to a given catastrophe, by means of incidents in a story, which shall lead in due and rapid succession from the first glimpse he gives them of his purpose until the final fall of the curtain. Only think of a tragedy being written in order that the author might prate about a mountain. No wonder that out of it runs the *ridiculus mus!*

It is not merely the mistake that Mr. Talfourd has made in fixing upon his "chief point of interest," of which we complain, but also because his elaborate descriptions of this rocky scenery are in themselves exceedingly tiresome, often in bad taste, and always come flat upon the ear of a spectator who goes to the theatre to see actors engaged in the business and hurry of the stage, not in the office of pointing as it were with wands to pictures, describing natural beauties or sublimities which ought to be left to tell their own tale, and win by their own attraction. For instance, at the first meeting between Halbert and the old chieftain, immediately after the latter had returned from Inverary—where he had taken the oath of allegiance *too late*, when every body in the drama ought to be thinking of the consequences to be apprehended, or hailing the old man on his safe return home from the perils he had encountered on the way, the scene is taken up in an altercation between Halbert and Mac Ian, the real object of the said altercation being to afford the former an opportunity for "lugging in," to use a rough phrase, the following description and simile. Mac Ian charges Halbert with hypocrisy, expressing his suspicion that the latter still retains in his bosom too much of his ancestral pride to yield willing obedience to the now acknowledged ruler of the clan:—

MAC IAN.

"Do you believe that show of meekness cheats
A soldier's eye?—that we esteem your thoughts
Subdued to habits of a herdsman's life,
And all the passion and the pride of youth
In these o'ercome?

HALBERT.

I strive to conquer them,
And not in vain. You think that strange. If day
Illumed the glen, I'd show you, from your door,
A *shapeless rock*, which, thence observed, presents
No mark to give it preference o'er the mass
Of mountain rain;—yet from upward gaze
Of the slow traveller, as he drags his steps
Through yon dark pass, it shuts the *mighty gorge,*
Above with all its buttresses; its lake,
Black with huge shadows; and its jagged heights,
Which tempt the arrowy lightning from its track
To sport with kindred terrors. So by grace
Of Heaven, each common object we regard
With steadiness, can veil the dark abodes
Of terrible Remembrance at whose side
Fierce Passions slumber, and supply to Hope
The place of airiest pinnacles it shades.
Thus, sir, it is with me."—*Scene* i. *p.* 13.

Here then we are told of a shapeless rock which we cannot see; for a very good reason—because the night not having yet passed over, there is as yet no light by which it could be shown. The said shapeless rock is however at no time distinquishable by the traveller below from any other rock; it shuts in a mighty gorge, and a lake, and it has jagged heights which attract the lightnings. Now the said rock, continues Halbert, is like a common object which we regard with steadiness. By the bye we seldom view a *common* object with much steadiness. We are more apt to pass it over with indifference. The said common object can veil the abodes of remembrance; at the side of remembrance passions slumber, and the same common object can moreover do something else, it can supply to *Hope*

"The place of airiest pinnacles it shades.
Thus, sir, it is with me."

Halbert is denying a charge of retaining feelings of vengeance, and yet he confesses that they are only slumbering in his dark bosom. He is accused of a design to overturn the existing chieftaincy, and to substitute for it his own; and in order to repel that accusation, he admits that he does entertain "hope,"

but that it is hope shaded by pinnacles! The simile is most unfortunate, as an answer to the suspicions of Mac Ian; it is moreover confused, and utterly unintelligible, unless by mere guess work; and it is altogether out of place, at a moment when much greater interests were at stake, than the suspected aims of Halbert to the leadership of a clan already doomed to destruction.

Halbert's brother, *Henry*, an officer in the king's service, and accompanying a detachment of the earl of Argyle's regiment, then on its way to Glencoe, is now expected at Halbert's residence, where also are his mother, *Lady Macdonald* and the niece of Captain Campbell, already spoken of as beloved by Halbert, but who herself prefers to him his said brother Henry. This contest between two brothers for the same fair hand, intended by the author to give a sort of episodical relief to his tragedy, is conceived in the most lamentable, most common-place style of stage trickery. It is revolting in the extreme. What can be more shocking under any circumstances than to see two brothers worked up by passion to such a degree of hatred against each other, as absolutely to go out to fight a duel? And yet here we have a scene of this kind. Moreover, the young lady, already engaged by her warmest affections to Henry, and looking forward with ecstacy to his early arrival, is forced ultimately to forego all her cherished hopes, and to surrender her hand to Halbert, in consequence of some half promise, some transitory look, some slight fanciful blush, by which Halbert persuades her she had at some time or another plighted her faith to him! We wonder that the scenes which display all this arrant and disgusting nonsense, did not at once seal the fate of this composition. It is further to be noted, that according to the real history of the Glencoe affair, the said Helen Campbell was actually the wife of Alaster, though she is here represented, merely for the sake of eking out the piece, as unmarried, and a coquette, willing to sing,

"How happy could I be with either!"

We strongly suspect that if Mr. Talfourd were asked to point out the scene which he looked upon as the best throughout his present production, he would appeal to the very scene we most object to, viz. the third in the second act. We freely afford him all the advantages he can derive from it.

"SCENE III. *The Banks of Loch Leven. Enter* HENRY.

HENRY.

First at the place!—The morning's chill;—I wish
The quarrel were with other than the man

I wait for; but of all useless things
Which form the business of the world, regret
Is the most idle. Yet I wish 'twere past.—
He's here.

Enter HALBERT.

HENRY.

I have but little time to spend,
And the air freezes. Let's to work at once.
Select your ground, sir.

HALBERT.

Do you mock me, Henry,
With this vain show of courage?

HENRY.

I came hither
Upon your summons, as I thought, to end
A soldier's quarrel with a soldier's sword;
But if you can restrain the bitter speech
To which I must not listen, I prefer
To take your hand in kindness. As you will.

HALBERT.

Did I not feel that I have words to pierce
Through that cold bravery to the heart within it,
I might relieve you of some frolic blood
Which makes the front of your rebellion proud!

HENRY.

Rebellion!

HALBRET.

Have you not rebelled at once
Against your clan, your country, and the tomb
Of a brave father who embraced in you
The darling of his age? Behold his sword
You now defy,—your plaything while he talk'd
Of noble daring, till you paused in sport
To hear and weep. Its sight should wound you now
More than its edge could. What would be his grief
Could he behold you in that hated dress,
Link'd to the foes of Scotland! O, my brother,
Why did you this?

HENRY.

If you intend to ask
What urged me to take service with Argyle,
I answer you at once.—My eagle spirit,
Which wanted air to soar in; frank disdain
Of dull existence, which had faintly gleam'd,
Like yonder serpent-river, through dark rocks
Which bury it; ambition for a lot
Which places life and death upon a cast,
And makes the loser glorious. Not for me

The sullen pride of mouldering battlements,
Or rites of tottering chapel.

HALBERT.

Is it so?
Is ancient sanctity, which sheds its grace
Upon the infant's sportiveness, and cleaves
To the old warrior when he falls, a thing
To mock at? But I wrong you there: I know
Your heart then spoke not. I could cherish pride
In your gay valour, if a generous cause
Had won its aid;—nay, deeming Scotland lost,
If you had sought your fortune at the court
Of England, I had borne it;—but to join
With these domestic traitors—men who know
The rights they sell; who understand the ties
Which, through the wastes of centuries, cement
Our clans, and give the sacred cord one life
Of reverential love; for whom these hills
On the clear mirror of their childhood cast
Great shadows; who have caught their martial rage
From deeds of Wallace and of Bruce, and learn'd
To temper and enrage it with the sense
Of suffering beauty, which from Mary's fate
Gleams through dim years; and who conspire to crush
These memories in men's souls, and call the void
They make there, *freedom*—is a deed to weep for!

HENRY.

I may not hear the comrades whom I love
Thus slander'd.

HALBERT.

You shall hear me while I speak
Of that which nearly touches you, as one
Of a small—branded—poor—illustrious race;
Who boast no fertile pastures; no broad lake
Studded with island woods, which make the soul
Effeminate with richness, like the scenes
In which the baffled Campbells hide their shame,
And scorn'd their distant foes. Our boasts are few,
Yet great:—a stream which thunders from its throne,
As when its roar was mingled with the voice
Of eldest song, from age to age retain'd
In human hearts;—wild myrtles which preserve
Their hoard of perfume for the dying hour
When rudeness crushes them;—rocks which no flowers
Of earth adorn, but, in themselves austere,
Receive the beautiful direct from heaven,
Which forces them to wear it,—shows their tops
Refined with air; compels their darkest steeps

Reluctant to reflect the noontide sun
In sheeted splendour—wreathes around them clouds
In glorious retinue, which, while they float
Slowly, or rest beneath the sable heights,
In their brief fleecy loveliness grow proud
To wait upon The Lasting.—And the right
To walk this glen with head erect, you sold
For bounties which Argyle could offer!

HENRY.

No—
Not for base lucre!—for a soldier's life,
Whose virtue's careless valour, unperplex'd
With aught beyond the watchword. If your cause
Were vital, I would freely draw my sword
To serve it; but where lives it?

HALBERT.

In the soul
Which, ruffled by no hope to see it tower
Again in this world, cherishes it still
In its own deathless and unsullied home;—
That soul which, swelling from the mould of one
Obscure as I, can grasp the stubborn forms
Of this great vale, and bend them to its use,
Until their stateliest attributes invest
With pillar'd majesty the freeborn thoughts
Which shall survive them. Even these rocks confess
Change and decay; show where the ancient storm
Rent their grey sides, and from their iron hearts,
Unriveted huge masses for its sport,
And left their splinters to attest a power
Greater than they;—but mighty truths like these
On which our slighted cause was based, shall hold
Their seats in the clear spirit which disdains
To sully or resign them, undisturb'd
By change or death:—they are eternal, Henry!

HENRY.

If we were now the lords of this domain
You love so well, I might have own'd a tie
To bind me to your wishes; you resign'd them;
What can these mountains yield to one who owns
Mac Ian as their lord?

HALBERT.

The power to bear
That bitter taunt—which yet I feel!—O Henry!
Was that well said?

HENRY.

You should not have provoked it
By slanders on my officers and friends.

HALBERT.

Your friends! Poor youth! companionship in mirth,
Ungraced by thought, makes shallow friends; and yours
Are worse than shallow—they are false.

HENRY.

Nay, this
I will not bear; draw, sir!

HENRY *draws his sword and rushes on* HALBERT, *who dashes it from his hand.*

HALBERT.

Take up your sword;
See how a bad cause makes a brave arm weak!
Blush not; 'twas but in pastime.

HENRY.

Kill me now,
And walk the hills in pride!

HALBERT.

Too plain I see
Our paths diverge;—but let us not forget
That we have trod life's early way together,
Hand clasp'd in hand. How proud was I to watch
Your youngest darings, when I saw you dive
To the deep bottom of the lake beneath us,
Nor draw one breath till in delight you rose
To laugh above it; when I traced the crags
By which with lightest footstep you approach'd
The eaglet's bed; and when you slipped, yet knew
No paleness, bore you in my trembling arms
To yon dark ridge, from which in the cold thaw
The snow wreath melts, as infancy's pure thoughts
Have vanish'd from your soul.

HENRY.

No—Halbert—no!
Graceless I shook them from it, but they crowd
Here at your voice.

HALBERT.

And you will not forget us?
Go, then, where fortune calls you, loved and praised—
Let not the ribald licence of a camp
Insult the griefs of Scotland. 'Mid the brave
Be bravest; and when honours wait your grasp,
Allow a moment's absence to your heart
While it recals one lonely tower, whose doors
Would open to you were you beggar'd, shamed,
Forsaken;—and beside whose once-loved hearth
Your praises shall awaken joy more fervent
Than nobler friends can guess at. Ah! you weep—
My own true brother still!

HENRY.

I am! I am! [*They embrace.*

Enter HELEN.

Forgive me that I follow'd you. I saw
Both ruffled at your parting; but my fears
Never suggested an event so sad,
As that two brothers, from whose swords alone
We hope protection, should direct their points
Against each other's lives.

HENRY.

You must not leave
This spot with the belief that Halbert shares
The blame of this encounter; mine the fault,
Be mine the shame.

HALBERT.

I will not let you pour
On Helen's ear one word of self-reproach;
You'll not believe him shamed?

HELEN.

Indeed I will not;
I feel that shame and Henry are disjoin'd
As yonder summits. [To HENRY.
I must teach your steps
The pleasant pathways which we used to tread
In old sweet times. [*Takes his hand.*

HALBERT, *(apart).*

It cannot be she means
Other than sisterly regard in this;
'Tis but the frankness of a courteous heart.
No more—no more.

HELEN (*to* HALBERT).

Will you not walk with us?
I have a hand for you too.

HALBERT.

Nothing else?

HELEN.

Yes; and a heart—a grateful one. So solemn!
Nay, you must smile; this is a day of joy,
And shall be cloudless. Hark! the music calls.
[*Martial music at a distance.*

HALBERT.

Those strains again! Forgive me. Let us home.
[*Exeunt.*

That there are some prettinesses in these passages we will not deny. That the whole affair was got up merely to shew off the banks of Loch Leven, Halbert's old chapel, and the mouldering battlements of his castle, Mr. Talfourd cannot but

admit. In order however to be able to deliver himself of some favourite descriptive jingling lines in blank verse, full of serpertine rivers, dark rocks, a ricketty tottering chapel, shadowy hills, thundering streams, wild myrtles, rocks that have no flowers, but nevertheless are beautiful against their own will, most reluctantly reflect the sun (as if they, poor rocks, could help it!) and even sustain (still without their consent) clouds that "grow proud to wait upon the Lasting,"—unrivetted masses, splinters, &c. &c.,—what does our author do? In the first place he (by his legislatorial power we suppose), divorces Helen from her lawful husband without rhyme or reason, makes her a bone of contention between two brothers, makes those two brothers go to sweet Loch Leven's banks to defy each other to mortal combat, reconciles them on the spot (as soon as his poetical vein is exhausted) and then renews the quarrel between them, rendering it more embittered than ever! Is this tragedy?—or melo-drama—or comedy—or farce—or even *farcicula*, as we once saw a little interlude described in a play-bill?

The arrival of the king's troops in Glencoe would seem to be sufficient to engross all thoughts. No such thing. This is precisely the moment when Halbert bethinks himself that he ought to get married. Apprehensive of the impression which Henry, dressed in his gay uniform, cocked hat and feathers, might make upon Helen, he resolves to remind her of her prior obligations to himself, and so he seeks her forthwith, and sounds her feelings on this tender subject, reminding her of the many sweet looks she gave him in their frequent walks and conversations together. She does not deny all this, but says with great naiveté:—

——"but not a word
Of *courtship* passed between us."

This denial is quite enough to let loose upon us another burst of rhodomontade.

"HALBERT.
Not a word.
Words are for lighter loves, that spread their films
Of glossy threads, which while the air 's serene
Hang gracefully, and spangle in the sun
Of fortune, or reflect the fainter beams
Which moonlight fancy sheds; but ours—yes, ours!—
Was woven with the toughest yarn of life,
For it was blended with the noblest things
We lived for; with the majesties of old,
The sable train of mighty griefs o'erarch'd

By Time's deep shadows; with the fate of kings,—
A glorious dynasty—for ever crush'd
With the great sentiments which made them strong
In the affections of mankind;—with grief
For rock-enthroned Scotland; with poor fortune
Shared cheerfully; with high resolves; with thoughts
Of death; and with the hopes that cannot die.

HELEN.

Hold! If you rend oblivion's slender veil
Thus fearfully, and spectres of the past
Glide o'er my startled spirit, it will fail
In reason.

HALBERT.

No;—it shall cast off this cloud,
And retain no impression save of things
Which last for ever;—for to such our love
Has been allied. How often have we stood,
Clasp'd on yon terrace by columnar rocks,
Upon whose jagged orifice the sky
With its few stars seem'd pillar'd, and have felt
Our earthly fortunes, bounded like the gorge
That held us, had an avenue beyond,
Like that we gazed on; and when summer eve
Has tempted us to wander on the bank
Of glory-tinged Loch-Leven, till the sea
Open'd beyond the mountains, and the thoughts
Of limitless expanse were render'd sweet
By crowding memories of delicious hours
Sooth'd by its murmur, we have own'd and bless'd
The Presence of Eternity and Home!

HELEN

What shall I do?

HALBERT.

Hear me while I invoke
The spirit of one moment to attest,
In the great eye of love-approving Heaven,
We are each other's. When a fragile bark
Convey'd our little household to partake
The blessing that yet lingers o'er the shrine
Of desolate Iona, the faint breath
Of evening wafted us through cluster'd piles
Of gently-moulded columns, which the sea—
Softening from tenderest green to foam more white
Than snow-wreaths on a marble ridge—illumed
As 'twould dissolve and win them;—till a cave,
The glorious work of angel architects
Sent on commission to the sacred isle,
From which, as from a fountain, God's own light

Stream'd o'er dark Europe—in its fretted span
Embraced us.—Pedestals of glistening black
Rose, as if waiting for the airy tread
Of some enraptured seraph who might pause
To see blue Ocean through the sculptured ribs
Of the tall arch-way's curve, delight to lend
His vastness to the lovely. We were charm'd,
Not awe-struck;—for the Beautiful was there
Triumphant in its palace. As we gazed
Rapt and enamour'd, our small vessel struck
The cavern's side, and by a shock which seem'd
The last that we should suffer, you were thrown
Upon my neck—You clasp'd me then;—and shared
One thought of love and heaven!

HELEN.

Am I indeed
Faithless, yet knew it not? my soul's perplex'd;—
Distracted. Whither shall it turn?—To you!—
Be *you* its arbiter. Of you I ask,
In your own clear simplicity of heart,
Did you believe me yours?

HALBERT.

Yes; and you are.
With this sweet token I assure you mine,
[*Places a ring on her finger.*
In sight of angels. Bless you!

HELEN.

It is done
I dare not, cannot, tear this ring away."

The beauties of Loch Leven, and the wonders of Iona, are undoubtedly very fit subjects for poetry. There may be minds prone to admire the mode in which those subjects are dealt with in the passages which we have just quoted, and we leave our readers to vote just as they like upon that question It shall be, to use a parliamentary phrase, an "open question" between us. But we think all persons of common-sense and unvitiated taste must agree with us in opinion, that descriptions such as these in a tragedy, which ought ever to be a poem of *action*, are entirely out of place; and being out of place, become a hindrance to the progress of the plot, and a nuisance to the ear of the spectator.

Henry, of course, when he hears of the intended marriage, complains of being jilted. He looks forward with horror to the jibes of his brother officers, and so he has an explanation with the lady, who absolutely has the courage to tell him that Halbert clearly proved to her satisfaction that she had long

loved him. Henry is surprised. She then acknowledges that whatever she had at any time said of love and all that to him (Henry) was mere flirtation, and then she shews the ring.

This long episode having now fully answered its purpose, —the principal features of Glencoe, Loch Leven, and Iona, having been duly described,—the two brothers having completely revolted all natural feelings by their expressed hatred of each other,—the hero, Halbert, having shown how little worthy he was of any body's sympathy,—at last the marriage hour comes, and Halbert, well knowing that Helen, notwithstanding her professions, loved Henry better than him, resigns her at the altar to Henry. Just at the moment the sacred rite is about to commence, the massacre of Glencoe begins. Halbert is shot—Henry runs away—and amidst all sorts of fires red and blue, and dying groans, and shouts, and wailings, the curtain finally drops; and with it, if we be not much mistaken, dies the transitory dramatic fame of Mr. Serjeant Talfourd.

We come now to another aspirant to the vacant tragic crown, in the person of a Mr. John A. Heraud, author of *The Judgment before the Flood; The Descent into Hell; The Pleasures of Genius,* and many *et ceteras.* The Muses forgive us! Though rather attentive to what is usually going on in the literary world, we must acknowledge that of Mr. John A. Heraud, or of the poems here mentioned, we never chanced to hear before. This tragedy, however, if we are to credit the titlepage, appears to have reached a second edition, and his preface does certainly show that he had reason strong

"To shame the rogues and print it."

It was "patronized" by Macready, who strongly recommended it to Mr. Bunn, who "returned" it to the author. When Macready became lessee of Covent Garden, his flattering opinion of the piece was called to his mind; it was replaced in his hands; whence it found its way to Kenney, who pronounced it full of "fine poetry and great eloquence," but he put it to Macready's own judgment, whether "the public had not always shown extreme coldness towards all such subjects." The play was again "returned" to the author. So much for Macready's "patronage."

Mr. Heraud, however, was not so easily to be driven from his purpose. When Madame Vestris became the queen-regent of Covent Garden, he submitted his production to her award; but she "had a strong objection to a Roman!" Our aspirant learned now, for the first time, that there were "three classes of subjects proscribed at Covent Garden—the Roman—those

relating to the Saxon Heptarchy—and the Oriental." No wonder; for subjects less inviting to the dramatic tastes of John Bull could hardly be mentioned. It is a pity that Mr. Heraud had not known this, before he wasted his genius upon *The Roman Brother.* He has secured to himself, however, in his own good opinion of it, a perennial source of consolation, of which we by no means wish to deprive him.

"In publishing this drama," he says, "in the present form, the author feels that he is making a great sacrifice—perhaps both of profit and reputation; but as the press teems just now with dramatic productions, in proof of the eternal truth that dramatic genius never dies, he feels a moral obligation in contributing his stock of evidence to the 'cloud of witnesses,' who have rejoiced in becoming martyrs to the great cause of dramatic reform.

"Of course, after all, the public will decide for themselves on the merits of the present tragedy. The circumstances connected with it, however, indicate strongly enough, that, as above stated, it is not from want of dramatic authors, but, from the paucity or erroneous distribution of efficient actors, that dramatic productions of the first class are not presented. The fault lies with the theatres, whatever the reason for its existence there. If managements have done well in the course they have unfortunately taken—then the public have done ill, in not encouraging them sufficiently. But if aught nobler and newer might have been effected than has been attempted, then the public, with this feeling, have acted judiciously in barely tolerating the obsolete and the meaner kinds of entertainment. Enthusiasm is wanting to *beget* enthusiasm."

A few passages will exemplify the "stuff" of which this composition is made; and when we say "stuff," let us not be misunderstood as using the word in a degrading sense. On the contrary, we gladly acknowledge, that we have found in this production many tokens of a vigorous intellect and no ordinary power of expression. We are no sooner apprised in the opening scene—one conducted in the true fashion of Roman-citizen uproar—of the meditated division of the empire between *Caracalla* and his brother *Geta*, than the former appears muffled on the stage, to disclose the fratricide he had just perpetrated.

"Great night! subvert the censer of the sun,
And empty its cold ashes in the dark!
Like moping, shivering owl, I would be stirring
Alone;—not even a star awake. Night's cressets!
Your everlasting oil should be poured out,
That men might see me not! Blindness, come on
Earth, and, heaven! thee. Die, thou pervasive air!
That no articulation more be heard
Of voice, though strong in anguish of remorse,
Or motion, maddened from its stealthiness!"

The main object of the author in this work, is to exhibit, in the most striking colours he can select, the remorse by which the soul of the emperor is actuated. His lines therefore are often very loud, full of that "great eloquence" of which Mr. Kenney speaks. The assassination which puts an end to the reign of Antoninus, ought according to the usual rule to have terminated the tragedy also. But Mr. Heraud closes his piece with a grand spectacle,—the entrance of Caracalla's successor on the stage, with all the pageantry of a Roman triumph.

The reader may perhaps think that he will have had a sufficient specimen of Mr. Heraud's style in the following scene from the second act. The persons supposed to be on the stage are *Mæsa*, sister of Julia, *Antoninus*, *Macrinus* (Prætor) *Diadumenius* his son, *Julia* (the empress mother), and *Soemias* the daughter of Mæsa.

" *(Shouting heard without.)*

MÆSA.

What shouts are those?
I will inquire—

(Exit Mæsa, then re-enters).

'Tis the Emperor returned
Successful from the Senate.

(Flourish of trumpets—Enter ANTONINUS, MACRINUS, *and* DIADUMENIUS.)

ANTONINUS.

Give them thanks
From me—dismiss them—come back, Diadumenius!
Take them my Caracalla—this same mantle,
I brought with me from Gaul. Give it to them,
To pattern from: for thus I do them honour—
Each one of them shall wear their Emperor's robe;
The Caracalla be the soldier's dress—

(Exit DIADUMENIUS—*shouting heard without*—" The Caracalla! the Caracalla!")

I am glad to be quit on't. I would breathe freely—
Room to expand in—for my heart is swelling!
Dominion! thou art as the crown of life,
Hung in the sky above us, hovering
'Till on some single head it settle down—
My temples greet thee, like a rainbow-wreath
Around them! Sun of glory! who makest golden
The marvelling air with miracle—I feel thee,
I love thee—thou art beautiful and bright,
Like to a planetary coronal
On a tall mountain's top—a lamp—a fire—
That warms me, that illumines. Never yet
I felt me an imperial man till now!

JULIA (*aside*).

Thou comest like a dancer to a revel,
Forgetting thou hast passed thy brother's corse
Upon the way.
(*To him.*) Thou'rt as a wassailer,
Bearing a wine-bowl in thy drunken hand,
Not knowing it holds poison. Dash it from thee!

ANTONINUS.

Hail! my imperial mother! bid me hail!
Thou too art in heroic ecstasy,
And speak'st in tropes! Why, then, we both are mad.
Thy brain as mine is swimming, and whirls on,
As doth a stormy night into the dawn,
Abashed with colours of the coming light!
'Tis from the lack of use that this is strange.
Had I been active from my prime of life,
This whirl had not perplexed me. 'Twill decrease,
As I grow customed to the common lot.
(*Re-enter* DIADUMENIUS, *and whispers* MACRINUS.)
What are ye whispering there?

MACRINUS.

'Tis of Papinian—
My son brings word that the prætorian soldiery,
Hearing of his dismissal, have fallen on him,
As one disgraced, and slain him for a traitor.

ANTONINUS.

Do ye my work for me . . . who dwell behind
The stars . . . whose awful mandates, with the winds,
Ride through the desolate clouds, and, with the thunder,
Strike, like its bolt? Are your dread voices but
The echoes of my will—the loud exponents
Of my unheard desires? Peal on—peal on!
Let the gale burst with sobbing!

JULIA (*kneeling*).

'Tis my heart—
Thy mother's heart is breaking with those sobs—
O, hear him not, yet righteous destinies!
Lest from your outraged thrones ye rain down plague
And pestilence upon the race of men;—
And, in the midst of darkness, making light
Through your dread presence only, walk the world
With a great frown on your divinest brows,
And a discriminant finger, pointing out
Your chosen victims from the shuddering crowd,
As on ye move in slow and solemn state!

ANTONINUS.

What charm art muttering to the *Fates* that love us?
Gods love gods. *They* are gods. Princes are gods—
Imperial names are syllabled divinely,

Or should be—do not err from overmuch
Humility, lest they be jealous, mother!
Of their bestowed companionship on souls
That want due dignity to be their fellows.

JULIA (*rising and approaching him with solemnity*).

Are the gods jealous? 'Tis then of our pride—
And thine is awful now, for there is one
Of them, a solemn anger, whom this vaunt
Must needs offend—a new one, and named Geta!

ANTONINUS (*appalled*).

I thought not to have heard that name again—
And least from thee, where least I can avenge it!

JULIA.

Thy hand upon thy sword hilt? Let it go—
Thus I remove it! Ha! I have thee now!
(*She draws the sword from his side.*)
Thy brother's blood is on this steel! IT LIVES!
A fearful creature this same bloody weapon!
This vampire that sucks blood, and after weeps
Red gore in mockery or in drunkenness—
A crocodile with wet eyes from o'ermurdering,
Shedding tears like-hued with the wine it drinks,
From life's own wine! It is a reeking monster,
That never can be shamed, for all its blushes
Are boastful insolence; when they burn upon it,
Then 'tis with glory gilded! 'Tis a snake,
That winds its way into the valiant heart,
Then comes in triumph out with rosy jaws,
For it has stung and slain! My strained eyes ache
With tracing thy keen edge. Here, Mæsa! take it,
And put it out of sight.

ANTONINUS.

O, bury it!
Heap mountains on it! delve for it a grave,
Deep as the centre! I would break it small,
And scatter it like dust, but that the reptile
Would grow as worms do, and thus multiply—
Let it be crushed with the whole weight of the world,
That it may rise no more! and with it go,
Clean, utterly away, minutest thing,
Each atom, each remotest accident,
That can remember us of him it slew!

JULIA.

That is impossible!

ANTONINUS.

Impossible!
Then even let me therewith be likewise hid,
In the profound, where dreadful chaos is,
With the mysterious elements of nature;

There sleeps the insentient, tranquil; while, unheard,
Confusion rages in the infinite void—
Gape, earth! and swallow all—ourselves and Rome!

SOEMIAS.

O, Antoninus! my own Antoninus!
If the earth gape, we will descend together:
For I have known thy virtue, and will love thee!
Let not great Fear seize on thy valour thus!

ANTONINUS.

Too valiant! Blood is so easily shed—
'Tis but as an air-bubble—prick the vein,
And the small globe wells forth, and then it breaks—
Is gone; . . . dew—dew, which the sun colours like
The coral—but of soft and fragile web,
Which with his kiss he shatters—'Tis exhaled
Even so soon! But we have *no* power—*none*—
That tiny orb—that gem—to reconstruct!
Why was life trusted to such transient keeping?"

Mr. Heraud very ingenuously publishes the following note at the end of his production:—

"A friend has forwarded to me the following concise criticism on the foregoing tragedy;—'Your first act is prosaic; the second, poetic; the third, psychologic; the fourth philosophic; and the fifth, theologic.' With all my heart."

The criticism is not altogether unjust, though quaintly expressed. The pervading faults of the composition, in our judgment, are the multiplicity of commentaries, if we may say so, which Antoninus makes upon his guilt; the refinements to which he has recourse, with a view sometimes to extenuate it in his own eyes; the strong tendency to bombast which always actuates the author's pen, and the many specimens of that unhappy style into which he is betrayed. The introduction of an astrologer to tell us that which needed no prophet, and the sleep-walking scene, are such obvious blemishes, that we are surprised at their having been allowed to stand after a moment's revisal.

Notwithstanding these and several other faults which we might have pointed out in *The Roman Brother*, we must say, in conclusion, that we are much disposed to hope for better things from the pen of Mr. Heraud. His mind is of a bold and tragic cast. There is a manliness and calibre about it which throw the dramatic nurslings of Messrs. Talfourd and Bulwer into the shade. We should strongly recommend him to apply his hand to some theme which is *not* "Roman, Saxon, or Oriental."

ART. IX.—*Parliamentary Speeches.* Session 1840. No. I to VI. London: 1840.

THE late session must have exhibited, even to the most ordinary observer, tokens of approaching changes in these kingdoms, which may fill some minds with alarm, but which, we candidly confess, only present to our eyes omens of the most auspicious nature, both for our religion and our country. Though little has been actually completed in the way of important legislation during that period, considering the great proportion of the year through which it has extended, it has nevertheless done more for unveiling the real condition of all parties in church and state, than any session upon record. Never had ministers so many battles to fight for the preservation of their power; never were the combatants upon the arena of the House of Commons more evenly matched in talent as well as in numbers; never was the war of eloquence more fiercely conducted on both sides of the house. No topic which could afford even the slightest, the most transient advantage to the opposition benches, was allowed to escape them without being turned round in every possible point of view, and magnified into a bugbear. Never were tactics more in requisition on the ministerial side of the Speaker's chair. On more than one occasion the fortune of the field seemed extremely doubtful; and if, at the close of the campaign, the whigs appear to have kept their ground, it must be admitted that they owe much of their success to the indiscretion of their enemies.

All the sound-thinking portion of the public have undoubtedly contemplated many of these party contests with thorough disgust. They say—and say with great truth—that parliament was intended by the constitution as an assembly of discreet men, fitted by station and intelligence to consult and legislate for the welfare of the empire. The mercantile classes, especially, complain that matters of great importance to trade have been either wholly neglected, or indifferently attended to, while the personal interests of rivals for office absorbed the entire attention of the House of Commons. At a period when the fostering care of the government was required to guard against inroads made upon British commerce in many parts of the world—when severe pressure, arising from a great variety of causes, kept down enterprise—when most of the manufactories were unemployed, and trade was literally at a stand-still—they were compelled to witness the spectacle of party warfare waged with unprecedented bitterness, and the great interests of the

nation sacrificed to the trials of strength incessantly going on, with a view simply to decide whether Lord Melbourne or Sir Robert Peel should be First Lord of the Treasury—and this, too, after it had become perfectly apparent that, even if the tories gained possession of the government, they could not keep it for a month.

The effect of all this has been, to lower parliament very much in the eyes of the country. Often have we heard men—men even of strong tory tendencies—express a desire that some Cromwell would go into the lower house, turn out those eternal talkers, lock the door, put the key in his pocket, and keep it there for a year or two, if with no other purpose than to give those excited politicians time to cool their temper, and to recollect that they were made members of parliament for a more valuable object than that of attacking each other night after night, in order to preserve or win official place. The evil of these continued discords has become absolutely intolerable. The mode in which they have been treated, too, by the angry and mortified hooters within, and their no less irritated auxiliaries without, the walls of the house, has been most disgraceful to the country.

The public writers engaged in this wild warfare have acquired habits of exaggeration, which unfit them for discussing any political subject in a simple, candid, rational style. Each takes up and prosecutes his own sectarian views, as if they were founded upon the only basis of wisdom that could ensure the welfare of the empire. The principles of his party, whether in or out of power, are all perfection—those of his adversaries are all pregnant with dangers which must, if carried into effect, bring on instant confusion, and eventually overthrow the whole fabric of society. "Bugbearism," if we may coin such a word, is the cue of all these literary combatants. It is the badge of their tribe. They do not, we would fain hope, often shut their eyes voluntarily to the truth that shines before them; but being habituated to contend within a limited range of ideas—liberal, conservative, radical, ultra-radical, ultra-tory—they see nothing good, or even capable of being made useful, in any aspect of a public question which does not square at all points with their own prejudgment on the subject.

To take for an instance the system of "agitation," which, under the masterly hand of O'Connell, has been worked out into a regular political science, condensing within itself the scattered elements of liberty, and holding at all times prepared for action a power that is certain, sooner or later, to attain any

object not beyond the fair scope of reason and justice. Why, to hear some men, aye, even men in office—men who call themselves whigs, and are by others esteemed worthy of that appellation—to hear these men barely enunciate the word "agitation"—to see the tremor into which it throws their nerves—the quivering lip, the hectic redness of the cheek—one would think that the phrase poisoned in them the source of every deliberate reflection. With these gentry "agitation" is a bugbear: it frightens them as an ugly mask would alarm a child; it scares away the power of examination, and condemns them to a state of existence, *quoad hoc*, little raised above idiotcy.

For many a long year Catholic emancipation was a "bugbear" to millions of minds throughout these kingdoms. There was no peril within, or without, the horizon of human vision, which it would not produce, were it to be conceded by the legislature. It would rob "the Church" of its temporalities. It would subvert the religion "by law established." It would hurl the monarch from the throne, and put the Pope in his place, and fill the land with jesuits, and produce a reign of terror such as had not been witnessed even in the worst times of the French Revolution!

Nor at all less dangerous was "parliamentary reform" during the period when it was yet untried. Here was another "bugbear," cried up by its opponents as the immediate herald of interminable intestine wars, amidst which commerce must fall into ruin, the streets of London be over-run with grass, the mob must rule, every emblem of legitimate authority be flung into the public kennels, or burnt by the hands of the common hangman. Major Cartwright, Hunt, Cobbett, *et hoc genus omne* were no better than fiends; and any plain man who was supposed to be even slightly inoculated with the reform virus, was shunned by all good subjects as if he were infested with the most formidable contagion.

Though experience has proved how ill founded were the apprehensions which all these "bugbears" were made to excite; though "agitation" has been discovered to be a game at which two can play, and that sometimes, with nearly equal advantage on both sides; though "Catholic emancipation" has not yet, after the lapse of eleven years, pushed the monarch from the throne, but, just the contrary, tended most materially to fortify all the constitutional bulwarks of that throne; though parliamentary reform has not yet produced a sanguinary revolution, but on the contrary has, in all probability,

prevented one, nevertheless the old system of "bugbearism" is still resorted to upon every occasion, when it becomes useful to raise a clamour for or against any measure which any party in the state may think fit to suggest or to denounce.

We are not such visionaries as to expect that any country enjoying a free constitution can be governed without a combination of strong minds, bound by some tie to think and act together, with a view to influence the community, and to carry out their own opinions as to what they deem the best schemes for the benefit of the Commonwealth. The absolute will of the sovereign being stripped of all authority in a constitutional order of things, the power to exercise the necessary functions of government must be lodged in the hands of the subject. Such power must be won by the strongest amid the host of aspirants. In the days of the Plantagenets the strongest were those who had the greatest number of armed retainers at their back. In the times in which we live, public opinion is the great weapon of war; and to obtain possession of it, or of something as nearly as possible like it, is the object of those who hold office, as well as of those who seek it. Hence the battles of the "leading articles" in the newspapers—hence their "bugbears" decked out in every shape of monstrosity—hence their unceasing assumptions as facts of the inventions of their own heated brains—hence their false reasonings, their unblushing virulence, their attacks upon each other, conducted in a temper, which, if translated into action, would be in many cases absolutely savage. Hence, moreover, the war of speeches during the recess, at dinners and other descriptions of public assemblies. The cheers of these meetings are taken by the speakers to be the true expression of public opinion; and they go away from them filled with a sense of their own triumphs, which prevents them (if in office), from believing that they can be put out, or (if not in office) animates them with the hope that the approaching session must inevitably witness the downfal of the ministry.

When the session itself comes; when the speech from the throne is delivered and canvassed; when the address, now a mere formality, is voted; all tongues are busy preparing for the first field-day when the opposition party is to make a demonstration of its strength, and to compel that of the ministers to exhibit all its resources in number and talent. Nor is this course objectionable. On the contrary, an absolute monarchy would, in our judgment, be preferable to a government conducted under the control of a parliamentary party

altogether unopposed, or opposed only by a set of men few in numbers, and undistinguished by intellect of a superior order. It is of the very essence of our constitution that the benches of both sides of the House of Commons especially should be strongly occupied, for we are prone to believe—with reference to politics, that true wisdom—the wisdom most capable of being in the long run the most practicable, will very generally be found rather in rules resulting from a just compromise between antagonist ideas, than in the unanimous dictations of any one set of minds whatever.

If we were asked our opinion as to the "ballot," (which in the mouths of the tories is one of the greatest "bugbears" of the present day),—we should answer that in some cases it might be productive of useful effects; in some cases precisely the reverse; and on the whole neither so dangerous nor so very valuable as many people imagine. To declare on one hand that it would sever all the legitimate ties between landlord and tenant, that it would make hypocrites of the electors, and introduce into the character of our countrymen a vein of cunning and deceit which now does not appertain to it, is, in our judgment, rank nonsense. To proclaim, on the other hand, that the "ballot" would secure to every voter the perfect liberty of using his franchise without control or even influence from any other quarter, is, so far as we can see, mere Utopianism. There is no state of things liable to the operation of political excitement, in which the voter can perform his functions in the polling booth with an impenetrable secrecy. It is vain to look for such a result. And even if it could be effected, it would not be permanent, for the party whom it might prejudice would sooner or later discover some mode of counteracting it, which would leave the whole system of voting very much where it stood before.

We make these remarks in passing, in order to lead to one general observation, of the truth of which we are thoroughly convinced—that there is no measure likely to be proposed to our legislature—not even universal suffrage itself—which could produce all, or any great portion of the perils supposed by its opponents to be wrapped up in it, as in a Pandora's casket. The truth is, that we have, in the good sense of the community; in the intimate and indissoluble connexion of all the well-stationed families of which the influential mass of the community is composed; in the machinery of the constitution; in our tribunals, our laws, our fixed habits, our press; the ancient and indestructible foundations of our monarchy; our

police, army and navy; our general stake in the preservation of order; our almost universal faith in Christianity, and in the superintendence of a paternal Providence, valid securities against those extreme dangers, with which violent debaters threaten us, whenever they utter their harangues upon measures which they happen to have any party or personal motives for resisting.

Finality men, non-finality men, advocates of movement, men of "fixed principles," democrats, chartists—these are all, not indeed empty sounds, (for they are words significant of certain ideas) but they are phrases which have for us neither great attraction on one side, nor great repulsion on the other. Those persons who, when the reform bill was passed, looked to the immediate results of that measure as consequences beyond which they would not be content to go, have since discovered the gross want of foresight which they then betrayed, inasmuch as they have found themselves compelled, by new circumstances, new views of policy, and the unconquerable influence of time itself—the great innovator—to adopt or propose several measures directly springing out of that bill, which seven years ago they would not have admitted even to contemplation. The penny postage is one of these measures. Everybody knows that this is the work, not of our parliamentary leaders, but of the constituency brought into power by the reform act. This of itself is a change which puts what is called "finality" into a position fit only to be laughed at. Every steam-boat we build, every railway we construct, tends in the same direction—that is, a direction opening to our community combinations of thought, faculties of invention, and facilities of action, of which ten years ago they were wholly unconscious. To talk of "finality" on any subject liable to change, and to say that "Here I take my stand—here is my 'principle fixed'—no farther shall I go"—is the language of Lilliputians, if such a people we could imagine to be in existence.

Therefore it is, we feel, that, let what will come, no serious evil can approach us which may not be resisted, or remedied, and that, too, without any great exertion or sacrifice on our part. We protest that we have never seen the system of "bugbearism" carried to so great an excess as it was during the late session. We are of opinion that there was scarcely a measure planned by Her Majesty's government for future execution, which the leaders of the opposition would not have felt themselves either disposed or constrained to pursue, were they to be placed in the cabinet tomorrow.

In order to prove this position, let us examine a little into

what was said upon the motion made by Sir J. Y. Buller in the early part of the session, with a view to show that when the whole force of the opposition was directed against every point at which any weakness could be suggested to exist, the position of the government was proved to be impregnable.

Much of Sir James Graham's wrath was poured out upon ministers, on account of their not having persevered in their tithe bill, with the celebrated "appropriation clause" included in it. But as that bill had been previously passed, and was, when he spoke, in progress of favourable action, this question, at all events, could make no difference between the policy of ministers and their antagonists. He objected to the appointment of the Marquis of Normanby as principal Secretary of State for the Home Department, because, during the noble lord's administration in Ireland, he had, according to the opinion of a majority of the other branch of the legislature, mingled too much of the prerogative of mercy with justice. But this also was a by-gone matter, which could not influence the future proceedings of the cabinet. The right hon. baronet's discursive oration next went off to Jamaica, and expressed his amazement that Lord John Russell, as minister for the Colonies, could act upon the Jamaica Bill, which had been forced upon him by a majority of the House of Commons. The majority was indeed a small one; nevertheless, the ministry resigned in consequence, and when Sir Robert Peel, upon being called upon to constitute a cabinet of his own, found the task impracticable, and Lord Melbourne was again, of necessity, summoned to resume the reins of government, he and his colleagues are thus taunted with accepting a bill which they could not refuse. They did all they could to resist it, and having failed, they are blamed for not attempting impossibilities! Had Sir James Graham been in Lord John Russell's place, how could he have acted otherwise than as that noble lord had done? At all events, here was another by-gone question, which could afford no new ground of difference between the antagonist parties.

Another question was the ballot. Sir James contended, with great vehemence, that the existing ministry ought to be distrusted and discarded by the house, not because they were known to entertain any intention of proposing the ballot system for adoption, but because they admitted it to be an open question. Now, we ask, what could Sir Robert Peel's government (supposing he had succeeded in forming a cabinet, and got his cabinet into action) have done with the ballot?

Either it would be carried against him, or he would effectively resist it. If carried against him, he must have resigned. If he had succeeded in resisting it, he would have had on his side a majority of Her Majesty's present government. Upon the ballot, therefore, there would be no difference between the two cabinets, except this, that the one makes it an open question, and the other would have no dependent who even thought in favour of it. This, then, is no material point of policy, so far as the two cabinets would be concerned. It is a mere affair of discipline, waiting the progress of public opinion, which, after all, will control any government that may be in power, from whatever side of the house that government may be selected.

Then there is the question of an extension of the suffrage. Mr. Macauley, it seems, is in favour of such an extension, to a limited degree. Lord John Russell (and a decided majority of the existing cabinet think with him upon this subject) is, however, against any change upon that point. Between Sir James Graham and the noble lord—in other words, between the actual government and one formed from the other side of the house—there would be no variation as to this question.

Another concession which, it appears, Mr. Macauley is not indisposed to make, if it should be much pressed out of doors, is, the shortening the duration of parliament. That right hon. gentleman would limit the period for which members are elected to four years; and Lord John Russell has mentioned a similar disposition on his part, but limiting the concession to five years. We really do not know that there is any strong opinion in the country upon this matter. It is so seldom that any one parliament does in practice reach the mature age of seven years, that no great inconvenience appears to have been yet felt in this respect. There has not certainly been recently any general outcry about it. It is one of the desiderata that have been enumerated in the declarations of the chartists; but we cannot find that, as yet at least, it has made any great impression. We venture to say, that if Sir James Graham were in power, and petitions for shortening parliament to five, four, or even three years, flowed in from all quarters of the country, he would not be found amongst the opponents of what he would then call public opinion. At all events, the question is not one at this moment before the country, and it could not therefore constitute any real ground of difference between the political systems of a Melbourne and a Peel cabinet. The same observation applies to the corn-law and poor-law questions.

Then, as to the chartists—a great portion of Sir James

Graham's speech, upon the motion already adverted to, was got up to establish the conclusion, that ministers, by their cautious conduct relative to public meetings, had, both directly and indirectly, afforded great encouragement to the chartists. Objections against public meetings, and those, too, of a very multitudinous and vigorous character, undoubtedly come with a bad grace from one, who is obliged to make the admissions contained in the following passage:—

"The right honourable gentleman (the Judge Advocate) has made an appeal to me, of which I do not complain, with regard to the appeals made to the popular feeling in aid of the reform bill when it was in its agonies and struggling for existence. I do not by any means deny that such appeals were made with my knowledge and concurrence (cheers). I say, and have always said, adopting the phraseology of the noble lord, that there then occurred an immense change in the opinions of many—a revolution, but happily a bloodless one; and I admit distinctly, that upon that occasion appeals were made to the popular feeling which, perhaps, went beyond the limits of prudence. I do not wish to conceal any thing. I state facts. Appeals were made certainly that bordered upon the very verge of the law, and went, perhaps, beyond prudence."

For the right hon. baronet, after these admissions, to get up a charge against the ministers, accusing them of favouring the meetings of the chartists, is one of the most glaring instances of political hypocrisy that have lately fallen under our notice. At all events, Lord John Russell's notions upon this subject do not vary from those of the right hon. baronet.

"Supposing," said his lordship, in his well-known letter to the electors of Stroud,

"a new enthusiasm could be awakened, I am not ready to stir the cauldron from which so potent a charm could be extracted; but the excitement of a new change—the passions again raised—the house of commons again in the furnace, to be melted in a new mould—the people again in the temper which burst out in flames at Nottingham and Bristol—would go far to shake the stability of property, and make law the servant of disorder. The reform act was carried under the auspices of Lord Grey, assisted by statesmen long used to power, and able to weigh their proceedings. That weight of authority carried with it a large proportion of the House of Lords, and the dispassionate reformers throughout the country. But, for a new reform bill, opposed by a majority in the House of Commons, and five-sixths of the House of Lords, no such authority could be invoked. It would be menace, and the multitude; unknown leaders dictating to intelligence and property; an attempt at reform, but sure to end in confusion."

With this letter before him, and with the knowledge which

he must have possessed in his mind, if he had only read the newspapers of the day, that the ministers were actually doing every thing in their power, without having recourse to new laws, for putting down the chartists; with the further knowledge which the right hon. baronet must now have, that in their prudent and constitutional course of action, they have entirely succeeded in suppressing the chartist insurrection,—we imagine that he regrets having made this most wanton accusation against the government.

Lord Stanley's speech on the same occasion commenced with a complete confession of the motives by which he, and, as he declares, the whole tory party, (of which he has been for some time an avowed member, if not the chief leader,) were actuated in the sort of opposition which they had resolved to maintain.

"If my right hon. and learned friend will, however, ask me why we now come forward, and why we have so long hesitated, I will frankly tell him. I will tell him that it has been a constant principle with my right honourable friend (Sir Robert Peel) and those who act with him, that at no time would they endanger the existence of the government, or seek to overthrow the government, unless they were at the same time prepared, and as they believed, able to take the responsibility of their places. I will tell my right honourable and learned friend, further—that we have watched the growing feeling of the population and of the parliament; and we know, from one change after another,—we know from the highest authority—we see it every day, we have witnessed it in the counties, we know it from our neighbourhoods, that, day after day, and month after month, one by one, and two by two, the most respectable and steadiest adherents of the government, (loud cheers from the ministerial benches, re-echoed by the opposition) are abandoning them in the reckless and downward course of policy which they are pursuing. We know the effect that has been produced in England, we know that the eyes of the people are open to the character and conduct of the administration; we know that there is indeed, on the other side of the house, a set of gentlemen holding office, but we know likewise, that they pant and languish for something that shall be a government. But I should be sorry that my right honourable and learned friend should delude himself into the idea that the cause is to be won or lost by the division of this night. That that division will be lost we know. Do not let my right honourable and learned friend flatter himself with the notion that the result of this division will produce the slightest alteration in the course which the great conservative party is pursuing. Measure by measure, step by step, failure after failure, we will watch, and we will mark, and we will control the government. We will support them as occasions may arise, and many have arisen, where they were

glad to receive our support. But no consideration shall constrain us in our fixed line of duty as one great united party in this house, from observing their measures, from canvassing their bills, and from *obstructing* them if we please—aye from *obstructing* if we please, (cheers from the opposition benches), and from throwing out, as we have done, measures, which we believe detrimental to the best interests of the country; and while from the commencement of the session till the end of it we shall exercise this important duty, we will leave to others the name, while we are content to wield the authority, of the government."

It is clear from the whole of this passage, that the mass of the tory party were, at the commencement of the session, discontented with the mode in which Sir Robert Peel had previously acted as their leader. He was not, they felt, and whispered to each other, sufficiently eager to seize the helm of the state. He was, himself, indifferent to office; while they were all panting for power: he witnessed their over-heated anxiety upon that great point with a philosophic coldness. They therefore crowded round Lord Stanley, whose ambitious and sanguine character more accorded with their own views. Nor was the personal position of Sir Robert Peel without its influence in this matter. His origin was of yesterday. He was purse-proud. His manners were not of the most conciliatory kind. Impressed with the belief that his party could not dispense with his services, he acted wholly upon his own opinions, without consulting them. His public station was not a little damaged by his frequent changes of principle, and they could not be safe in any expectation which they might form, that he would remain long faithful to the line of policy which they would wish him to pursue. Such we happen to know, from unquestionable authority, were the sentiments of a great majority of the opposition at the commencement of the session. Everything that has since occurred, has tended to widen the differences between Sir Robert Peel and those who were formerly the aggregate of his followers. We believe we may now state, without fear of contradiction, that a large section, if not a decided majority, of those followers have elected Lord Stanley for their future leader, and that they have cordially adopted his "obstruction' system, and determined to try its efficacy on every possible occasion.

This course of proceeding is grateful to them for many reasons. They are many of them proud of their own ancestry. They were glad to shake off the rule of a plebeian, and to substitute for him a patrician, distinguished not only by his descent but by his personal accomplishments, his engaging bearing

in the circles of his friends, his undoubted powers of debate, and his fearless and unequivocal expression of his sentiments. The natural candour of his mind, the disdain of consequences by which that mind is ever actuated, a disdain which often has operated with as much mischief as a positive deficiency of judgment could do, had indeed a serious tendency to incapacitate him for the office of leader, nay, had more than once compromised his position as a minister. This was a serious drawback. However the party had no choice. Lord Stanley and Sir Robert Peel, it was clear, never could work in harness together, for any length of time. Sir Robert Peel well knew that the noble lord never would act cordially under him, except with the hope of supplanting him. The pride of the patrician, the temper, the haughtiness, (when excited), by which Stanley was above all men distinguished, ill-suited with a pride, quite as sensitive, which Sir Robert felt, in being the first son of a cotton spinner, that was ever the head of a British Cabinet. Everybody remembers how he boasted of this, when, upon the dismissal by the late king of the whig government, the business of the country was left at a stand, until the "cotton spinner's son," as he called himself, could be brought home from Italy.

That famous experiment and its failure could not convince the party, of the utter futility of all their attempts to recover the power they had wielded during the palmy days of Lord Liverpool. There was no principle of toryism incompatible with the reform bill, which Sir Robert was not content to sacrifice, or at least to explain away, in order to retain the office to which he was so unexpectedly called. In the new construction which he gave to the old doctrines of his party, he surprised some of them, disgusted a few, but pleased a great majority, who thought they saw that his only object was to cajole the public, lately so much attached to the reform cause. We believe that Sir Robert was really anxious to act upon the reform bill to its whole extent; but he soon found that the inveterate hostility to change, by which many of his followers were actuated, embarrassed his course to such a degree, that what he had begun in sincerity, he was obliged to carry on in dissimulation, until he felt himself at length forced to abandon all further attempts at reconciling the ungovernable prejudices of the party with the new state of the constitution. His second experiment, in May last year, was even more inauspicious than that of 1834-5. He found it impossible, when power was again proposed for his acceptance,

to advance even so far as the construction of a cabinet which offered the slightest chance of permanence. The question of the household was the least of his difficulties. The true obstacle was Ireland, and the faction that must rule, or at least try to rule here; and seeing that we were already grown to that degree of strength, that the minority had no chance whatever of recovering the ascendancy which they had so long maintained, he surrendered his task in despair.

The language which he now holds to his party is, in a few words, this:—"You are an unreasonable, ungovernable, selfish set, and I really can have nothing more to do with you. Many of you want me to repeal the emancipation act. I will not comply with any such absurd requisition. You wish me to discontinue the grant to Maynooth. I will do no such thing. You would have me proscribe all Catholics from even the minor offices of the state. I will not openly proclaim my intention to act upon this suggestion, but I will carry your will into effect as far as I decently can. Let me go on in my own way for awhile, and you can then judge of my success. But for me to resume the government now, while so many denunciations against the Catholics are ringing from the pulpits and platforms of Protestant meetings, is a hopeless affair. So proceed you now with your new leader, and try what you can do. I shall watch your course with deep interest. But for me my path is taken." We do not know what other meaning than this, can be ascribed to the peroration of Sir Robert Peel's speech upon the "non-confidence motion," as it is familiarly called.

"I have now done. I thank the house for the indulgence that it has shown to me. I think that you must see that I had no alternative. Having to state why I withheld my confidence from her Majesty's Government, and to state also the principles on which I myself should be prepared to act, I had not any alternative but to enter into an explanation, or to submit to the taunt of concealing my opinions (hear, hear). I have adhered to those opinions; you tell me that it is impossible that they should be acted upon. You tell me that the avowal will make me forfeit the confidence and excite the dissatisfaction of the great body of the party with whom I have acted. I have had no indication of withdrawal of that confidence (cheers). It has hitherto been reposed in me—it has been given to me to a greater extent than to any man similarly situated. The avowal of my opinion may lead to withdrawal of that confidence. But even if the avowal of my opinions and the declaration of the principles on which I would act with respect to the poor-law, with respect to the Relief Bill, and with respect to their fair and honest execution; if these

as compared with our probable expenditure, would amount to no less a sum than six millions sterling! Supposing that Mr. Herries believed his own statement to be correct, was it an act of patriotism in a member of the House of Commons to proclaim that we were on the verge of bankruptcy, at the very moment when we had to struggle for our interests and our honour in every quarter of the globe?

Without going into details, it is now sufficient for us to know, that even with all the additional expenditure which the Eastern and China questions must of necessity impose upon us, the deficiency of our revenue for the year would be under three millions, and that this deficiency has been amply provided for, so far as is necessary, by an equitable per centage upon certain sources of income already in action. Mr. Herries, therefore, and his associate Mr. Goulburn, exerted all their energies to shew, that while England was yet negotiating in some quarters, and obliged to throw out menaces in others, in order to preserve her station as a great power, she was in a state of financial ruin. Happily the nations with which she had to contend, placed no reliance upon the factious exaggerations of those right hon. gentlemen. But that was not their fault. They did all they could to wound their country in its most vital part, merely that they might obtain a temporary, and, as it turned out, a false triumph over the ministry. Our parliamentary annals present no passage more disgraceful to an opposition than that which we have just described.

Not content with this most unjustifiable proceeding, the opposition, or, more correctly speaking, the "obstruction," next took up the China question. The lead upon this attack, was given to Sir James Graham, who, in a most elaborate analysis of the voluminous documents printed upon this subject, endeavoured to show that the measures announced to be taken by the government against the Chinese were certain to fail; that the war was brought on by the negligence of ministers, and that the true cause of it was, the interruption of a trade in opium, which, upon the part of our merchants was a mere system of smuggling. Sir Robert Peel took a similar view of the question, and endeavoured, moreover, to insinuate that the ministerial measures would—nay, that they ought to be—taken up by other powers as a cause of war against England! He alluded especially to Russia and the United States! Now let us hear the opinion, not of any of her Majesty's ministers, but of the Duke of Wellington, on the subject:—

"I cannot think of advising her Majesty to submit to insults and to injuries, such as, I believe, have never been inflicted be-

fore upon any person charged with public functions, as her Majesty's superintendent in that country—injuries such as were never inflicted upon any such person residing under the protection of a foreign government, and which were inflicted on the part of the Chinese authorities. It is perfectly true, that the trade in opium has been carried on contrary to the laws of China. But then, my lords, it was carried on with the knowledge of the local authorities on the spot (hear, hear). Though forbidden by the laws of China, practically it was allowed; it was known to the Emperor himself, and to all his servants, for many years; it was known to the government of India; it was known to parliament and to the government previous to the existing administration. Nay, in a report made by a committee of the House Commons upon this trade, it is particularly observed that it is desirable that it should be continued. Really, then, under these circumstances, it is rather a little hard to come down upon these traders, and to say that they have been guilty of an offence for which they are not only to be punished by a loss of their property, but to be absolutely abandoned; and then to have told to them—'You have been the cause of this great misfortune, and you therefore shall never have any redress whatever' (hear, hear). That is a course to which I for one can never be a party." (cheers).

This was the language of a patriot, who valued the honour of his country—who had fought a hundred battles for her glory. What a contrast does it offer to the miserable pleadings of the two right honourable baronets, who made all the use they could of their positions to obstruct the course of her Majesty's minister, upon this most important question!

Night after night having been wasted in these debates, and the "obstruction" having taken nothing after all by their hostile motions, it seemed good to Lord Stanley to attack the capitol itself in which the strength of the government was collected. He found—he has long found—and, please God, he will find for many a year yet to come, that so long as the majority of the Irish members continue to support a liberal ministry, he may "watch," and he may "mark," and he may attempt to "control," and even to "obstruct," their measures, if he think fit; but that nevertheless, the viper does but bite against the file. Nay, he may even call forth shouts of triumph from his followers, and proclaim, "We will leave to others the name, while we are content to wield the authority of government!" Vain boast! Empty sounds! Authority of government, indeed! Heaven forbid that the powers of government should ever again fall into such incompetent hands. My Lord Stanley, the words of Lord Althorpe are branded upon your forehead—"Your government of Ireland was a miserable failure;" nor have you retrieved your fortunes by your registration bill.

Wrap up, as the "obstruction" leader may, in fine language, and in artifices devised for him by his legal associates, the whole character of that famous bill, it is now as clear as the sun at noon, that its real and sole object was to hand over the preponderating influence of the Irish constituency to the tory landlords. We Irishmen have an odd way of looking at political measures propounded for our acceptance. We are told, in very plausible phraseology, "Oh, here is a defect in the law, which wants amendment. Your mode of registering your voters is not quite as it should be. You know I mean no earthly harm. But really I think that, for your own benefit, a registry that is to endure for eight years, cannot be advantageous to you. You should have a new registry at least every year; and in order that it should be an indisputable one, here is a form of claim, and here are modes of proceeding to establish it, which, though at first rather unintelligible, and perhaps a little expensive, will nevertheless set you all right." Such a proposal as this, even from a long-tried friend, would be listened to by us with some jealousy at this moment, when we hear nothing on all sides from the Tory press but yells—we can use no softer phrase—against the irresistible power of Ireland in the very heart of parliament.

But when a measure affecting our constituency is offered to us by a Stanley—the man of coercion—the ally of Lyndhurst—the idol of Philpots—the champion of that press which day after day denounces our venerable bishops, and our virtuous, patriotic, and beloved clergy, as so many "surpliced ruffians"—it is rather too much to expect that we are prepared to receive from him even an unquestionable boon (had it been such), without a little misgiving. We have most of us read a little of the classics; we have got as far at least as the story of the Trojan horse; and somehow or other, common-place as it may seem, we are exceedingly apt to exclaim on such occasions—"*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.*"

We can never forget the manner in which our O'Connell was treated in the House of Commons, while he was engaged in the strict performance of his duty with reference to this bill:—

"Mr. O'Connell; when we get into the house—I will move that the house do adjourn. I have but one reason for this; it is a bill to trample on the rights of the people of Ireland, (loud shouts, and a whistle from many members at the bar and on the opposition benches.) This is a bill to trample on their rights, (great groaning, and cries of 'oh, oh!' from the same parties). I repeat this is a bill to trample on their rights, (renewed groaning and great uproar). Yes, sir, if the beastly bellowing were ten times as great as it is, it would be my duty to interpose and stop this bill, ('oh, oh!')

"Sir STRATFORD CANNING: Sir, I ask whether it is not right that the honourable gentleman who has just sat down, should be called upon to retract his words, (universal cries of 'no, no,' from the ministerial benches, and 'order, order') ? Sir Stratford Canning stood at the table gesticulating with great vigour amidst the uproar, but his voice was completely drowned by the cries of 'order, no, no, and spoke.' At length we heard him say, the term I mean is 'beastly.' (great confusion.)

"Sir C. ADAM rose in the midst, and with considerable vehemence made some observation, not one word of which could be heard amidst the confusion, and he was followed by

"Sir DAVID ROCHE, who also stood in dumb show, for not a syllable would the tories allow to reach the gallery.

"The hubbub in the house was immense, three or four members rose, and among them Lord MAIDSTONE, who served as the signal for renewed cries, if possible louder than the preceding, of 'chair, no, 'adjourn,' 'Mr. O'Connell,' 'apologise,' 'sit still,' and we know not what besides.

"The CHAIRMAN: I feel assured that the expression used by the honourable and learned member ('no, no')—

"Mr. O'CONNELL: If the expression had been used (chair, chair.)

"Mr. HEDWORTH LAMBTON rose, but was instantly met with cries of 'chair, chair.'

"The CHAIRMAN: If the word 'beastly' were used (yes, yes)—

"Mr. HEDWORTH LAMBTON: Mr. Freshfield (order, order—question, question—and cries of 'Take your places? bar, bar').

"Many honourable members took their places, but the bar continued crowded to the last.

"The CHAIRMAN: The word 'beastly'—

"Mr. O'CONNELL: When, sir, (chair, chair)—

"The CHAIRMAN: I understood the chair to have been appealed to, on account of the use of the word 'bellowing,' (no, no—beastly). I feel assured that it was an inadvertent expression, and that the honourable and learned member will say so.

"Mr. O'CONNELL: The only word I used was 'bellowing,' (no, no, 'beastly'). Can there be any other bellowing than beastly (cheers and laughter)? Bellowing was the word I used (no, no). What sounds were they (cheers)? Where they human sounds (cheers)? That is what I said, because it was so.

"Mr. HEDWORTH LAMBTON: Sir, I beg to ask, with great respect, if, when the honourable and learned member who was interrupted by the honourable member opposite, (Sir C. Canning), for using a very strong expression, you heard the extremely indecent interruption that was offered to him (immense cheering)? I beg to say, that in my humble opinion, it is disgraceful for an assembly of English gentlemen to attempt to tyrannize over one individual member of this house (cheers, and cries of 'oh!') and I beg, with very great deference, to say, that when you rise to offer your opinion as presiding

over our proceedings, I consider you ought to take that into your consideration.

"The CHAIRMAN said that the expression complained of as having been used by the honourable and learned member was certainly a strong expression, but he had no doubt it arose from the feeling of the moment.

"Mr. EWART rose amidst cries of 'order,' 'spoke,' 'go on.' I beg most respectfully to state that if—(order, chair).

"The CHAIRMAN: Does the honourable member speak to order?

"Mr. EWART: I do. The question I understand to be raised between the honourable member for Dublin and the chairman (no, no). I say, sir, if by some singular good fortune your attention had happily been called to the interruptions that were offered before the honourable and learned member for Dublin made his observation, you would have called to order those who interrupted him, and not the honourable and learned member afterwards (cheers).

"Mr. CHARLES BULLER: Sir—

"Lord MAIDSTONE, Mr. FRESHFIELD, Mr. O'CONNELL—all these members were for upwards of a minute speaking at the same time, amidst the most deafening cries of order, and chair.

"At length the CHAIRMAN called upon

"Mr. CHARLES BULLER, who said, I do not wish to continue this very distressing discussion. If any person has any regard for the character of the house or for his own character as a gentleman, he will endeavour to close this question as speedily as possible. But I must impress upon you, sir, and upon all who preside over our discussions, that it is ineffectual to attempt to put down any person, who like the honourable and learned member, may use strong language by way of resenting insult, unless your attention is first directed to insults the most gross I have ever seen persons in the condition of gentlemen attempt to offer, or persons in the condition of gentlemen guilty of (loud cheers). I will mention one instance of the interruption which has proceeded from the opposite side during the whole of this evening; for during the whole of this evening I have heard from one (name, name). I do not know whether I could name the honourable or noble member* (name, name). No, I shall not name. But I have heard from about the same quarter of the house, addressed towards different members of this (the ministerial) side of the house, and particularly towards the honourable and learned member for Dublin, interruptions by whistling and other noises (cheers and cries of 'oh!'). I wish to offer no personal insult. I am anxious for the honour of this house, but I do say that those who first bring these manners into the house disgrace themselves (cheers). Yes, they disgrace themselves by introducing the manners of the ale-house into the House of Commons, and the house must be very patient towards those who resent these insults in a manner which I am sorry to say is too much called for, and too appropriate to the insult offered.

* It was Lord Maidstone.

"Lord CLEMENTS: The expression first used by the hon. and learned member was simply this. He complained that the bill before the house was to take away the liberties of Ireland. He (Lord Clements) had also made that complaint. The hon. and learned member used it once, and it received an indecent shout (cheers). It received a shout which was a disgrace to the house. That was not all—men on the floor of the house not only laughed and shouted, but they laughed in the hon. member's face—not only at a distance, but within a yard or two of his face.* The hon. and learned member bore it with great temper; and he repeated his opinion a second time, and it was received with the same insulting noise. The hon. and learned member tried a third time, when he received the same insult; and it was after the third time that he made use of the expression complained of. The honourable and learned member felt like an Irishman; I also feel like an Irishman, and I always will. I do not care what is said of me behind my back; or whether I am in the presence of gentlemen or not gentlemen; but I will not in silence hear any insult offered to my countryman, when he complains that the liberties of his and of my country are about to be taken away. I contend that this bill is wholly and solely for the purpose of taking away those liberties; and I do not think any gentleman has any right to come and stand upon the floor of this house, within a yard of any honourable member, and laugh at him in his face (cheers). If any member does that, the house must bear with what is said to him with patience and with temper (cheers).

"Lord MAIDSTONE: The honourable and learned member for Dublin had applied the term 'beastly' to certain words that were used towards him, which he did not happen to approve of. I call upon him to retract that expression. When he has done so, I shall be satisfied; but until that word is retracted, I will not be satisfied (cheers and laughter).

"Mr. O'CONNELL: I am perfectly content with the noble lord's dissatisfaction (cheers and laughter). I would have appealed to you, Mr. Freshfield, but I wished to proceed with my description of the bill. When I gave that description, a shout was raised against me. You did not interfere to protect me (cheers). It happened a second time, and you did not interfere; it happened a third time, and I then vindicated myself, as you did not (cheers). Then it was that the honourable gentleman opposite (Sir S. Canning), who, by the by, took no part to call upon you to preserve order (immense cheers) when I was attacked, but sat with the most Christian and exemplary forbearance as long as the shouts, the whistlings, and the yells were directed against me; but the honourable gentleman, certainly with somewhat of an unbecoming indignation, the moment I described in moderate terms the character of this bill, rose and called me to order. I repeat that this bill is intended and calculated to trample on the rights and liberties of the Irish people—that it is intended and calculated to take from them the benefit of the reform bill, and the benefit of the Catholic emancipation bill. The noble lord has no right to force it on

* Lord Maidstone again.

contrary to the usages of the house, and ought not to have conceded to him any priority. The noble lord had been long the enemy of Ireland (hear, hear, order, chair).

"Sir STRATFORD CANNING said that the honourable gentleman, in explaining the circumstances which induced him to use a very unparliamentary expression had said that if he (Sir S. Canning) had the same perception which appeared to strike others—

"Mr. O'CONNELL: I speak to order—is this to order? (cheers.)"

This scene, looked at calmly, what was it but a real combat, as of old, between the Irish and the English, for the rights of our country!—fought, indeed, upon English ground, and with other weapons than fire-arms and battleaxes—but nevertheless full of that bitter rancour which in former ages characterized the hostility of Englishmen against Irishmen. We should, indeed, remember, that if we had upon this occasion the Stanleys, the Wynns, the Vernons, the Trevors, the Peels, the Packingtons, the Hardinges, the Gores, the Hopes, the Arbuthnots, the Egertons, the Inglises, and the Maidstones, opposed to us, we can count upon our side men of the best blood in England, and of the highest intelligence—the Russells, the Vivians, the Townleys, the Howards, the Talbots, the Caves, the Mildmays, the Lennoxes, the Langdales, the Heneages, the Ansons, the Berkeleys, the Ellices, the Bulwers. Nevertheless, we much fear that there is in England a numerous party, even amongst our apparent friends, who would rejoice in seeing the government sustained by any other than an Irish majority.

Nothing mortifies the tory writers of England more than the direct and irresistible power which has been fortunately for some time exercised by the Irish party in the House of Commons. Those writers have repeatedly analysed the divisions, with a view to show that had that party been divested of its power by any concurrence of circumstances, the tories would soon have every thing their own way. They talk of British majorities in a fashion altogether opposed to the principles and spirit of the union act, and indeed their arguments lead more directly to conclusions in favour of a repeal of that act, than any which have been yet resorted to at this side of the channel. The suppression of the Irish voice in parliament—the maintenance amongst us, of the English Church in unlimited affluence—the exclusively Protestant character of the corporations and of all public schools—the rule of the sabre and the cannon—these are in few words the elements of the political system which the party now led by Lord Stanley

would endeavour to establish for Ireland—and be it added, that upon no other system than this, could he ever hope to gather around him a sufficient number of auxiliaries, in any new attempts which he may make for assuming the government of Ireland.

Mark the words of the Bishop of Exeter, when opposing the motion for going into committee upon the Irish Municipal Bill. After quoting from the report of the commissioners a passage in which it is stated, that "the admission of the commonalty to some share in the corporate proceedings (of Tuam), and the perfect freedom from religious distinction between the free burgesses and the great majority of the community, are strongly calculated to *prevent the dissension* which too commonly prevails in other places between the corporation, so called, and the inhabitants," this meek prelate of a Christian Church, this teacher of "peace to all men," this right reverend inculcator of the precept, "love your neighbour as yourself," declares the true meaning of the passage to be, that "the tyrant majority of the Roman Catholics was so great, that the Protestant minority could not have the slightest chance of successfully opposing any of their measures, however detrimental they might be to the established Church."

Give the Catholics power, he continues, by this bill—depend upon it they will "make an evil use of it." "The people of Ireland are unfit for such a bill." Corporations were first established in Ireland exclusively, says this holy man, for the purpose of "putting down the Irish and the king's other enemies," and for that purpose alone would he, of course, have them continued. "Exclusion was, in fact," he adds, "the great principle of the Irish Municipal Corporations; and they answered the purposes for which they were created. The ancient corporate towns were fastnesses against the *Irishry*." "A charter of Richard the Third forbids Irishmen to reside in the town without licence and the registration of their names." "Henry V, in his charter to Limerick, directs that no one of Irish blood or nation should be mayor, or exercise any other office within the city, and that no person should take or maintain any man or child of Irish blood and nation, as apprentice, on pain of losing his franchise." This is the sort of legislation which the Bishop of Exeter wished to see perpetuated in Ireland. War—unceasing war—against the Catholics. The House must now deplore every concession made to the Roman Catholic population of Ireland—

concessions of which "that population had done so much to prove that they were unworthy."

These proofs of unrelaxed hostility to Ireland, on the part of one of the most distinguished organs of the real sentiments of the tories, are, however, mere milk and water compared with the protest against the new municipal bill entered by the same prelate on the journals of the house to which he belongs. He states that he is dissentient from that measure, because it will encourage "the unceasing efforts of the papists to re-establish the domination of their own priesthood in its grossest and most revolting form;" because it will give efficacy "to every new proposition for increasing the power of that "bitter, unrelenting and perfidious enemy;" because it "arms the popish democracy of the cities and towns in Ireland with power to tyrannise over the Protestant and more opulent classes of inhabitants, and to extort from them funds for the more speedy and effectual execution of their own unhallowed designs;" and "Lastly, and above all," says this pious prophet, "because by this wilful and deliberate abandonment of the cause of true religion and of the security of the Church in Ireland, to which the fundamental laws of the constitution, the act of union, the oath of our sovereign, and all the most sacred duties of subjects to their ruler and of men to their Maker, alike bind us, we have provoked the justice of Almighty God, and we have given too much reason to apprehend the visitation of Divine vengeance for this presumptuous act of national disobedience"!!!

Never was a theological doctor—never was even Philpots, in such a passion before. We fancy that we see him in his study writing this last sentence, his hair standing on end, the foam rushing from his lips; and that having finished he rises in a frenzy and stamps about the room until—his dinner is announced! Nothing else could make him forget his passion.

Strange to say there is one expression in the said "protest," in the truth of which we entirely agree. He calls the late session of parliament a "disastrous" session—"disastrous," of course he meant, chiefly to the Church of England. And in point of fact it was so. "Heavier blows," and greater "discouragement," were dealt out in succession against that Church during that session, than during any other period within our recollection. The measures taken in parliament for arming the bishops with power to enforce ecclesiastical discipline within their respective jurisdictions, made it manifest to the country that they possess no substantial spiritual

authority, and indeed no authority at all except that which they acquire from an act of the legislature. The conclusion is therefore inevitable, that the "Church" is a mere civil institution, governed only by "civil" officers, and that the idea of its being an institution such as the Messiah came on earth to establish, is a mere delusion. It might just as well be affirmed (we say it with reverence), that the mission of the Redeemer was to found the National Gallery in Trafalgar-square, or any of the courts in Westminster Hall. In this respect the session really was "disastrous" to the Protestant cause.

But this was not all. Many and variously formed were the modes, by which the "Church" party endeavoured to get under their own exclusive control the entire education of the kingdom. For this purpose loud clamours were raised in all their pulpits, reviews, magazines, tracts and newspapers, in speeches, and resolutions at dinners and at public meetings, and in lectures delivered all over the country. In due season petitions were got up, and printed, and distributed with sundry skins of parchment amongst the clergy, and the said skins were returned with numerous signatures—though by no means so numerous as had been expected. The Archbishop of Canterbury however, wisely thought that half a loaf was better than no bread, and he was content to stipulate that for schools in which the doctrines of the Church of England were exclusively taught, no inspector should be appointed without his concurrence—so that in fact all the efforts in favour of the intended domination of the Church over all the new public schools turned out a complete failure. Truly the session was a very "disastrous" one.

"Misfortunes" they say, "seldom come single." A third "disaster" was in store for the "Church," altogether unlooked for. By one of those realizations of the adage, *Quem Jupiter vult perdere prius dementat*, Sir Robert Inglis was inspired to move an address to her Majesty praying that she would be graciously pleased to direct an unlimited number of new churches to be built at the public expense. It seems not at all to have occurred to the hon. baronet, that the time chosen for this motion was peculiarly unhappy, seeing that, according to the authority of his friend Mr. Herries, our treasury was bankrupt, and the nation was actually committed in transactions which must impose upon that treasury new burdens. Neither did he consider that the Church of England, as the public well knew, was the richest ecclesiastical establishment in the world, enjoying as it did revenues little short of

four millions sterling per annum. We need hardly add that the motion was lost. "Disastrous" certainly the session might be called by the Bishop of Exeter.

Nor did the catalogue of "heavy blows," and great "discouragements" stop here. Steps have been taken for destroying many of the well-paid sinecures connected with the cathedral establishments. The drones are to be expelled from the hive at last. The fat canons are to be handed out from their stalls, and the large incomes upon which they reposed in peace are to be dealt out amongst the poorer orders of the working clergy. This measure was recommended by the ecclesiastical commission; and yet, when the Archbishop of Canterbury came to give it his support, he was charged even by some of his own suffragan bishops with having violated his episcopal oath. They called him in round terms a perjurer, just as Dr. Philpots calls every Roman Catholic member of parliament a perjurer who votes in favour of any measure calculated to act as a "discouragement" to the Church established by law. We must refer to the archbishop's defence against this accusation. It is a complete justification of the construction which we give to the oath imposed upon us by the emancipation law. His grace argued—and most correctly—that all oaths taken by legislators are taken with a necessarily implied reservation of the higher duties which they owe to the country; and that when in such oaths reference is made to laws already enacted, the obligation to respect those laws does not prevent the juror from consulting in parliament, with a view to amend or alter them, and to substitute for them others which he may deem more advisable under any new circumstances that may arise. When Dr. Philpots charges Mr. O'Connell again with perjury, the hon. and learned gentleman will have only to refer his right reverence to the speech of the Archbishop of Canterbury upon this occasion. A session which has taken this favourite resource of crimination out of the Bishop of Exeter's mouth, may be by him well termed most "disastrous."

His right reverence has had something still more painful to endure, to which we have not yet alluded. On the 26th of May last, the archbishop of Dublin presented to the house of Lords a petition, signed by thirty clergymen and thirty laymen, complaining of certain parts of the articles of subscription to the Church of England, and of the Liturgy, which it required to be altered. His grace stated in substance, that he agreed in the views set forth in that document; but that, although he presented it, "he could not recommend to any

branch of the legislature interference with the affairs of the Church, except as to temporalities alone; for he felt that it was not well qualified nor disposed to touch upon subjects of a spiritual nature (hear, hear). The legislature had indeed the sole power and right to make such alterations as might be called for, or to say that they were not needed: but neither the House of Lords, nor that of the Commons, was well qualified to perform those functions." Here is truly a perplexing case. An evil exists, and is complained of—one, too, of a most serious nature—affecting the very vitals of religion—weighing most grievously upon the consciences of many men, lay and ecclesiastical; and the only tribunal possessing power to remedy that evil, is not qualified to exercise that power!

Let us go a little further into this matter. The most reverend prelate proceeded to say, as well he might, "that this was an anomalous state of things, and that it was unsafe for any community—for the Church especially—to be without a legislative government;" and he then referred to a plan which he had formerly proposed, for "handing over the question to a body exclusively *appointed* to consider it, with the same power to make alterations, as the legislature now enjoyed." In conclusion, his grace asked, with much reason, "whether, in the alterations made by the first reformers, they intended that their amendments should never be changed—whether they were to be like the laws of the Medes and the Persians, unalterable—and whether it was their intention that the door should be locked, and the key buried and lost for ever?" We confess we should like to see this question answered, if only for the sake of curiosity. And moreover, we should be very glad to hear his grace point out the authority competent to *appoint* the "body" in question. If that authority be, as it must be, Parliament, then we should further like to know by what process a legislature, not itself possessed of spiritual power, could bestow that power upon any person or persons whomsoever; for we presume that in matters entirely of a spiritual nature, as the articles and the liturgy of the Anglican Church are supposed to be, no change could be effectual which did not originate in a competent spiritual tribunal.

The name of one clergyman, Mr. Wodehouse, a prebendary of Norwich, was mentioned, as a person resolved to give up his preferment unless some such alterations as those required were made under the sanction of some duly authorised power. The alterations demanded were, that "the letter of the prayer-book and the subscription to the articles should be rendered more

consistent with the practice of the clergy and the acknowledged meaning of the Church." Hence it must be inferred, that the petitioners in this case, of whom thirty were clergymen, deviated in practice from the articles of faith to which they had pledged their consciences by their signatures; and further, that the Church itself did not, in their opinion, mean to impose upon its members the faith which is described in its own articles. This, to say the least of it, is—to borrow the language of the archbishop of Dublin—rather an "anomalous state of things." The archbishop of Canterbury expressed an opinion, that the best way for remedying it would be, to pass a law, not for altering the prayer-book and articles to suit the consciences of particular clergymen, but for "making the practice of those persons more consistent with the prayer-book and the articles." Here, then, we come to an inquisition—to an inquisition to be established by parliament; that is to say, to a tribunal exercising spiritual power of the most tyrannical nature, over the consciences of individuals; the said tribunal being of itself a pure lay body; parliament possessing no means within its reach of giving to others spiritual energies which it does not itself possess.

The bishop of Norwich confessed very plainly on this occasion, that "the difficulties with respect to an alteration of the liturgy, and perhaps of the articles, were apparently insuperable!" A very consoling doctrine, truly, for Mr. Wodehouse, who must have, in consequence, at once resigned his stall, had it not been for the right reverend prelate's further explanations, which certainly are indulgent enough to meet any cause of conscience whatever, at least with respect to the articles. He substantially admitted that it was not at all an uncommon occurrence for a clergyman signing the articles thus "to confess with his lips what he did not confess with his heart;" but he did not wish this to go abroad, as "it would be giving their enemies an advantage ground, of which they would readily avail themselves." "If the subscription," he added, however, "were understood in the literal and most stringent way, there were difficulties which weighed heavily upon scupulous consciences, and by removing those difficulties they might leave the way open only for consciences that had no scruples, to enter the Church for objects which referred only to the secular views as to profits which they might entertain." Here, therefore, is a precious dilemma. The difficulties as to the subscription are confessedly very painful to scrupulous minds; but they cannot be removed, because, if they were, the

road to the wealth of the Church would be at once laid open to every person who might choose to enter it, merely for the sake of the money he might make.

The right reverend bishop, however, very ingeniously tries to escape both horns of this dilemma. "The Church," he says, has a *sort of elasticity*, which allows and graduates the differences that exist.

"Those who accomplished the Reformation were placed in very difficult circumstances—they had to satisfy a body that included persons of very different feelings. The articles of the Church, therefore, were framed on a reference to the opinions of a very wide body, that differed on many points. There was a sanction for this opinion in the speech of a noble lord, a distinguished statesman, with which their lordships were familiar, who had said that the Church of England had a Calvinist creed, and an Arminian clergy. And there were those who would infer from the same evidence, that to Arminians the creed was sufficiently satisfactory, and that it allowed the admission of a Calvinistic clergy. In fact, the Church was so constituted, that it was calculated for all who agreed in the broad distinguishing features, and in the salutary doctrines of the Christian Church. This being taken for granted, what ought they to do? He would recommend that they should honestly and boldly meet the difficulties, not only because the Church was founded upon liberty of conscience and the right of private judgment, but because it gave the greatest—he would not say latitude—but privilege of private judgment. Therefore, in extending the subscription, he was persuaded that they would be granting a boon and a benefit to many scrupulous and tender consciences that were amongst the brightest ornaments of the establishment."

So that thus, in fact, the bishop of Norwich throws wide open to every species of conscience, whether scrupulous or unscrupulous, the gates of the Church;—an evil which he had just deplored—an evil against which he had just proposed to provide a remedy; and which, in fact, his remedy would not only tend to increase, but to sanction with all the authority which he could bring to bear on the subject! His right reverence adds, very candidly, that "It never was pretended that the clergy agreed in every part and every iota of that to which they subscribed at their ordination!" This frank exposure of the state of "the Church" brought up the bishop of London, who said that—

"He would not have entered into the discussion of it were it not for the observations which had escaped from the right rev. prelate in the heat of debate, and because, doubtless, he was unaccustomed to address them, which were little less than a libel on the Church (hear, hear). He had heard the right rev. prelate say that the Church was

founded upon liberty of conscience. It was practically the fact that the Protestant Church permitted as great a degree of liberty of conscience as was consistent with the interests of religion; but he had always understood that the Catholic Church was founded on truth; that the Church was the authorised interpreter of the words of truth, and that she would desert her duty if she did not lay down, for the good of the people, the great truths which were extracted from the Bible (hear, hear). The question of subscription to the articles was very different. It was not required from all members of the Church, but only from the ministers of the Church, as a security against a greater evil, the constant change and fluctuation of doctrines by men not tied down by any precise articles (hear). What was the expansion that was required? It was this—that when a clergyman declared *ex animo*, he should be understood as declaring only in what sense he pleased. This was expansion with a vengeance—an expansion which did not partake of that prudent elasticity which though always ready to accommodate itself to the peculiarities of our infirm and imperfect nature, would never stretch beyond the line of truth, nor sacrifice that which was just and true to meet the maudlin scruples of any conscience whatever (hear, hear). He, for one, should think he was eating the bread of the Church unworthily if he were to subscribe any articles which he did not implicitly believe. If the articles were not scriptural—if they were calculated to do more mischief than good, let them be abandoned; but do not interfere with the terms of subscription; do not, for the sake of the tender consciences and nice scruples of some, adopt a mode of subscription which would leave the door open to the most unscrupulous (hear, hear, hear). He confessed he did not see anything of the hardship that was complained of in this matter. Prior to ordination, was not every man so conversant with what he was required to do, that when he came to do it he ought to do so with a clear conscience, or else not to do it at all (hear)? That he thought was a complete answer to the application for an expansion of the terms of subscription."

What, then, we ask, is Mr. Wodehouse to do? To resign—or not to resign—that is the question. "You are not at all bound to resign, says the Bishop of Norwich, for although you have signed articles which you do not believe, it does not signify. There is "a sort of elasticity in the Church" which permits you to do just as you please upon this subject. Mr. Wodehouse might possibly request his right reverend friend to be a little more explicit as to the said "elasticity," for the words "a sort of elasticity," he, a scrupulous man, might perhaps think vague. It not being probable that the bishop could elucidate this peculiar supposed attribute of the Anglican Church any further, Mr. Wodehouse might then perchance seek information upon it from the Lord Bishop of London,

who would at once tell him in no measured terms that the doctrine of the Bishop of Norwich was sheer heresy, that *his* elasticity was "expansion with a vengeance," and that unless he (Mr. Wodehouse) believed sincerely what he had signed, he "was eating the bread of the Church unworthily." "Bread of the Church!" Mr. Wodehouse might exclaim—Does your lordship mean the sacrament—for that I have always thought to be the "bread of the Church." "Oh dear no"—the good bishop would answer, "I mean the thousands per annum you put in your pocket for doing nothing." A precious dialogue this would be to go before the people of England. The debate that *is* before them is, if possible, still worse. And if it be said that the petition which gave rise to it, was signed only by thirty clergymen, the answer to this objection is given by the Bishop of Norwich.

"The petition contained nothing new; there was nothing that did not find a place in the bill of 1689 which was sanctioned by the crown; the plan and the petition were almost *verbatim et literatim.* The monarch of that day proposed this plan, because he conceived that it was necessary for the safety of the Church; and archbishops and bishops, with professors of high degree, and dignitaries of the Church in numbers, agreed in a petition which was similar to that which the most reverend prelate had that evening brought before them. How came that measure to fall? He would blush to give the details of the intrigues by which it was quashed. The house might remember them, but, out of a regard to the interests of the Church, he would not mention them."

This statement was confirmed by the Bishop of London.

"What had been said by the right rev. prelate that the petition was not new, was correct; all that was stated in the petition was said by Bishop Hoadly; it was said less perfectly by his commentators; and it was said more clumsily in the House of Commons in 1772, although the arguments then used went further than the present petition, emanating, as it did, from respectable persons. He would neither impugn their respectability nor their sincerity, though he took a different view from them, and thought that they were little aware of the evils which would arise if they tampered with the articles."

We may take the liberty to ask, *en passant*, how it would be possible for a spiritual tribunal to be established in the Anglican Church, whose office it would be to settle all disputed theological questions, seeing that, as to the very basis upon which that Church is supposed to rest, there seems to be even amongst its most learned dignitaries no settled opinion? The Bishop of Norwich affirms that it rests upon "liberty of conscience and the right of private judgment." The Bishop of

London declares this to be a "libel on the Church," which he says is founded only on "truth," although it permits, not an unrestrained liberty of conscience, but just as much as is consistent with the interests of religion. "What is truth?" the one bishop might ask. "You will find it in the Scriptures," the other would reply. "But suppose we differ as to the interpretation?" "We cannot differ, for there are the Articles to decide between us." "I have signed the articles, but I do not believe in them." "Then all I can say is that you eat the bread of the Church unworthily." "Well—but this does not decide whether I am right or wrong in my interpretation of the Scriptures, and you admit that I have a right to "liberty of conscience." "You may have a right to liberty of conscience, but you have no right to be a bishop." "That is a question which you have no better authority than I have to decide." "True—it must be decided by a competent tribunal." "No such tribunal exists." "Let us create it." "How?" "By act of parliament." "But parliament cannot confer spiritual authority, and without that, your tribunal, if created, must after all be only a lay jurisdiction, to which I need not and would not submit my liberty of conscience."

There is hardly any error in reasoning, which is not included in the dialogue here supposed to have passed between the two bishops, a dialogue founded on what they are reported to have said in the house of lords. In the report, no material mistake can have occurred, because the words imputed to them perfectly express the principles each laid down as the foundation of his faith. There is the *petitio principii*, and not one, but several vicious circles on both sides; and it is very plainly confessed that the Anglican Church is, and has been for near a century, without any form of legislative government, and, what is still more perplexing, without any practicable means for obtaining one. It is moreover acknowledged, that within the bosom of the said Church are many clergymen who do not believe in what they have sworn they do believe, whose practice is inconsistent with her formularies, who are declared therefore to be "eating the bread of the Church unworthily," and yet whom there is no authority to exclude from the temporalities which they enjoy! Had not the bishop of Exeter good reason to declare, that the late session was indeed a most "disastrous" one?

There was one other "disaster" which we must not forget to record,—the grant to Maynooth. The exertions made by the Protestant clergy throughout England and Ireland

during the last two or three years, to prevent this grant from being renewed, have been unprecedented in the annals of bigotry. We shall quote only a single resolution, that of the Lancaster Protestant Association, upon this subject. It speaks the opinions of all the assemblies which have met upon the question; it is in such perfect harmony with the sentiments of Dr. Philpots, that we should feel no difficulty in believing it to have been penned by his right reverence:

"That, therefore, the support now given by a Protestant government to popery, in the colonies and elsewhere, but especially to the Popish College of Maynooth, in Ireland, by grants from the public treasury, is, in our judgment, highly offensive to Almighty God, and eminently dangerous to the country, and therefore it is the bounden duty of every Christian Englishman to petition for the discontinuance thereof."

Well,—petitions were poured in abundantly against the said grant from all parts of the country, and on the twenty-third of June a motion was made, that the said grant be discontinued after the present year. Mr. Plumptre introduced the subject, and was supported by Colonel Perceval and others; and out of a house of one hundred and sixty-three members, forty-two divided in its favour! Ah! that little mouse born of a big mountain, what a mortifying lesson it often affords to the furious fanatics of our day! Oh truly "disastrous" session, my lord bishop of Exeter!

There is one other remark in his lordship's protest, to which we are willing to subscribe to a certain extent. He observes that since the passing of the act for the reform of the commons-house of parliament, the house of lords has been practically deprived of what was wont to be deemed its constitutional share of control over the executive power of the crown;" but that nevertheless, it was "enabled, till the *present disastrous session*, to retain and assert its legislative independence; and by the wise and efficient exercise of its highest duty, in the correction or rejection of bad bills, had continued to earn and enjoy the grateful veneration of the English people. That lofty position it has, in this instance (of the Irish municipal bill,) voluntarily surrendered; and has thus, by its own act, gone far towards realizing the prophetic declaration of Sir William Blackstone, that the constitution of England could only be destroyed, by one of the three branches of the legislature losing its constitutional weight, and submitting to the domination of the other two."

We agree with the bishop of Exeter in thinking, that the

house of lords has recently lost much of the control which it formerly possessed over the executive power of the crown, in consequence of the reform act; because that act took away from them the power which they had very amply exercised, of nominating a majority of the members of the house of commons, the very evil of which the people most justly complained. We agree moreover with the right reverend prelate in opinion that the upper house has "voluntarily surrendered" the lofty position which it might nevertheless have held in the constitutional system, but that such "position" it has lost by confining its exertions to the mere rejection of bills sent up by the other house; often without the slightest examination; often in pursuance of a vindictive desire to set itself in opposition to the wishes of the people, as expressed through the lower house of parliament; often from an unrelenting hostility to Ireland, and a fanatical hatred of the religion that prevails here.

Look for instance at what has occurred during this very last session of parliament. The house of lords scarcely transacted any business at all before Easter. Lord Brougham retired to the French coast of the Mediterranean. Lord Lyndhurst was not well. The absence of these two noble lords was made the ground upon which the legislatorial functions of that house were suspended for nearly four months. Nothing like business commenced there until after Whitsuntide, and then came the excuse, (one which was very freely used in several preceding sessions also), that there was not sufficient time for considering the bills which came up from the house of commons, and in consequence, several measures of great importance have been thrown out, as the expression now is, "wholesale."

The natural result of this system must be to lower in the scale of the constitution, the proper power of the house of lords. That power it can only maintain by keeping itself in action during the period for which it is summoned by Her Majesty's writ, to consult upon high and important matters connected with the interests of the empire. But it virtually disobeys the writ, and abdicates its functions during the greater portion of the session: and when at length it does assemble to do business, there is not time for deliberation; and two law lords, and the duke of Wellington, absolutely exercise the whole power of the house. The remainder of the great majority of the peers, with one or two exceptions, absolutely go for nothing, and make themselves of no worth whatever beyond their mere votes when present, and their proxies when absent.

There is no man of common discernment, who does not see that the house of lords is certainly retiring from the ground it once held, and ought still to hold in the constitution. Its complete inertness during a great part of the period, when it should be industriously occupied in the performance of the duties which it shares with the commons, makes the people almost forget it is in existence. And when they see, that just for a month or so towards the end of the session, the lords chiefly meet, rather for the purpose of impeding than forwarding the business of the country, they cease to respect opinions delivered without much reflection, opinions too, that shew no progress of intellectual power or information, but springing from principles altogether behind the spirit of the age.

Some of the peers themselves see very clearly this state of things, and complain of being made "waiters on the resolves of my lords Lyndhurst and Brougham." There are a few moreover who feel themselves not a little hurt by being obliged in all things to submit to "the duke." It is "the duke," always "the duke." What does "the duke think of it?" If you ask a noble lord on the opposition benches, to undertake any measure private or public, his invariable answer is, "I must see the duke first," as if the house were not the house of peers, but of one peer, the duke of Wellington, or rather a chancery of the duchy of Wellington, much after the fashion of that belonging to the duchy of Lancaster. To look at its register of votes, we should say that it is an assembly of non-contents, a mere negation in our constitution—doing a great deal of harm, and very little good. It was a keen and just remark of Mr. Sheil, alluding to the majority of *three* by which the grant of £30,000 for general education purposes in the session of 1839 was carried, and the majority of one hundred in the House of Lords by which they sought, but sought in vain, to divert that grant to an exclusive system of education under the control of "the Church," that it was now an established rule that three voices in the commons were more than equivalent to one hundred in the lords. The fact is so. The lords have, by their own capricious, inconsiderate, and vindictive proceedings lost much of their fair proportion of constitutional power, and almost all their ancient moral influence over the opinions of the people. The "grateful veneration," of which the Bishop of Exeter speaks, no longer exists.

Let us now review the observations and facts which occupy the preceding pages of this article, and see how parties actu-

ally stand in Church and state. Within the establishment itself the picture is exhibited of a clergy living upon the temporalities of an institution, to whose articles of faith they have all necessarily subscribed, but from which numbers of them dissent. It is admitted on all hands that this is a most serious evil, demanding immediate redress; but that there is no spiritual authority existing competent to afford that redress, and it is evident that no such spiritual authority can be created, inasmuch as there is no supreme spiritual source, connected with that Church, from which such authority can emanate.

If the old convocation could be revived, which nobody seems to desire, it could possess no authority of that nature? And even if it could be invested with the character of a spiritual assembly, how is it possible that binding laws could be enacted by men who do not agree amongst themselves as to the foundation upon which such authority could be erected? No law could proceed from such a body which bishops, clergy and laity might not afterwards violate, or construe as they wished, by reason of that privilege of private judgment, which privilege is itself the parent of the Church. It seems to us therefore impossible, that an institution situated as the Anglican Church is at this moment, confessedly without a legislative government, without the power of creating one, and in consequence agitated by dissensions between dignitary and dignitary—between bishops and their clergy—between the clergy and great bodies of the laity — can long survive against the hourly increasing intelligence of an age which must cease to permit the continuance of an Anomaly running counter in every part of it to the common-sense of mankind, and yet appropriating to itself a revenue of four millions a year!

As to the condition of "parties" in the world of politics, it seems, we think, to be the general opinion, that the course pursued by the opposition, during the late session, has fatally injured themselves, and greatly strengthened the power of the existing government. The many motions devised for the mere purpose of "obstruction" have been clearly seen through by the thinking portion of the community, and have been by them most justly disapproved. The history of those motions, moreover, bears upon every page of it the disgusting features of gross exaggeration and falsehood, and what is still more irredeemable, the downcast aspect of entire failure.

That history has further disclosed the variety of mutinous subalterns on the opposition benches—the fanatics led by Mr.

Plumptre and Colonel Percival, the ultra-churchmen under the standard of Sir Robert Inglis, the haters of Ireland under the command of Lord Stanley, and the seekers of subordinate place, who veer about with every wind, and the aspirants to high place, who cling desperately to Sir Robert Peel. Upon any motion to the prejudice of the political influence exercised by Ireland, all these would undoubtedly agree, as they did in the instance of Lord Stanley's registration bill. But place Lord Stanley or Sir Robert Peel at the head of a new cabinet, it would become at once apparent that the registration majority would speedily disband themselves, because the aspirants to subordinate places never could be endured in Ireland, even if those of a higher character could possibly constitute an united government.

As to the party which supports Lord Melbourne, it must also be admitted to be variously composed. But although the differences existing amongst them are warmly expressed upon some occasions, and complaint is made that ministers do not attempt more than they have yet effected for the promotion of the liberal cause, still we are happy to observe that a spirit of forbearance has lately prevailed amongst the reformers, which teaches them to wait more patiently for the progress of events.

For ourselves, wedded as we confess we are to the cause of our own beloved land, we shall never despair of her fortunes, so long as we possess an executive constructed upon, and sincerely carrying out, the principles of government first laid down, and, amidst a host of difficulties, formed into a solid system by the united and indomitable energies of Lords Normanby and Morpeth, and the ever-to-be-lamented Drummond. In Lord Ebrington, Lord Morpeth, and Mr. Norman Macdonald, we have still everything which the circumstances of the time require. Their fidelity to the good cause cannot be suspected, and the acts of our lord-lieutenant have been hitherto beyond all possibility of reproach.

Let us be but true to each other, and *attend to the registries*, and vain will be opposition or "obstruction" to any really useful measure upon which we set our hearts. With a temperate (thanks to Father Mathew), virtuous, industrious, prudent, thriving, able-bodied, able-minded, well instructed, courageous population at our backs, let us proceed in a steady, constitutional career, until we establish the "Emerald Isle" upon a pedestal of national greatness, equal to that of any other state in Europe, and from which not all the Stanleys, and Peels,

and Philpots in England can force it,—conspire, and scheme, and attempt to legislate, and harangue, and "protest" against it as they may.

We have by our own fearless well-directed energies won emancipation—we have chained down to earth the old orange oppressor—we have swept away half the spurious prelacy by which our sacred soil was contaminated—we have shut up many of the stone and mortar things they called "churches by law established"—we have ensured, by vast numbers of public schools, the revival of that general learning for which the Irish were in former days distinguished throughout the world—we have rendered impracticable amongst us the domination of a hostile local government—we have abolished "the fastnesses against the Irishry," and shall soon have in their places "fastnesses" of our own which will bid defiance to every enemy of the said "Irishry," foreign or domestic—we have sent Stanley and his "registration" myrmidons to wreak the vengeance they proclaimed against us, upon grouse and woodcocks; and as we thus "grow in our growth, and strengthen in our strength," we shall make the welkin ring with our merriment, at the ludicrous spectacle which every poor "thimble-rigger" must exhibit, when he may again venture to deal in his "knavish tricks" against the liberties of Ireland.

C. RICHARDS, PRINTER, 100, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, CHARING CROSS.

THE

DUBLIN REVIEW.

NOVEMBER 1840.

ART. I.—*Transactions of the Meteorological Society. Instituted in the year* 1823. Vol. 1, 8vo. pp. 255. London, 1839.

IT is a striking fact in the history of our species, that their earliest studies were the skies. Arcturus, the Pleiades, Orion, and the "Crooked Serpent," were spectacles familiar to men, and which they converted to practical use, in ages when they appear scarcely to have known how to distinguish one stratum of earth, or even one blade of grass, from another. The heaven-ward gaze which bespeaks their origin and their destiny, rendered them indifferent to subordinate objects, until their curiosity having become satiated with the stars, they bent their eyes to the spot which was assigned to them for their temporary habitation.

What new wonders, what inscrutable mysteries, then began to exercise and confound their intellectual faculties! They discovered here accumulations of matter of various descriptions, moulded, (as they have by incessant research eventually learned,) into a sphere, placed at a certain distance from an infinitely larger sphere invested in light, around which, while turning on an axis of its own, it advances in an orbit, not a circle, and yet is unerring in its return to the point from which it had set out. They beheld it faithfully attended in its journey by another, and a minor, sphere, of whose course it is itself the centre; and then, gradually extending their inquiries, they found that the world in which they dwell, is but one of several globes, some with, some without, retinues of satellites, all in motion round the same great source of that luminous element so essential to their common existence.

But the mind of man did not rest here. He pursued his career of inquiry until, by the aid of the telescope, he caught glimpses of myriads of spheres before unseen,—spheres which

though apparently fixed, by science are judged to be in motion, forming with those that are visible to the unassisted eye, and with countless hosts of others hidden even from the telescope in the heights of space, a sublime procession around the uncreated focus of all the spheres—the throne of the Omnipotent.

The logic that detains us within notions only of those things which we can actually see or touch, ought to have long since become obsolete. We should look out of our ark betimes, and contemplate its progress upon the ocean of the universe. The relation in which our globe is placed with reference to the sun and moon, gives us habits which, though useful for many purposes, tend nevertheless to limit the range of our ideas. Those habits render us conversant with enumerations of hours, and days, and months, and years, and centuries; whereas, if we could but grasp within our view the magnificent scheme of creation, of which our system constitutes so small a part, we should know that time is but a local phrase, and that in truth, man is living and moving not in time, but eternity.

Then come the questions, how, and why, he happens to be here?—What is he?—When came he hither? How long is he to remain here? Whither is he to go, if he does not altogether perish on this earth? Examining his own structure, he finds it most elaborately wrought in every part; each part, each particular sinew, vein, limb, organ, adapted with wondrous accuracy to the functions which it has to perform,—some always at work, independently of his will—some instantly obedient to his order,—the whole a fabric incomparable for its beauty and perfection to any other animated object which he beholds on this earth.

He observes that all things around him, living, or not living, are subject to laws of perpetual mutation. The insect that creeps to day, to-morrow puts on wings and seeks the sky. The tiny seed he puts into the ground, in due season sprouts up into a stem, yielding a hundred other seeds of the same species. The green summer attire of the elm and the oak becomes sere in the autumn, falls at their feet, and turns into mould. The spring calls forth fresh foliage which again delights his eye, and again fades and mingles with the soil beneath. Walking through the corn-field, he lights upon a little habitation, carefully hollowed out and furnished with materials conducive to warmth; several curiously spotted oval-shaped objects are there, within which are contained the elements of life, and joy, and melody, and if he but permit them to remain untouched, he may speedily watch the flight of the creatures

within them to "Heaven's gates," and hear them make the welkin ring with their song. The dew or the rain imbibed by the vine, is changed into a delicious nectar cheering to the heart of man. The same elements are converted, in the upas, into a liquor that instantly destroys him. Myriads of animated beings pass under his observation, some predestined to live a century, others to enjoy life only for a day or an hour. They consume each other, or losing their power of motion decay and merge into dust. The waters of the river and the ocean expand into vapour, rise and float in the firmament, again assume their pristine form, and descend to the sources whence they came. Man obeys the same law of change. The flesh and blood of his infancy speedily pass away. Those of his youth and maturity follow the same destiny, and those he happens to possess when he is consigned to the tomb, become the food of subterranean races, or moulder into a substance which yields the green grass and the flower.

But amidst all these transformations there is one element, in which he perceives no injurious change. He is conscious that whatever becomes of the silvered hairs of his head, and of the palsied hand, the stooping frame, and the eye curtained by the cataract, there is something within him which tells of all the past; which looking backward to a point, has from year to year been still expanding in its forward views, and growing stronger in its natural powers; the same in the smile of the infant, improved in the meditation of the sage,—the same in the vision of the night, as in the reality of the morning,—the same in the zephyr of the spring, as in the tempest of the winter,—and therefore not, at all events, of this earth's matter. That matter, although undergoing perpetual alteration, never perishes. By stronger consequence the element that thinks, which does not lose a spark of its original fire, cannot die here: and if it cease to think on this globe, it must pursue on some other the exercise of faculties of which it cannot divest itself, even if it were so disposed. Reasoning from the greater energy those faculties have gained by exercise on this stage of existence, we are entitled to conclude that they must still go on farther towards perfection, when they display themselves in a nobler field of exertion, until at length passing through all the orders of intelligence, from man to the angel, from the angel to the seraph and the cherubim, they beam in the light of the divinity.

Thus the question, "what is man?" may be answered in language, the truth of which he would find confirmed by every object he can see on earth, even if there had been no Heavenly

Preceptor sent to disclose to him that splendid destiny. It is not alone the principle of identity in his mind, that guarantees its immortality; we must believe from every fact which inquiry has brought within our knowledge, that the powers of consciousness, of memory, of precaution, of volition, which every organized being exercises, from the gnat of the sun-beam to the leviathan of the deep, more or less partake of the nature of mind. We perceive, however, that they do not individually improve, unless assisted by man, and that the races which succeed each other, gain nothing from the experience of those that have gone before them. This well ascertained truth demonstrates that such races have no higher destinies to fulfil than those which are assigned them here. When they die, their consciousness dies with the form which it had animated. Man's pledge of immortality (even without the hopes given to him by Revelation,) is not only the consciousness of identity, but the ever improving character of his intellect; his constant elevation even here, from a meaner to a higher state of existence and enjoyment. Born naked, he, who was once contented to clothe himself in the skin of the lion or the tiger, now vests himself in silver and golden tissues of the most magnificent description. He who once journied painfully on foot, has compelled the horse and even the huge elephant to bear him wherever he chooses to go. The canoe which feared the slightest wind or wave, he has improved into the steam ship, which traverses the ocean in defiance of tide and storm. And not satisfied with the path which his feet have worn down the valley, and over the mountain, he has made himself an iron road, that spans the hollow and pierces the rock, and bears him by the assistance of fire and water, in four hours, over a distance, which had cost even his father a period of as many days.

Man is the peculiar favourite of nature,—the great object of all her operations. Like a fond parent she often discourses with him, and simplifies her speech to her child, hushing him to repose with her nightingale song, awakening him to activity and joy, by choirs that make the woods resound with their melodies: tempting him into the fields by the gaiety and diversity of the flowers in which she has arrayed them: amusing and instructing him at every step he takes by her divine alphabet,—the hosts of busy and beautiful insects that cross his path, or hum in his ear, or captivate his eye.

Still, as he grows up, she pursues her maternal purpose; she teaches him to watch the heavens, and read the stars. As

if these bright volumes were insufficient for her object, she summons from the depths of space her comets, which by their re-appearance at intervals more or less regular, enable him to form some faint idea of the vastness of the firmament. Not satisfied even with these exertions, she frequently projects from her stores of light thousands of meteors, which appear sometimes to be telegraphic symbols of great tidings, communicated from orb to orb, sometimes are dissipated in showers of dazzling lustre, as if to stimulate and prepare his vision for spectacles infinitely more resplendent.

Oh! had man not been disobedient when first placed here—had he not condemned himself, in consequence of his fall, to earn his bread by the "sweat of his brow,"—had the earth not been accursed by reason of his altered relation to a just Creator,—what a different, how much more exalted, a being would he not have shown himself at this period of his residence in what would have still been a paradise! If, under all the circumstances of his history, and looking to the many difficulties with which he has had to contend,—the obscurity caused by passion and crime in an intellect that was at first without a cloud—the incessant toil through which he has had to struggle in order to regain some portion of the strength that belonged to his original faculties, he still evinces his god-like nature, and every day manifests it more and more; what a glorious radiance would have issued from his brow, what pregnant expression would have flown from his lips, what sublime imagery would have announced his thoughts, what hymns would have been ever ascending from his enraptured soul, to the eternal object of his love and adoration, had he but preserved undefiled his primitive innocence!

Is it intended that the day shall come, when the human mind shall exist here in a state of perfection and happiness such as it enjoyed before the garden of Eden was turned into a desart? To what great purpose tend these "goings to and fro," which at this moment appear to pervade almost every region of the earth? If we calmly observe the activity of invention, which especially characterizes the intellect of our own country,—the success with which it is attended—the many unforeseen and important results by which it is rapidly followed—the constantly increasing courage and power which intelligence and enterprize acquire in new spheres of action; and then consider that the immediate consequence of all these impulses and their corresponding operations, is the nearer and the nearer approximation of human communities to each other;

we shall be compelled to conclude that great changes—changes all of an ameliorating character—in the general condition of men, are not very remote from the present era.

It cannot be doubted that the more frequently and the more nearly intellectual creatures are brought into intercourse with each other, the more speedily must vanish all national prejudices, all limited views of self-interest, and all those sordid thoughts which lead only to crime. Questions may be raised as to the lawfulness, in a moral point of view, of many of the proceedings which the Crusaders thought fit to adopt. But many nations were awakened by those movements from a profound lethargy, and some of the first symptoms of modern civilization were among the results of the wars against the Saracens. The career of Napoleon, however culpable in some respects, was one continued scene of new thoughts, and expanding aspirations upon the part of men through all Europe. The countless triumphs of man's inventive faculties during these latter years of peace, infinitely more than compensate for the devastations of all former wars. These triumphs are still in progress; one leads to another, with a ratio of improvement, for which, arithmetical or even geometrical proportions afford no adequate expression. The course of reasoning—of reasoning in the strictest sense,—which the data now in our possession would fairly justify, might appear visionary if we were to follow it through its legitimate direction; we are content therefore to indicate it, and let the future plead our justification in holding out the most brilliant hopes to mankind.

It is important to this view of the subject, always to bear in mind that change is an essential property of all material things. The portions of this globe which are now above the sea, were unquestionably for ages underneath it; well-examined astronomical and geological discoveries, aided by many chemical experiments, would lead us to believe, that although the Omnipotent might have bidden by a single mandate this sphere to exist in the condition in which we now find it, He preferred to have it formed gradually and in conformity with certain laws which he has been pleased to prescribe for Himself in all His creative operations. It may be, that the sudden launching into space of a dense orb, already furnished with its necessary solid materials, and its due proportions of ocean, atmosphere and light, might produce disturbances in the movements of pre-existing globes that would violate the rules to which He had subjected them. Thus the creation of one sphere might render it necessary to take a preparatory course as to all others;

the law of unity and harmony being one by which it seems to have pleased the Deity to demonstrate His existence and power to His intelligent creatures. Undoubtedly, such disturbances might have been hindered by the will of the Creator. But again, we may presume to suppose, that He preferred a course of action, consonant with general rules, which being more observable by His creatures than separate displays of power, would have the effect of exciting their faculties and exalting them to the knowledge of His "ways."

All the probabilities of theory—for we must be satisfied so to consider them—run in favour of the supposition that the chief masses of the materials of which this globe is now composed, originally existed in a gaseous form. It is well known that solids may be converted into elastic fluids, and elastic fluids into solids. Hydrogen and nitrogen gases are most probably metals in a state of vapour; and the most approved mode of accounting for those immense substances called meteoric stones, which are precipitated occasionally upon earth, is that they are generated in the atmosphere itself.

Nor is this doctrine by any means repugnant to the account of the creation of our planet which we find in Scripture. Quite the reverse; for we are expressly told that it was in its primitive state literally "void and empty," giving us the idea of a mere nebula, resembling those which astronomers have observed in several parts of the Heavens, and conjectured to be embryo worlds in a course of preparation for a more compact condition. We possess no means of calculating the ages comprised within the period alluded to by the author of Genesis, as "the beginning," nor how long the state described as "void, empty and dark," continued. During the darkness, waters however appear to have been generated, and after the spirit of God moved over them, He bade light to exist. Light therefore, according to this account, is a substance independent of the sun, for the sun was not created until what is called the fourth day of the creation. This statement is fully borne out by the fact, for we find light diffused throughout all nature. Extract from the earth a flint, strike it with another flint, or with any hard substance, and "light is made." Penetrate caverns where no ray of the sun ever entered, and you behold them illuminated. Light exists in the eye, as any one may discover, by striking that organ. It is latent in wood, and may be developed from it by friction; it is in almost every kind of stone, as the horse's hoof when stricken against it often proves. Go into the Italian or Mexican forest, or wander by

our own green hedges, in the dusk of the summer evening, and you see thousands of winged, or unwinged insects, carrying their lamps, fed not by the sunbeam, but by the primary light which God had commanded to be made.

Sail upon the ocean, and your prow ploughs up light at every bound. Look at the waves broken on the rock by the angry wind—what surges of light they leave behind them! Resolve the element of water into its component parts, and it will produce light. The lustre of the emerald, the opal and the diamond, is borrowed from the same original source with which the sun has nothing to do. This light is, according to the best modern opinions, identical with what is usually denominated the electric fluid, or at least uniformly pervades it; and the sun is only the great repository, where volumes of that fluid are collected for distribution through all the planets and their satellites appertaining to its system.

After light was made, the firmament was created, to "divide the waters from the waters." This firmament we call the atmosphere—a word derived from the Greek terms, ἄτμος (vapour), and σφαῖρα (sphere),—that is, the vapour by which our sphere is surrounded. It does undoubtedly divide the waters from the waters in this sense, that amongst its other ingredients it holds in solution a certain quantity of water,—a quantity which, if it were all at once precipitated upon the earth, would (according to Leslie,) cover the globe to the height of about five inches. The atmosphere serves also in another way to "divide the waters from the waters," for as the process of evaporation is always going on from the surface of the sea, from rivers, and every part of earth where there is moisture; the vapour so produced ascends to the sky, and is there retained until it descends again in the form of rain.

The process by which rain is produced, is a matter which has not yet been satisfactorily explained; we know from experience, that the southern, the south-western, and the western winds of our climate, are often accompanied by clouds and rain. But instances are known to have occurred of showers from a sky in which no cloud appeared. Professor Wartmann, one of the associate members of the Meteorological Society, has given a detailed account of a phenomenon of this kind, which he witnessed at Geneva, on the 31st of May, 1838. The whole of that day had been characterized by sudden atmospheric changes; sometimes large black clouds, extremely agitated, covered the sky from one horizon to the other; sometimes the sky was cloudless; and again new masses of vapour appeared, followed by heavy showers.

"The same day," he states, "as I was walking upon the quay of the Rhine, at 7h. 2m. P. M., there came on a sudden shower of rain, which continued for six minutes, under circumstances which astonished every one present. The drops at the commencement of the shower were large and compact, but they became smaller until the complete cessation of the phenomenon. This rain, the temperature of which was lukewarm, fell vertically from a sky perfectly clear in the zenith, and without any apparent cloud in the visual horizon; a thermometer placed at 3½ feet above the earth, indicated at that moment 65.3 Fahr. The air was calm, and the moon, without any cloud to obscure it, was shining nearly on the meridian.

"This rain had great analogy to that which fell here, with a perfectly clear sky, and an atmospheric temperature of 70.5 Fahr. on the 9th of August last year, at 9h. 15m. P. M. which continued about two minutes, and was repeated several times in different parts of the city at intervals of half an hour.

"It is a remarkable fact, that in both cases the zenith was cloudless, the air clear, and without agitation; the first drops of rain that fell were large, and of a warm temperature. It is also further remarkable that the former of these rains took place at 9¼h. P. M. when the thermometer in the open air was 70.5 Fahr., and the latter at 7h. 2m. P. M. the thermometer being 65.3 Fahr.; consequently, they both occurred at the close of the day, and under very different atmospheric temperatures.

"It appears, however, that this singular phenomenon is produced in the night as well as in the day, in summer as well as in winter; but it remains to be determined if it could occur at a very low temperature.

"The late Professor, M. A. Pictet, of Geneva, (who was a member of the Meteorological Society,) once witnessed a similar shower in the night between the 6th and 7th of January, 1791, at one hour after midnight. He says, that the heavens were perfectly clear, there was not the least mist, and the wind was very gentle; but he did not know the temperature of the air at the time."—pp. 129-30.

In these instances we must presume that either the vapours which yielded the rain were so rarified as to be invisible, or that the rain was the result of a disengagement from the atmosphere of a portion of the water which it always holds in solution. In some climates, as for example those of Devonshire and Ireland, the proportion of the aqueous ingredient in the atmosphere exceeds that of other localities. This humidity, when not visible as vapour, often lends a magic charm to the landscape. It has acted on more than one occasion, like the lens of a telescope, and enabled persons standing on the shore at Dover, to see Calais distinctly. Boulogne also is said to have been once made visible at Brighton, through a similar formation in the atmosphere.

As to the other ingredients of which our atmosphere is composed, the state of our knowledge is as yet very imperfect. We can undoubtedly affirm from common observation, that it is matter affording considerable resistance to mechanical force; that it is elastic, a given volume of it being capable of compression into a smaller compass, and of resuming its former bulk when the pressure is removed; and that it possesses weight. The whole height of the atmosphere is calculated to be about forty-five miles, the greater proportion of it, however, looking to its density, not being higher than twenty miles. As the pressure from above must act on the particles below, it will necessarily follow that the lower strata of the atmosphere are much more dense than those above them. It would seem, however, that this difference would cause no inconvenience to animal existence. The Baron de Humboldt, indeed, and other travellers, who have surmounted the Cordilleras of the Andes, affirm that they suffered great difficulty in breathing, when they reached those summits. Mr. Monck Mason, however, in the account he has given of his celebrated aeronautic expedition across the channel in company with Mr. Green, states, that the balloon frequently attained an altitude of twelve thousand feet, and that at no time, did they experience the slightest effect on their bodies from the diminished superincumbent weight of the atmosphere. He, as we think, justly attributes the difficulty of breathing, spoken of by the Baron de Humboldt and others, to the muscular fatigue necessarily incurred in the course of their upward journey.

Notwithstanding the admitted fact, that a column of the atmosphere possesses a certain appreciable weight, and that this weight serves to keep in balance the mercurial column of the barometer at a particular height, there is scarcely any question connected with atmospherical changes, more difficult of solution, than those arising from the variations of the height of the mercury in that instrument. We find in the volume before us the observations of several eminent members of the society, with a view to throw some light upon this most perplexing subject. We shall quote their remarks, upon one month only, (that of July 1837,) taken at eight different stations in England; we apprehend that the data, which even these scanty materials supply, must serve to shew that the action of the mercury in the barometer is as yet one of the arcana of nature, with reference to which our investigations have made but slender progress.

July 1837, at London. "The month entered with fair weather, and a *high* barometer, and the wind blowing brisk from the E.: intermissions of clouds and sunshine, with a *falling* barometer, continued until the 5th, when light rain fell in the evening. Fair weather prevailed, until the 14th, when a brisk wind set in from the S., accompanied with heavy showers. On the morning of the following day, 15th, there were several dark threatening clouds; much rain fell in the afternoon, but the evening was fair and clear; variable weather prevailed until the 29th, when a strong wind set in from S. E. varying, and the barometer *fell suddenly* at 11 A. M. attended with a heavy shower of rain. The wind continued high during the night, but abated on the following day, veering to the S.W. The month ended with cloudy and wet weather." p. 62.

At Bedford. "This month ushered in with a fresh breeze and a high barometer: N.E. and N.W. winds prevailed during the former part of the month, and the barometer was very steady. On the 13th the wind veered to S.S.W. and a little rain fell. A light breeze on the 14th from S.S.W. On the following day it became squally, from W.S.W. which increased on the 16th, to strong squalls accompanied with rain. On the 18th, a gale from W.S.W. attended with showers; squally again on the 20th, with a fresh breeze from W.N.W. Fair weather, with light airs and occasional breezes from N.W. and S., prevailed until the 28th, when a gale with hard squalls, set in from the S., and the barometer, which, on the preceding day at 3 P. M. stood at 29.82 inches, now fell to 29.20 inches; this meteor reached its maximum on the following day, when it became stormy with hard squalls from the S.W. quarter, and the barometer then rose. It was squally on the 30th with a fresh breeze from the W., which on the 31st veered to the N.W. During the latter part of the month, in consequence of S.W. winds accompanied with rain, the range of the barometer has been very irregular." pp. 76,77.

At Derby. "Summer weather still prevails, and the wind continues to blow from the N.E. The atmosphere appeared in perfect equilibrium; but its balance was destroyed on the 13th, the wind changing to the W. and it became showery. On the 14th, the barometer had fallen to 29.41 inches, and a tremendous storm of thunder occurred, accompanied by heavy rain. On the following day, another violent storm of thunder took place, the wind being from S.W. the barometer afterwards rose. On the 18th, there was a third terrific storm of hail, accompanied by thunder, and the wind afterwards changed from W. to N.W. and the following day became fair. On the 20th, the wind returned again to W., and thunder and hail followed. It veered again to N.W., and fair weather then ensued. The wind returned to the S.W on the 26th, and alternate fair and wet weather followed. The barometer still ranged low, and excepting the four first days, kept below 29 inches. The temperature has also been very irregular, the minimum varying from 41 to 48, and the maximum from 68 to 89 Fahrenheit." p. 81.

July, 1837, at Thetford. "Alternations of fair and cloudy weather, and a low temperature ushered in the month, with the exception of the last week, the range of the barometer was steady, notwithstanding several windy days." p. 96.

At Swansea. "The former part of this month was characterized by very hot weather, which continued with little intermission, until about the 12th, on which the hottest day occurred. Rain then fell, and fine weather ensued until the night of the 28th, when we were visited by a very severe storm, commencing in the S.E., and lasting throughout the whole of the next day, and part of the night of the 29th. The very rapid fall and rise of the barometer was very remarkable on those two days." p. 111.

At High Wycombe. "The month was very fine, the quantity of rain being small, little more than one half of the quantity in July last year. The mean temperature was higher than in the same month last year, and twenty-one days were without rain. The barometer was lower, as respects the extremes, than in the corresponding month last year; but there was an extraordinary coincidence in the mean and that of the last year, the difference being only the .0029th part of an inch. Thunder was heard on the 18th in the afternoon. The wind was chiefly from the W. veering from S.W. to N.W." p. 116.

At Cheltenham. "The month commenced with fine summer weather, an easterly wind, and a high barometer. The weather continued fair until the 13th, when we had clouds and showers for two days, and with slight intermission it was fine throughout the month. The wind has been generally from W. and S.W.; the mean temperature has been higher than in the five preceding years. Maximum pressure on the 1st, 30.08 inches. Minimum pressure on the 29th, 28.87 inches." p. 122.

At Gosport. "The first part of the month to the 13th, was dry and fine, with hot sunshine on two or three days; but the lower part of the atmosphere was not arid, nor the temperature in the shade above the summer heat. The latter part was alternately showery and fine, with nearly a uniform temperature." "The mean temperature of the air this month, is two degrees lower than the mean of July for a series of years." pp. 136,137.

It thus appears, that during the month of July 1837, the weather was extremely unsettled at Bedford and Derby; that the prevailing winds there, during the month, were those from the W. or the S.W.; that several terrific storms occurred in both these places; that the storm of the 28th and 29th, which was experienced at Bedford and Swansea, was not felt at Derby, Thetford, High Wycombe, Cheltenham, or Gosport; that it visited London as a strong wind; that the barometer fell suddenly at London on the 29th, at Bedford on the 28th, fell rapidly and rose rapidly at Swansea on the 28th and 29th; that at Cheltenham where, with the exception of two days, 13th

and 14th, the whole month was fine, the barometer was lower than at Bedford on the 29th; that at Thetford it was steady during the whole month; that at High Wycombe, although the temperature was higher than during the same month for several years, the barometer was lower as to the extremes, than it was in 1836.

It further appears from the London and Cheltenham returns, that while the wind was from the E. the barometer was high, and this is generally understood to be the case, but that the mercurial column is very irregularly affected while the winds blow from all other quarters, sometimes rising, sometimes falling, in the very same currents, whether from S. or S.W. or W. At Thetford the barometer is said to have remained "steady," during the month, "notwithstanding several windy days."

It is remarkable too, that the storm of the 28th and 29th, which seems to have made its first appearance at Swansea from the S.E., was felt at Bedford as from the S. and S.W. and in a lighter degree at London, as from the S.E. It would seem therefore to have passed in a current between London and Gosport, (not having been felt at Gosport at all) to Swansea, and then to have rushed with great violence from the S.W. to Bedford, expending its strength before it reached Thetford, where it may probably have been noted as among the "windy days" above mentioned. The sudden falling of the barometer at Cheltenham on the 29th, without any previous or subsequent appearance there of the storm of that day, Cheltenham being directly in its path from Swansea to Bedford, is one of the many phenomena of the atmosphere, for which we have no settled theory. It does not seem an improbable conjecture, that the local position of Cheltenham, as compared with the higher country around it, protected it from the fury of the wind, which may have passed over it through the upper regions of the firmament. The depression of the barometer might thus have been caused by the disturbance which took place in the upper strata of its atmosphere; and if other similar facts should be found to confirm this conjecture, we shall at least have made some progress, however small, towards a satisfactory solution of some of the difficulties attending the variations of the barometer, the alteration in this case (upon the hypothesis) having occurred not in consequence of altered temperature, but of a disturbed atmosphere; that disturbance having taken place in the more elevated strata of its firmament, and having required some portion of the lower strata to restore the equilibrium.

The practical uses to which the doctrine of a regularly stra-

tified atmosphere may be converted are numerous. For instance, it would teach us at once, that our construction of the interior of public edifices, such as churches, courts of justice, houses of legislature, theatres, and other places in which large assemblies are addressed, is defective, whenever the speaker has to direct his voice from a position much above the level on which his audience is chiefly congregated. To make them all hear him with facility he ought not to stand on an elevated stage, or in a high pulpit, but on the floor, the audience being raised above him. This was usually the principle upon which the ancient Greek and Roman theatres and amphitheatres were formed; and the result was, that the least modulation of the voice of the actor on the arena was distinctly heard from below. The true musical connoisseur, who wishes to enjoy the compositions of Mozart or Rossini, stations himself not in the pit of the opera, but on the front bench of the gallery. Mr. Monck Mason states that at an altitude of more than twelve thousand feet from the surface of the earth, he and his companions heard, not merely the rushing of the torrents below, but the sounds in all their solemn variations of the winds passing through the German forests.

In accordance with this theory is the fact, which any person may easily prove by experiment, that if he stand at a distance from two other persons placed together on the same level, but differing in stature, and if these two persons speak to him successively, his eyes being at the time closed, and his ear never before having heard the voice of either, he can instantly tell by the sound, which of the two is the taller. The voices flow to him on different strata, that of the taller of course upon the higher stratum; and the slight difference of stature which may be distinguished in this way, shews the exility of the atmospheric strata, at least near the surface of the earth.

We have pretty well ascertained by chemical experiments, the principal elements of which our atmosphere is composed. They are two very different airs, or gases, which in the nomenclature of the science, are called oxygen and azote,—words borrowed from the Greek language, the former being composed of the two words οξυς (sour) and γεναω (I produce), that is, its power of producing acidity, and the latter being framed from α (no) and ζωη (life),—that is destructive of life. In oxygen air, it is found that when no other air is mixed with it, a candle, or any other combustible substance, if ignited, would burn with greater rapidity and splendour than in the common atmosphere. In mere azote a lighted taper is in-

stantly extinguished. The difference therefore between the two gases is this, that one extremely favours life, and the other destroys it. If we were placed in oxygen alone, we should live as it were too rapidly. If we were placed in azote alone, we could scarcely live at all. By the due mixture of the two gases in the atmosphere, the evil effects of each in its separate state are neutralized, and thus by breathing both together we enjoy that mode of existence which is most suitable to the purposes we are placed on earth to accomplish.

It is stated by Sir H. Davy, that oxygen, in its elastic state, gives out light by compression, which is not certainly known to be the case with respect to any other elastic fluid, those only excepted with which oxygen has entered into combination without having undergone combustion. From the fire which it produces in certain processes, and from the manner in which it is separated by positive electricity, in the gaseous state, from the gases associated with it, it would seem, according to the same great authority, not easy to avoid the supposition, that it contains, besides its ponderable elements, some very subtile matter, which is capable of assuming the quality of heat and light. Vegetables, wherever situated, on land or in water, acted on by light, have the power of disengaging oxygen from their own elements of existence. They thus counteract and balance the effects of the respiration of animals, and of any combustion which may take place near them, and become active instruments for the preservation of the air of the atmosphere, and also of the air dissolved in the water of the ocean, in a uniform state,—the state most conducive to animal and vegetable life.* It appears highly probable that the common air when inspired enters into the venous fluids entire, though in a state of dissolution, carrying with it its ethereal part, which in ordinary cases of chemical fusion escapes; and that it is to this ethereal part we owe the continuance of that inward heat, without which we could not exist, and over which, even the most intense external cold, generally seems to exercise no material influence.

It must be understood that the particles, of which each of the two elements of oxygen and azote is constituted, are not confounded. The particles belonging to each, are merely mingled with each other; each particle has an elasticity, or a repulsive power of its own, in the natural condition of the atmosphere. The proportion in which they are so associated,

* Snow water has been said to contain much oxygen, and thus to be particularly favourable to vegetation.

is one volume of oxygen to four volumes of azote: the machinery of death thus exceeding that of life, in the ratio of four to one. And when combination takes place between them, as it does whenever the same volumes of air are frequently breathed, or acted upon by combustion, the pernicious principle gains a decided ascendancy. Hence appears the necessity of a perfect ventilation in all places where animal life is of importance, and of a sufficient degree of ventilation to allow of a complete supply of uncombined particles of the atmosphere to displace those which have been combined by either of the processes above mentioned, otherwise the result will be more or less destructive of existence.

Besides oxygen and azote, the atmosphere also contains other matter. The terrible storms which periodically occur in the inter-tropical climates, when the whole firmament is literally a mass of fire; and the long continued and heavy rains by which those awful visitations are followed, shew the source whence the fires that are known from the volcano to be at work within the interior of the earth, must have their origin. The reservoirs of water hidden also within the bosom of the globe, and the rivers flowing through its veins, the effects of which, when heated by the internal fires, are made manifest in the earthquake, must be portions of the element originally held in the atmosphere in a gaseous form. We observe from the torrent that often descends from the heavens, and which we call the water-spout, that a vast body of the element may be suddenly collected above our heads, and precipitated upon us almost before we have time to escape its fury. In some climates the rain assumes a combined form, resembling waves dashed from the clouds, and sometimes accompanied by immense hail-stones and fragments of ice, which destroy for a season all the hopes of the vintager and the husbandman.

The showers which sometimes occur, of insects and small fish, the aerolites, the quantity of earthy particles intermixed with rain-water, also assure us of the continued existence in the firmament of other matter than that which we perceive in the gaseous form. Every thing, in short, that we know of it, leads us to believe that it was, "in the beginning," mentioned in Genesis, the great laboratory in which, if we may presume so to speak, the primary materials of the globe were compacted through the instrumentality of its gases, its waters, and its fires. Hence we can the more readily comprehend the course of creation, of which the geologist has already found so many traces. During the unsettled periods of the earth, it is perfectly

consistent with even our present acquaintance with the atmospheric elements, that the remains of animals now confined to warm climates, should be found in climates where, if now placed, they could no longer exist; and that even whole races which traversed the marshes of the primeval world should have become altogether extinct. However necessary to the economy of creation they might have been in densely clouded skies, or in places where continued fires and inundations were performing those functions of which we now behold the results, in the vast hollows filled with ocean, in the Pyrenees, the Alps, the Andes and the Himalayas, in the Danube and the Nile, the Ganges and the Indus, the Plata, the Amazon, the Mississippi, and the Niagara; it is manifest that such gigantic and amphibious beings could serve no useful purpose, after the air was purified of its noxious vapours, the fruitage of the earth was mellowed by genial suns, the rank weeds gave place to nutritive plants, the forest trees put on their varied foliage, the groves were filled with birds, and the upland and the valley spread with green herbage, and decorated by flowers of every hue and fragrance, to greet the arrival of MAN, and to sustain him in happiness.

Since that great epoch, the general tendency of the earth has been (if we except the deluge,) to a state of repose,—a state into which,

> "If we steadfast look,
> We shall discern
> In it, as in some holy book,
> How man may heavenly knowledge learn."

The atmosphere, more perhaps than any thing else that forms part of the furniture of our globe, though charged with elements that conduce to health, is also fraught with poisons, which under a thousand forms enter the animal system, and prepare it for certain dissolution sooner or later. Every month may be said to have its peculiar epidemic,—January its influenza, attended by coughs, soreness of the respiratory muscles, prostration of strength, and a sense of suffocation;—February its rheumatism, and those affections of the throat so fatal to children;—March its pleurisy, pectoral complaints, and catarrhal fevers;—April its scarlatina;—May, June and July, their bilious maladies;—August its cholera-morbus;—September its small-pox and measles;—October, November and December, their typhus and other maladies which, from the want of cleanliness, comfortable clothing, good fires, and ventilated habitations, prove so destructive, especially to the poor. With

all these disorders, which in their progress sweep away great numbers of those who had commenced the year in perfect health, the changes in the atmosphere have an intimate connexion.

The instrumentality by which those changes are wrought, is one of the secrets of nature still to be discovered. Any circumstance which disturbs the usual proportion between the two great elements, oxygen and azote; any operation of the electric fluid, for example, which may serve to combine the two gases by combustion for a day, or even for an hour, would be sufficient to produce consequences destructive, rapidly, or gradually, but with a dire certainty, to myriads of every animal that lives in air, or on earth, or in the waters. It has been stated, and with a very great appearance of probability, that the cholera which beginning in India some years ago, subsequently took its course through almost every nation on the globe, was produced, or at least very much increased in its intensity, by impure gases mingled with our firmament, which had their origin in the atmosphere of the comet then passing near our planet.*

What are called "dry fogs," must be the result of matters held in the atmosphere in a state of suspension or dissolution. Of one of these extraordinary phenomena we find the following account, in Dr. Prout's Bridgewater treatise; his observations also on the cholera, which prevailed in London in 1832, will be found well worthy of attention:—

"In the year 1782, and still more in the year following, a remarkable haze of this kind extended over the whole of Europe. Seen in mass, this haze was of a pale blue colour; it was thickest at noon, where the sun appeared through it of a red colour. Rain did not in the least degree affect it. This haze is said to have possessed drying properties, and to have occasionally yielded a strong and peculiar odour. It is also said to have deposited in some places a viscid liquid, of an acrid taste, and of an unpleasant smell. About the same time, there were, in Calabria and in Iceland, terrible earthquakes, accompanied by volcanic eruptions. These earthquakes and eruptions, were supposed to have been connected with the haze; indeed it has been generally remarked, that such a condition of the atmosphere has been usually preceded by an earthquake, either in the same or in some

* Mr. Rogerson, an eminent surgeon of Liverpool, has recently maintained, before the Medical Society of that town, that the epidemics of 1834, 5, 6 and 7 were caused by a prevailing *negative* state of electricity in the air, causing inflammation of the mucous membranes of the lungs and bowels. And this is certainly borne out by the fact, that during six entire weeks that the cholera raged in Liverpool, the mean of the electricity was 11. *minus*, without any *plus* electricity whatever.

adjoining country. The dispersion of the haze in the summer of 1783, was attended by severe thunder storms. As might be expected, the general state of health has, for the most part, been deranged, during the continuance of these phenomena; simultaneously there have been epidemic diseases of various kinds. Thus, in the above mentioned years, 1782 and 1783, an epidemic catarrh, or influenza, prevailed throughout Europe; affecting not only mankind, but likewise other animals.

"The nature of the matter thus diffused through the atmosphere is quite unknown. It may be as various at different times, as the character of the epidemics to which it gives origin. As an example of the extraordinary effects which foreign bodies, when diffused through the atmosphere, are capable of producing, we may mention those produced by selenium, when, in combination with hydrogen, it is diffused as a gas through the air, even in the most minute quantity. The effects of this gaseous combination of selenium with hydrogen, are thus described by the celebrated chemist, Berzelius, its discoverer. 'In the first experiment which I made on the inhalation of this gas, I conceive that I let up into my nostrils a bubble of gas, about the size of a small pea. It deprived me so completely of the sense of smell, that I could apply a bottle of concentrated ammonia to my nose without perceiving any odour. After five or six hours, I began to recover the sense of smell, but a severe catarrh remained for about fifteen days. On another occasion, while preparing this gas, I became sensible of a slight hepatic odour, because the vessel was not quite close; but the aperture was very small, and when I covered it with a drop of water, small bubbles were seen to issue, about the size of a pin's head. To avoid being incommoded with the gas, I put the apparatus under the chimney of the laboratory. I felt at first a sharp sensation in my nose; my eyes then became red, and other symptoms of catarrh began to appear, but only to a trifling extent. In half an hour, I was seized with a dry and painful cough, which continued for a long time, and which was at last accompanied by an expectoration, having a taste entirely like that of the vapour from a boiling solution of corrosive sublimate. These symptoms were removed by the application of a blister to my chest. *The quantity* of seleniuretted hydrogen gas, which on each of these occasions, entered into my organs of respiration *was much smaller* than would have been required of any other inorganic substance whatever, to produce similar effects.*

"As we have already stated, selenium is for the most part found in association with mineral sulphur; selenium is also, like sulphur, a volcanic product. Now, though we can hardly imagine the possibility of the diffusion of selenium through the atmosphere in combination with hydrogen; selenium may be so diffused in some other form of combination, which may produce effects analogous to those of seleniu-

* Annals of Philosophy, Old Series, vol. xiv. p. 101.

retted hydrogen. We do not mean to assert that the diffusion of any such substance really takes place. Our intention is merely to show that a small quantity of an active ingredient, like selenium, is sufficient to contaminate the atmosphere over a wide extent of country. Such a substance being ejected from the crater of a volcano during an eruption, or through a crevice in the earth during an earthquake, may thus produce an epidemic disease; nor is it improbable that many epidemics, particularly those of a catarrhal kind, have so originated.

"The matters occasionally diffused through the atmosphere, which appear to be *in a state of solution*, are not often perceptible by our senses, unless in some cases, perhaps, by the sense of smell.

"As an instance of the presence of such bodies in the atmosphere, we may mention a very remarkable observation, which occurred to the writer of this treatise during the late prevalence of epidemic cholera. He had for some years been occupied in investigations regarding the atmosphere; and for more than six weeks, previously to the appearance of cholera in London, had almost every day, been engaged in endeavouring to determine, with the utmost possible accuracy, the weight of a given quantity of air, under precisely the same circumstances of temperature and of pressure. On a particular day, the 9th of February, 1832, the weight of the air suddenly appeared to rise above the usual standard. As the rise was at the time supposed to be the result of some accidental error, or of some derangement in the apparatus employed; in order to discover its cause, the succeeding observations were made with the most rigid scrutiny. But no error or derangement whatever could be detected. On the days immediately following, the weight of the air still continued above the standard; though not quite so high as on the 9th of February, when the change was first noticed. The air retained its augmented weight during the whole time these experiments were carried on, namely, about six weeks longer. The increase of the weight of the air observed in these experiments, was small; but still decided and real. The method of conducting the experiments, was such as not to allow of an error, at least, to an amount so great as the additional weight, without the cause of that error having become apparent. There seems, therefore, to be only one mode of rationally explaining this increased weight of the air at London in February, 1832; which is, by admitting the diffusion of some gaseous body through the air of this city, considerably heavier than the air it displaced. About the 9th of February the wind in London, which had previously been W. veered round to the E., and remained pretty steadily in that quarter, till the end of the month. Now, precisely on the change of the wind, the first cases of epidemic cholera were reported in London; and from that time the disease continued to spread. That the epidemic cholera was the effect of the peculiar condition of the atmosphere, is more perhaps than can be safely maintained; but reasons, which have been advanced elsewhere, lead the writer of this treatise to believe that the virulent disease, termed cholera, was owing to the same matter that produced the additional weight of the air."—Prout, pp. 347-53.

That the atmosphere ordinarily contains a great proportion of the electric fluid, is a fact proved by repeated experiment. It exists there usually in a dissolved, or rather attenuated state, until it is subjected to violent friction; and then it will give off sparks, and even continued light, or lightning, as we may see in the thunder storm. The friction that produces the lightning of the storm, however, is the result of some particular combinations, which occasionally take place in the firmament, and which have not yet been satisfactorily ascertained. The ordinary theory upon the subject is, that clouds charged with opposite kinds of electricity, (positive and negative) meet in the air, and repel each other. The collision causes the lightning, and the rush of the lightning through the clouds produces the sound which we call thunder. This theory wants examination, which it would be useless to institute until we are better acquainted with the atmosphere.

The electric fluid is subject also to a regular perpetual friction from the earth moving on its own axis. It is yet to be ascertained whether this action of the earth on the electric medium by which it is surrounded, is not intimately connected with the Northern and Southern Auroral lights, and also with the direction and variations of the needle. The friction in question, undoubtedly, increases the intensity of the fluid near the surface of the earth; and this intensity would go on always augmenting, unless some provision were made for restoring the equilibrium of the fluid in the atmosphere. Now according to the doctrine of Professor Daniell, there is twice as much light and heat absorbed in the Polar regions, as there is in those of the Tropics. If this be so, there must be a constant current of the electric fluid, (which is in fact a heated subtile element, always capable of being made luminous) from the equator towards the poles. The magnetic needle is, very probably, but the index of that current, as the vane is of the prevailing wind; hence the direction of the compass in a line that would always be parallel to the axis of the earth, were it not for the divergences which take place in the electric current as it approaches the poles. Those divergences would seem to be necessary to the due distribution of the fluid throughout those colder regions of the atmosphere; and when, from any cause, the current is swollen with more of the fluid than those regions can absorb, it will be driven back. The action of repulsion would render the superfluous portion of the current more or less luminous, and hence might arise the phenomena which we call the Auroral lights. When we say that the

surplus portion of the fluid not absorbed in the "*colder* regions" of the poles, will be "driven back," we assume that there are regions, both in the extreme North and the extreme South, which are less cold than those where the greatest accumulation of ice takes place. This assumption, though apparently paradoxical, is justified by the fact, that the late Russian expedition under the command of M. Von Wrangel, has discovered an open navigable sea beyond the seventy-second degree of North latitude; and when we consider the briny character of that sea, which prevents it from being frozen, we seem justified in concluding that the climate between lat. 72 and lat. 90 is much milder than it is at what may be called the zone of perpetual ice, found southward of lat. 72. It is moreover well ascertained, that the Auroral lights do not descend from the higher regions of the atmosphere. On the contrary, they uniformly ascend from the lower regions to the higher, and indeed are usually seen within a few miles of the earth's surface. They would appear, therefore, to be altogether of earthly origin: and this induction further favours the supposition, that as there is a Southern as well as a Northern Aurora, so also there is an extreme Southern as well as an extreme Northern, unfrozen Polar ocean.

We have not yet collected data sufficiently numerous to enable us to speak with anything like confidence upon this subject; all we can do, is to throw out for the examination of other minds the thoughts that occur to our own. That there is a true magnetic pole—that is a point to which the needle is always true in its direction,—seems highly probable. Indeed the two variations W. and E., and the increase of the variations on either side from the meridian where they begin, would seem to establish the fact. But we have not yet made sufficient progress in the South, to be able to draw the line of invariable polarity from the Arctic to the Antarctic regions. The observations already made, imperfect though they be, would lead us to suspect that the variations of the needle will be found to correspond pretty nearly in both those sections of the globe. The oscillations of a minor character which occasionally take place, would seem to be the result of local influence, or perhaps of partial accidental accumulations of the electric element.

The electro-magnetic fluid is known to be developed by the unequal distribution of heat through bodies. Why this happens, we know not, but the phenomenon is well established. The earth in its diurnal motion on its axis from West to East, has its surface successively exposed to the solar rays in an

opposite direction, East to West. The surface therefore, particularly between the tropics, will be heated and cooled from East to West, and thus tributary currents of electricity will be established in that direction. M. Pouillet has proved,* by direct experiment, that the combination of oxygen with the materials of living plants, is a constant source of electricity; and he has shown that a surface of 100 square metres, in full vegetation, disengages in the course of a day as much vitreous electricity, as would charge a powerful battery. Another source is evaporation. A third, and no doubt the most powerful of all, is the solar light; for that light is itself most probably oxygen, compressed and collected there for the purpose of distribution, throughout our whole system. With reference to the first of the sources of the fluid above first mentioned, Mr. Leithead has recently discovered that the effect of an unequal state of temperature, even in *one* metal, will deflect the needle. His account of his experiment is as follows:—

"I first took a tin plate, and soldered to each end (near the edge,) a copper wire. I supported the plate on a glass pillar. I then took a little cotton wool, and placed it on one of the extremities of the plate. I connected the apparatus with the galvanoscope, by means of the copper wires, and then poured a little sulphuric æther on the cotton wool. As the æther evaporated, intense cold was produced at that end of the plate, and, as I anticipated, the needle was deflected. When the needle rested, the *heat of the hand* was quite sufficient to cause a *second* deflection!"

This experiment proves not only the fact that evaporation in general, which is only another expression for difference of temperature, produces electricity; but also, as Mr. Leithead justly remarks, "teaches us what an incalculable quantity of the subtile fluid must be in constant motion around us." It is a remarkable circumstance, however, which M. Pouillet has demonstrated, that the conversion of water chemically *pure* into vapour excites no electric tension,—probably because the process of purification expels from it its oxygen.

The dip or depression of the point of the needle, is one of the mysteries of magnetism as yet unsolved. At the equator, it assumes a perfectly horizontal position,—that is, a position exactly parallel to the axis of the earth. In the latitude of London, it dips nearly at an angle of 70.; over the pole it would be vertical. Is not this tendency of the needle downward to be attributed to the spherical form of the earth? The

* Annales de Chimie et de Physique, 1827. See also his Elemens de Physique, Liv. ix. chap. 5.

globe is itself a magnet, by reason of the quantity of electric fluid which it contains, not merely at its surface, but intermixed with the fires and waters, and innumerable metallic and others substances within its interior. The point of the needle is consequently, by the attraction of the mass, deflected downwards as it proceeds from the equator to the pole. If we could suppose the surface of the earth a perfect level from the equator to the pole, the horizontal position of the needle could undergo no change. But in fact, a line drawn from the equator to the pole, must conform with the segment of a circle, and the point of the needle following the segment so described, must of necessity descend lower in proportion to its distance from the equator where it is held exactly balanced.

It would be impossible, without going far beyond the limits which a periodical journal can afford for any one subject, however important, to enter at present, into all, or even a few of the remaining topics which the study of the atmosphere opens for discussion. They are indeed inexhaustible. The subject of the "winds" alone, would require a volume. And then we should have to go through the distribution of temperature in the atmosphere, the production of rain, hail, snow: the causes of that colouring matter which, in former ages, affrighted the nations under the appearance of showers of blood; of the lunar atmospheric tides, of the formation of the different species of clouds, and of those beautiful meteors which within these last few years, especially, have been so much noticed in the heavens, almost annually, between the 12th and 15th of November.

A few striking facts with reference to some of these points, are all that we shall now venture upon. It is a singular circumstance, mentioned by Lieut. Colonel Reid, in his observations on the "law of storms," that no storm has ever been known to occur at St. Helena. The degree of magnetic intensity there is the lowest yet ascertained on the globe. That fortunate island may be said, therefore, to be placed in the true Pacific ocean of the world.

At Geneva, on the 25th of October, 1822, there fell thirty inches of rain in one day. An example still more extraordinary has been recently quoted by M. Arago, and which is perfectly authentic. At Joyeuse, in the department of the Ardeche, on the 9th of October, 1827, there fell above thirty-one (English) inches of rain in twenty-two hours.

All the researches hitherto made with respect to hail, would lead us to believe that it is peculiar to temperate climates, that it rarely occurs beyond the latitude of 60, that it

is most frequent in spring and summer, when it is often accompanied by thunder, that it is very seldom seen in winter, and that hail during the night is very uncommon.

"In tropical countries," says Dr. Prout, "there is little hail in any place that is not more than 2,000 feet above the level of the sea; in temperate climates on the contrary, mountain tops are almost free from hail; certain countries, especially some parts of France, are very liable to hail storms; and such is at times the fury of these storms that they lay waste whole districts. There are on record many instances of these calamitous visitations, which are usually accompanied by whirlwinds, and by the most appalling electrical phenomena. During storms of such degrees of severity, hail stones have sometimes fallen of enormous magnitude, and often of an irregular shape, as if they were the fragments of a thick sheet of ice suddenly broken; a supposition which alone will explain the formation of angular masses, many inches in size, and many pounds in weight. The production in the middle of summer of the intense cold that is thus indicated, is a puzzle which philosophers have been unable to solve." *Bridgewater Treatise*, pp. 336-7.

Upon the great importance of the careful observation of the changes which are constantly taking place in the atmosphere, commentary would be superfluous. We cannot however resist the temptation of transferring to our pages the following just and eloquent remarks on this subject, contained in a paper presented to the Meteorological Society, by Mr. John Ruskin of Christ Church, Oxford.

"It is a science of the pure air, and the bright heaven; its thoughts are amidst the loveliness of creation; it leads the mind, as well as the eye, to the morning mist, and the noon-day glory, and the twilight cloud,—to the purple peace of the mountain heaven,—to the cloudy repose of the green valley; now expatiating in the silence of stormless æther,—now on the rushing of the wings of the wind. It is indeed a knowledge, which must be felt to be, in its very essence, full of the soul of the beautiful. For its interest, it is universal; unabated in every place, and in all time. He, whose kingdom is the heaven, can never meet with an uninteresting space,—can never exhaust the phenomena of an hour: he is in a realm of perpetual change,—of eternal motion,—of infinite mystery. Light and darkness, and cold and heat, are to him as friends of familiar countenance, but of infinite variety of conversation; and while the geologist yearns for the mountain, the botanist for the field, and the mathematician for the study, the meteorologist, like a spirit of a higher order than any, rejoices in the kingdoms of the air.

"But, as we before said, it is neither for its interest, nor for its beauty, that we recommend the study of meteorology. It involves questions of the highest practical importance, and the solution of

which will be productive of most substantial benefit to those classes who can least comprehend the speculations from which these advantages are derived. Times and seasons, and climates, calms and tempests, clouds and winds, whose alterations appear to the inexperienced mind the confused consequences of irregular, indefinite, and accidental causes, arrange themselves before the meteorologist in beautiful succession of undisturbed order, in direct derivation from definite causes; it is for him to trace the path of the tempest round the globe,—to point out the place whence it arose,—to foretell the time of its decline,—to follow the hours around the earth, as she "spins beneath her pyramids of night,"—to feel the pulses of the ocean,—to pursue the course of its currents and its changes,—to measure the power, direction, and duration of mysterious and invisible influences, and to assign constant and regular periods to the seed-time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, and day and night, which we know shall not cease, till the universe be no more. It may be thought we are exaggerating the effects of a science which is yet in its infancy. But, it must be remembered, that we are not speaking of its attained, but of its attainable power; it is the young Hercules, for the fostering of whose strength the Meteorological Society has been formed. * * * * * * * * It wishes to be the central point, the moving power, of a vast machine, and it feels that unless it can be this, it must be powerless; if it cannot do all, it can do nothing. It desires to have at its command, at stated periods, perfect systems of methodical, and simultaneous observations; it wishes its influence and its power to be omnipresent over the globe, so that it may be able to know, at any given instant, the state of the atmosphere at every point on its surface. Let it not be supposed that this is a chimerical imagination, the vain dream of a few philosophical enthusiasts. It is co-operation which we now come forward to request, in full confidence, that if our efforts are met with a zeal worthy of the cause, our associates will be astonished, *individually*, by the result of their labours in a body. Let none be discouraged, because they are alone, or far distant from their associates. What was formerly weakness, will now have become strength. Let the pastor of the Alps observe the variations of his mountain winds; let the voyager send us notes of their changes on the surface of the sea; let the solitary dweller in the American Prairie observe the passages of the storms, and the variations of the climate; and each, who alone would have been powerless, will find himself a part of one mighty mind,—a ray of light entering into one vast eye,—a member of a multitudinous power, contributing to the knowledge, and aiding the efforts, which will be capable of solving the most deeply hidden problems of nature, penetrating into the most occult causes, and reducing to principle and order, the vast multitude of beautiful and wonderful phenomena, by which the wisdom and benevolence of the Supreme Deity, regulates the course of the times and the seasons, robes the globe with verdure, and fruitfulness, and adapts it to minister to the wants, and contri-

bute to the felicity, of the innumerable tribes of animated existence." *Transactions*, &c. pp. 57-9.

To bring the matter home to "our own business and bosoms," it seems only necessary to add that, in one word, the whole of the vast commercial transactions of this great country are controlled by the atmosphere. To the variations which take place in that portion of our terrestrial system we owe (under the order of providence,) the succession of our harvests. The deficiency of the unfavourable season must be supplied by the importation of corn from abroad; that commodity being purchased chiefly in countries, which do not admit (except at very high duties,) our manufactures, and the operations generally being of an urgent character, the remittances in exchange for the importations must be principally in gold. The gold goes out of the coffers of the bank. The bank, in order to protect itself, the moment it begins to feel its average store of bullion diminishing in a serious proportion, will contract its issues, and call in its credits. The result is, depression of prices of all articles, the stoppage of mills in every direction, the dismissal of operatives, and these events occurring simultaneously with a rise in the price of bread, and the bankruptcy of many traders possessing only fictitious or very limited capitals, the whole country becomes a scene of discontent and confusion. These are events which happen with us periodically.

It would seem therefore to be one of the most important duties of government to provide, as far as possible, against the frequent return of catastrophes of this description. It is obvious that constant attention to the phenomena of the atmosphere, would often enable the government to judge pretty accurately of the coming season, and to make provision accordingly. Whether it might, or might not, be expedient to retain in public granaries, from the superabundant harvest of one or more years, a supply always adequate to the deficit of a disastrous season, is a question much too large for incidental discussion. But we apprehend there can be no doubt that the government is bound, by the duty which it owes to the community entrusted to its care, to assist by every means in its power, (and those means are very extensive,) the excellent society whose transactions are recorded in the volume before us. The police who are awake night and day; the harbour-masters; the persons to whom the care of light-houses is entrusted: the officers of the coast guard; should all be enjoined to make daily and nightly returns of the weather, either to a

department of government created for that purpose, or to the Meteorological Society. There are many private individuals who keep diaries of the weather for their own amusement. They could make no better use of their journals than by sending copies of them to the society.

We would take the liberty of recommending to the society, the establishment of a periodical publication, weekly, monthly, or even quarterly, of the information which they might thus receive. To have produced only one volume of Transactions during an existence of seventeen years, is a mode of proceeding not calculated to confer any material benefit on society. Upon the appearance, however, even of this their first-born, we do most sincerely congratulate them. It is not indeed arranged with much skill. There are many pages of repetition that might have been well spared, and the price of the volume is also beyond the necessity of the case; still we wish to be indulgent, and to refrain from any remarks that might check their disposition to pursue the most useful labours which they have undertaken. We are happy to observe that they have already adopted measures for extending the sphere of their utility, by multiplying the stations where meteorological observations are to be made. We shall be glad to see the results as speedily as possible, in a second volume of their Transactions.

Art. II.—1. *Commentaries on the Historical Plays of Shakspeare.* By the Rt. Hon. Thomas Peregrine Courtenay. 2 vols. 1840.

2. *The Pictorial Edition of the Works of Shakspere.* Edited by Charles Knight. Histories, Vol. I. 1839.

"IT was not without real diffidence," says Mr. Courtenay, "that I attempted further comments upon Shakspeare. I do not affect to have discovered new beauties in that writer, nor can I boast of the power to place in a more striking light, those which have now for some ages delighted the readers of the English language. But it appeared to me, that (after all the volumes which have been written) there are points of view in which a large portion of the works of Shakspeare are still to be considered."

On reading this paragraph, our curiosity was at once excited. We felt anxious to learn what were these new "points of

view," which had suddenly flashed on the vision of the ex-vice-president of the Board of Trade, inducing him to enter that field, on which Coleridge and the Schlegels had earned some of their fairest honours, and from which so many of our olden critics had long since been driven with disgrace. We were indeed greatly at a loss to guess, what could be the contents of two volumes of *Commentaries on Shakspeare*, which professed neither to discover new beauties, nor to place the old ones in a more striking light. We had hitherto imagined, that, in exploring the depths of the rich Shakspearean mine, the dullest guide would have stumbled on some vein of virgin ore, and that none would have gone thither for the *sole* purpose of warning us against setting too high a value on the precious metal.

Yet such, if we rightly understand him, is the design of Mr. Courtenay. He proposes to show, that either Shakspeare, "or his more ancient author, has taken such liberties with facts and dates, and has omissions so important, as to make the (historical) pieces, however admirable as a drama, quite unsuitable as a medium of instruction to the English youth."

And therewith he proceeds to write a series of laboured disquisitions, tending to prove, amongst many other things of a similar character,—by reference to all kinds of authorities, and diligent collation of the old chronicles,—that King John after all might have had a good title to the crown of England,—that the Lady Constance had married a third husband, and was already in her grave at the time of the battle of Mirabeau,—that Richard II never saw his queen after he went to Ireland, that Aumerle's mother died some years before the date of the conspiracy against Bolingbroke,—that Hotspur is not known to have been "irascible," and that there is no warrant in history for making Owen Glendower *a bore*,—that archbishop Chicheley (if ever he spoke that speech on the succession to the French throne) must certainly have been mistaken in his genealogy, for that Hugh Capet had no ancestress of the name of Lingare,—that it was at Meulan, and not at Troyes, that Henry V bestowed his first kiss upon Catherine, and so on to the end of the chapter. Now in all this we have much pleasure in admitting, that Mr. Courtenay has displayed a spirit of careful and patient research, which, in many employments of life, would be highly praiseworthy. But we still have to enquire, how far it has fitted him for a commentator on the works of Shakspeare, and whether such creditable industry might not have been better applied to some other purpose.

And first, we hold ourselves in justice bound to declare, that Mr. Courtenay has no hostile intentions with regard to the great dramatist. On the contrary, he everywhere speaks of him in a kind of patronising tone, and is very anxious to guard against the possible effect of the *Commentaries*, in deterring the youth of England from perusing the historical plays. "I should indeed be sorry," he exclaims, "that the doubts I have raised of their historical accuracy should lessen the pleasure of any one in reading them." He evidently feels a sort of "sneaking kindness" for the Bard of Avon. He would be loath to do him a mortal injury. He was "bred up upon Shakspeare and the History of England," and if he have lost his taste for one portion of that early food, the meat has not been quite turned into poison. Though he fears, that "nearly every speech in Shakspeare contains something that a delicate and correct critic would expunge or alter;" though he believes the great poet "to have been a very idle man," and shrewdly suspects, that he "made the persons of his drama act *heterogeneously*, as he saw his neighbours act, and that he did not, in the one case more than in the other, draw the whole character in his mind;" though he claims for some of the novellists of our own day, a superiority over him who has been called the *thousand-souled*, "not only in the interest of the story, but in the accurate, varied, contrasted, and curiously-shaded discrimination of human character;" still he finds a charm in the "splendid and stately speeches," nor does he pretend to name any modern author, "in whom a *just* and *striking* portraiture of character is connected with so much of splendid versification, so much of lofty and affecting poetry, by turns didactic, descriptive, affecting, tremendous, so many acute and ingenious reflections and precepts, and so much withal of dramatic excellence, as in Shakspeare." After which liberal admission, couched as it is in the guarded language of *a delicate and correct critic*, he thinks it necessary to repeat his warning to the youth of England, in whom he evidently feels a quite paternal interest, that they should not, *for anything that he (Mr. Courtenay) writes*, "love Shakspeare the less, but that they should study history the more." In these few sentences, the reader will have remarked some of Mr. Courtenay's leading characteristics. He will not have failed to perceive traces of that *ingenuous modesty*, which once led the right honourable gentleman to avow, that, "his mind was a blank sheet of paper." He will next have admired in strong contrast with the last-mentioned quality, that species of *original boldness*, with which

the critic has handled a great name: and if our too fastidious reader should deem that something of *reverence* may here be wanting, we will hasten to reassure him on this head, by showing, that a higher reverence than he wots of was present in Mr. Courtenay's mind. The right honourable gentleman appears in the character of an iconoclast. He cannot bear to think, that idolatrous worship should be rendered to a human being. His piety revolts at the notion; the spirit of John Knox stirs within him, and so, like one of the image-breakers of the sixteenth century, he catches up his sledge-hammer, ponderous as Thor's, and demolishes the shrines of genius, and scatters the relics of the mighty dead. It is really amusing to see, with what animation he pleads against our exaggerated estimate of Shakspeare's powers, just as if the *nil admirari* contained the pith and marrow of human wisdom, and with what a religious horror he denounces our profane deification of Shakspeare's memory, as if it were not to worship God, to honour Him in one of the noblest of his creatures. "Coleridge," says Mr. Courtenay, "is one of those who acknowledging, as Christians or philosophers, the imperfection of every thing human, yet conceive that it pleased Providence to make one exception; and to favour the reign of Elizabeth, the kingdom of England, the county of Warwick, the town of Stratford-upon-Avon, and the one man Shakspeare born there, with an exemption from this otherwise universal rule . . . Hallam says truly," he continues, "that we contemplate Shakspeare with idolatry: the term is fully justified by Coleridge's professed belief, that Shakspeare's genius was *super-human*—language, I presume to say, equally absurd and blasphemous."

We hope that our malicious reader may not here be reminded of the old story of the Athenian, who voted for the banishment of Aristides, because he was tired of hearing him called *the just*. It is true, that absolute justice, like any other species of absolute perfection, ought not to be ascribed to a fallible human being; and the Athenian, like Mr. Courtenay, was, no doubt, wise in his generation. If ever a literary ostracism should be established amongst us, it will be curious to note the mental structure of those persons that inscribe on their oyster-shells the names of the Miltons and Shakspeares.

Whilst on the subject of Mr. Courtenay, we will just allude to one or two more of his little peculiarities. The law of association acts on his mind in a very remarkable manner. We all know Fluellen's mode of reasoning when comparing Henry

of Monmouth with Alexander of Macedon; but some of Mr. Courtenay's analogies are not less ingenious. Sometimes a word, a name, transports him from the fields of France to the floor of the British House of Commons. Mr. Canning rises to his view in the midst of the distresses of Richard the Second—Arthur of Brittany calls up the image of the renowned Prince Arthur, and *he* again reminds him of Charles Wynn and the Duke of Wellington. The latter allusion is introduced after this fashion:—"I do not know precisely what the great deeds were which the fabulous Arthur of old times was supposed to perform. It may be doubted whether they exceeded those which the real and true Arthur of our days has accomplished." Sometimes he indulges in a sly, political sarcasm, such as—"Radicals, *perhaps*, are not readers of Shakspeare." Then he has sundry apprehensions, which are certainly confined to his own bosom. He believes that the taste for Shakspeare has declined since the days of his childhood, though within a few years there have been some symptoms of a revival; he thinks that the English youth have become less familiar with the works of the great poet than formerly—a reason, one would imagine, for not writing commentaries to warn them against his magic arts—and he gravely expresses a fear, that when Tom Campbell (as he unceremoniously calls him) says that "the description of the night before the battle of Agincourt will be repeated by the youth of England when our children's children shall be grey with age," his truly poetical friend describes what ought to be, not what is or will be. Last of all, Mr. Courtenay is a great sceptic. He sees no evidence of design in Shakspeare's historical characters, and he goes on to observe:—"I confess that my opinion is founded upon observation, not only of Shakspeare and his plays, but upon what generally passes in the world! I am a great disbeliever in complicated plots and deep-laid intrigues. I suspect that in nine cases out of ten, in which elaborate design is imputed to what a man says or does, the imputation is false or exaggerated." To the comprehensiveness of this last sentence there is really nothing to be added.

Having thus glanced at a few of the eccentricities of Mr. Courtenay, we now come seriously to consider the proposition, that Shakspeare has taken such liberties with history, as to render his plays quite unsuitable *as a medium of instruction to the English youth.*

Much will depend on the meaning of this word *history.* If it denote merely, *a record of past events*, there is no fixing

any limit to its application. Not only would the dullest chronicle that ever begot a head-ache be included in this definition—but speeches in parliament, police-reports, and all the multifarious contents of a daily newspaper, and even private letters, and the books of merchants, journals of every description, whether kept by saints or sinners, young ladies, or methodist parsons, would each and all be entitled to be classed under the same head. Or, if it be urged that these are only the materials of history, and that the duty of the historian is to make a selection or abstract from these different sources, so as to arrange his facts in a certain order, and present them in a convenient form to the reader; still it must be allowed, that such a mechanical employment could never have obtained that honour which is everywhere conceded to the name. If this were all, industry and patience would be the two prime qualities of an historian, and Mr. Courtenay himself might aspire to be thus distinguished. But no! it is not to these virtues—useful, indeed, but by no means rare—that all the nations of the earth have consented to pay homage; nor is it upon such terms that Clio sits crowned among the Muses.

Let us turn to Johnson's Dictionary—a book, be it observed in passing, which we never can open without a feeling of sincere respect for the memory of the great man who contrived to infuse so much wit and wisdom into the dry labours of the lexicographer. But what says the good Doctor as to the meaning of the word history? Here we have it: "A narration of events and facts, *delivered with dignity!*"—If this be a right solution, surely the doctor himself was no mean historian; for, when did he ever narrate the most trivial fact, whether to giant Burke, or diminutive Boswell, to his Sovereign, or to his own Tetsey, whether quaffing *bishop* at a tavern, or lolling over the tea-board at Mrs. Thrale's, that he did not deliver himself with a dignity which belonged to his very nature? It is obvious to us, in spite of the doctor's definition, that the claim of any narrative to be considered history, does not depend merely upon the *manner* of relating it.

But what, then, is the true meaning and end of history? Is it, as some have deemed, to be looked upon as *philosophy teaching by example?* We like this definition better than the preceding ones, because it implies that we are not to expect merely a dry series of facts, following each other in the order of time, or according to any arbitrary arrangement; but such a disposition of those facts as must show the presence of design—in other terms, *a work of art.* But then we object to

the words *philosophy* and *teaching*, because they convey to the mind a false notion, that the historian has always something to prove—some theory to make out for the instruction of the reader. True it is, that many of our histories have been written upon this plan; but the consequence has been that they fall short of their true purpose, and degenerate into party politics or religious controversy. If we, in our turn, were to try our hand at a definition, we think we should endeavour to explain our meaning of the word history, by a simple reference to one of the fine arts. We should call it *a* PICTURE *of the past life of nations.*

And if we come to examine it closely, we shall find that the analogy holds good in more than one respect. When the painter has fixed on a subject—which, of course, in this instance we suppose to be historical—when he has made himself acquainted with all the circumstances connected with it—when he knows not only the particulars of the scene to be represented, but the characters of the persons concerned, and the whole series of events that preceded and followed the action—when he has, moreover, collected whatever information comes in his way, with regard to time and place, habits and customs—we feel that he has only performed the least portion of his task. Thousands might have done the same, of whom scarce a dozen would be able to sketch the plan of a great picture, and of whom not one perhaps could execute the design when formed. It is now that he has to consider, first, the effect to be produced, and secondly, the means of producing it. He knows that he cannot represent the whole scene exactly as it passed, because there is no *daguerreotype* of man's invention that reflects back the images of former centuries, and fixes them for ever in all their minute detail. But he knows also by unerring instinct—if he be really an artist, and not a mere dauber—that he must endeavour to convey to the mind of the spectator a perfect copy of the idea he has himself conceived. To do this with effect, he must not crowd together all the persons and things that have any reference to the subject; he must neither marshal them in procession, nor heap them pellmell upon his canvass; but by skilful arrangement, by prudent omissions, by proportioning every part to the other, and making each conducive to the completeness and perfection of the whole—he will succeed in presenting us with a work, of which we shall at once acknowledge the truth as well as the beauty. Nay more—if he have seized and preserved the essential spirit of the scene, we shall not quarrel with slight

anachronisms, or mistakes of locality or costume. If, in a picture of the *death of Virginia*, we trace not only the struggle of the father's feelings, but the stern resolve of the Roman citizen—not only the purity of the maiden, but something of that national pride of chastity, which pointed the dagger of Lucretia, and distinguished in after years the great mother of the Gracchi—if we see in the looks and attitude of all the persons engaged in the action (the cruel decemvir, the false client, the bereaved lover, the awe-struck guards, the incensed multitude) not only the passions common to men in their situation, but also that rude massiveness of character which belonged to them as children of old Rome—we shall not fail to recognise the work as a true historical study; and we scarce shall have patience to listen to the learned blockhead that would criticise the position of the shambles, or the shape of the butcher's cleaver.

The task of the historian is not unlike that of his brother artist. He must select and arrange his materials very nearly on the same principle; only that as to him more has been given, more will be required at his hands. The picture which he draws is not limited to a fixed place, or a mere moment of time; he may range over any number of years, and transport us to all parts of the habitable globe. Nor is he confined to the use of a few colours, or hemmed within the boundaries of a square piece of canvass; he has at his command the vast machinery of human language, with all its endless combinations, and ever expansive force; and the length of the work to be produced is not often determined by any arbitrary rule. He has, therefore, many advantages over the painter, and it is very naturally expected that his picture should be more varied and more complete. Yet, after all is done, a picture it will remain: not the thing itself, but a representation—not a reality, but a shadow—belonging to the domain of art, and suggesting far more than it distinctly shows—bringing back to us the men of past centuries, not as a mere heap of dry bones collected from the tomb, nor yet in the exact shape in which they once walked the earth, but fashioned so as to indicate what they were, and indued with a kind of ideal life. It is by the imagination only that we have the power to wake the dead.

If any merely literal person should object to this view of the case, that on such a theory we might have poets and romancers, but no real historian—we have only to remark, that it is not from any indifference to truth, that we contend for this

mode of writing history. It is rather because we know of no other method by which so large a portion of truth may be obtained. Your annalist will write page after page, volume after volume, in which every one of the facts will be strictly true; and yet the whole work shall convey a false impression to the mind of the reader. The skeleton may be there, but where shall we find the flesh and blood? Surely these must be supplied, if the past is to be anything but a ghastly dream. And how can this be effected, save by the exercise of the highest order of genius?

Therefore, of all the *histories* that are given with so much pomp and bustle to the public, how few are really deserving of the name! It is no light task to build a bridge over the abyss of time, and connect together two worlds; and if it be true, as a poet of our own day has told us, that

> " ——— past and future are the wings,
> On whose support, harmoniously conjoined,
> Moves the great spirit of human knowledge"—

there can scarcely be any task more important. To perform it well, how many different qualities are required! What powers of thought and expression! What varied attainments! What experience of books and men! What insight into human character! What inexhaustible stores of sympathy! What lofty and impartial justice!—Yet every dull mechanic, that knows how to collect facts by the gross, and compare dates by the two first rules of arithmetic, fancies himself an historian; whilst the truth may, perhaps, be that the world since its creation, has not seen more than some dozen of the true breed, and that all of these (even the greatest) have, in some signal particular, fallen far short of the ideal standard of perfection.

Were we to attempt to describe this ideal standard, we should probably expose ourselves to nearly the same answer as that which Rasselas gave to Imlac's panegyric on poetry "Enough! thou hast convinced me that no human being can ever be a poet"—and, like the sage, we should then be forced to confess, that to be an historian "is indeed very difficult." Nor shall we fail to come to this last conclusion, if we only consider, without going any further, how few men are able to take a correct view of that which passes before their eyes. Examine three several witnesses of a common street brawl, and each of them will give you a different account, and all of them a wrong one—not from any wish to deceive, but merely from half knowledge, and a sort of natural one-sidedness. The

case will be much stronger if we seek information as to affairs of state, or look for an accurate description of those events on which may depend the destinies of whole nations. And if this be so with all that is passing around us, how must it needs be with the times that are long gone by? True it is, that as we recede from our own age, some of the motives to misrepresentation gradually disappear. We can have no personal quarrels with dust and ashes; our jealousy hardly reaches beyond the portals of the tomb; our vanity and our petty self-interest are not often jostled by departed spirits; and when we have journeyed so far that we lose all traces of our own party language, and find quite another set of symbols and watchwords than those to which we have been accustomed, we are certainly much less likely to be influenced by verbal prejudices. But we must remember that this impartiality is seldom of that genuine kind, which arises from seeing all things in the pure light of day, and so giving to each its natural colours and proportions—but is rather the offspring of a dull hazy twilight, in which we have no preference for any one object, because all are equally indistinct and shadowy. It reminds us of Doctor Bartholo's method of opposing age to youth:—

"Je ne suis point Tircis;
Mais la nuit dans l'ombre
Je vaux encore mon prix;
Et quand il fait sombre
Les plus beaux chats sont gris!"

We are impartial, because we are indifferent. Our antipathies have perished; but so have our sympathies also. We no longer take a side, because we should be at a loss which side to take.

With all these difficulties the historian has to contend. Like the rest of the race of Adam, his knowledge must needs be imperfect; and his vision is often distorted by the *media* through which he surveys the world. He will require many rare gifts and attainments, before he can advance a single step in the practice of his high calling. But if we were asked to point out the one great, leading quality, without which he will never effect anything of the least value, we should name without hesitation that genial and catholic spirit, which is open to every impression, and sympathizes with all mankind. It is this, which enables the historian to pierce beneath the surface of things; to break through the crust of a mere outward and formal morality; to appreciate men's motives, and make due allowance for the circumstances in which they lived; to get rid of all narrowness of thought and precipitancy of

judgment; to cherish no bitter feelings against any of his fellow-creatures; to pity the unfortunate, and still more the criminal; and to look at God's universe, not as a chaos of discordant elements, only to be set right by some snug little theory of his own—but as a great, harmonious whole, of which indeed he can comprehend but a small portion within the limited sphere of his intelligence, yet which holds together in all its parts, so that the actions of men here below, have their fixed and necessary relations with the moral government of the world, whilst amid all the apparent contradictions of this earthly state, there is *order* everywhere to be admired, and *beauty* everywhere to be loved.

Now this prime quality of the mind, without which all others will be but of slight service to the historian, was perhaps never bestowed in such full measure on a mere mortal, as it was on our own Shakspeare. As developed in his writings, it has in it something of god-like. His soul was so attuned to the universal harmony of nature, that whatever *is*, whatever *exists*, found in it a kindred chord; and this catholic state of feeling, by rendering all narrowness impossible, prevented his being biassed by any of the prejudices or passions, which he so thoroughly understood, and of which he has left so graphic a picture. He was impartial, not from ignorance, but from knowledge; not by confounding all things together, because of the imperfect light, but by seeing every object distinctly, and giving to each its due place. There is no other author, be he poet, historian, or philosopher, that can for a moment be compared with him in respect to this largeness and clearness of vision.

But if Shakspeare thus possessed the chief qualification for writing history, was he not also gifted with most of the minor requisites? Where, as in him, shall we find such power of imagination united with such calmness of judgment—such a mixture of luxuriance and health, of intense force and perfect equilibrium? Who has ever combined such a nice observation of particular facts, with such an intuitive perception of general truths? Who could be at once so subtle and so profound? And where has there ever existed a greater master of language? for his style could be brief or diffuse, flowing or elaborate, exquisitely simple or supremely gorgeous, even as the case might demand; so that it has been fitly compared to the polished diamond—magnificent as all other jewels blended in one, yet transparent as pure water, having no distinct colour itself, but reflecting the varied hues of earth and heaven.

We conclude from these premises, that Shakspeare might have been a great historian, perhaps the greatest the world has yet seen. As picturesque as Livy, he would have surpassed even Tacitus in the delineation of character. But the fates had reserved him for a still higher work than this, and he was to address mankind in a form even more universal than that of history. In the microcosm of the stage, he reproduced his experience of the world and of man. But leaving his Hamlets and Lears out of the question, he wrote, amongst other things, a series of dramatic chronicles, and it is to these only that we need at present allude.

Now it was to be expected, that he, who had such capacities for serving the muse of history, could not have touched so near on the confines of her domain, without producing something excellent in its kind; and accordingly, these expectations have not been disappointed. Standing as they do, midway between the realms of literal fact and poetic invention, these chronicles appear to us to contain whatever is really essential in the former; and, to go on with our previous illustration, borrowed from the art of painting, Shakspeare has here made use of the shadows of fiction, to connect and harmonize the scattered lights of truth. Were we to speak of them as poems, we should be at a loss to express our full sense of their power and beauty; but, looking at them merely as contributions to historical literature, we are perhaps still more astonished at the depth and force of that genius, which could thus embody the spirit of past times, and represent in a play the characteristics of a whole generation. Quite as accurate in matters of detail as the famous legends of Herodotus, and involving far higher truths of another kind, these dramas have done for England more than the history of the Persian wars did for Greece. They have inspired our country's youth, and will long continue to inspire them (notwithstanding the fears and warnings of Mr. Courtenay) with a proud and generous nationality, equally remote from the narrow-minded prejudices of China, and the vague and frothy cosmopolitism of the French *philosophes*. They have taught them to set a just value on the virtues and achievements of their race, to link themselves with the past, by a chain of ennobling associations, and to feel, that the story of their ancestors will have to be continued by their children. Mr. Courtenay may rest assured, that the Duke of Marlborough and Lord Chatham knew very well what they were saying, when they acknowledged their obligations to these historical plays.

Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true!"

These are the lessons, which, with all due respect for Mr. Courtenay, we believe to be taught by the historical plays of Shakspeare; and we cannot therefore in any sense agree to the proposition, that they are, from inaccuracy of detail, "quite unsuitable as a medium of instruction to the English youth."

If it should be urged, that, admitting all we have said to be true, it is still a harmless and even useful employment, to point out how far Shakspeare has departed from the literal facts of history, and to contrast his finished work with the materials from which it is constructed, we have nothing whatever to object to this view of the case. Had Mr. Courtenay contented himself with this task, he might have deserved well of English readers in general, and would certainly not have provoked any word of censure from us. But it is by attempting an absurd and irreverent criticism, that he has quite thrown into the shade whatever may be otherwise valuable in his labours. He seems to have forgotten the maxim of Magna Charta, and to have treated the great poet, as if he had only to pass judgment on his peer. We tell him, that he is no fit juryman in such a cause, and we challenge him in the name of his country. Nor does this imply any peculiar deficiency in himself; we believe there is no man living, that could have adopted the same *tone* upon this matter, without equally displaying his own hopeless inferiority—we believe, that the only style of remark, which will now be endured with regard to Shakspeare, is one, that does not pretend to pass sentence on faults and omissions, but humbly and reverently to study his works, as we do those of nature herself, to endeavour to discover new beauties, and more fully to illustrate the old.

Of a very different class to the criticisms of Mr. Courtenay, are those contained in the second of the two works, which we have placed together at the head of the present article. In his beautiful edition of Shakspeare, Mr. Knight has spared no pains to give us the text of his author in the most correct and attractive form, and his notes are everywhere valuable, as really throwing light on the poet's meaning. He too has consulted the ancient chronicles, and compared them with the dramatic version of the same stories; but in him, all this was "a labour of love," and the result is worthy of the spirit in

notice, which is generally as able in its execution, as it always is modest in its design.

We need not add, that Mr. Knight has our best wishes for the success of this undertaking. We can scarcely doubt, that, as a pecuniary speculation, it will amply repay him for his liberal outlay of capital; but sure we are, that a higher reward is in store for him. Whilst thousands of critics and commentators will be forthwith buried beneath the weight of their own dulness, or only kept alive for a season, to furnish laughter for gods and men,—it will be his fate to be classed with that nobler band, who have really thrown useful light on the great productions of human genius, and received from the mighty spirits, to whom they have devoted their service, a more than adequate return of lasting and honourable fame.

ART. III.—*The Literary Class Book, or Fourth Series of Select Reading Lessons in prose and verse; Compiled by the Brothers of the Christian Schools.* Dublin, 1840.

WE congratulate the public on the appearance of this cheap and unpretending volume. The skill displayed in selecting the extracts, of which it is composed, and the lowness of its price, would certainly challenge the patronage of all, who think it of moment that models of pure taste be placed within the reach of youth in seminaries and schools. But it is not the mere literary merits of a compilation at which we rejoice. We see, in the volume before us, the first fruits of a young institution, established by the highest ecclesiastical authority, silently but steadily expanding, from small and obscure beginnings, and promising to present, ere long, in its extended usefulness, a lively image of the numberless monastic schools which, in ancient times, covered the entire land. We see in it the early effects of a spirit which the cravings of the young mind of Ireland for instruction untainted and solid, have of late excited. In a word, we see in it the first of a series of works, in which our children may find the principles of science and the beauties of literature, purified from the false doctrines and poisonous maxims, wherewith they have hitherto been mixed; the first stirrings of a movement that will eventually sweep away the mass of impiety and

can hardly procure what is absolutely necessary of bad clothing and worse food. The man who says that the people of Ireland, and especially the poor people, are not in love with education, deserves to be called an ignorant blunderer or a malignant knave.

But the general diffusion of knowledge among the great mass of the people is dreaded by many, as pregnant with danger to the interests of society and religion. Whilst men live in community, say they, there must always be some to govern and others to obey, some to instruct and others to learn; some who live exempt from the toils of manual labour, and others doomed to work for their daily bread. All are not born to be philosophers or readers of philosophy, any more than all born to be legislators. A nation of learned men could no more exist for a day, than a nation of fiddlers. The ground must be tilled, the harvest gathered in, and food supplied, very different from that which science affords to the mind, or music to the ear. Again, it is said, the pride of learning, where it exists, is the most stubborn of passions, especially among the half-learned. They who hardly understand elementary truths, would, by a greater earnestness of dogmatism, affect an acquaintance with abstruse difficulties; and, thus, the wisdom and the faith of antiquity would soon fall before an irruption of sciolists and pedants. We know some very worthy men, who are haunted by apprehensions like these. If we do not admit, we are certainly unwilling to sneer at opinions held conscientiously; but we have neither respect nor toleration for the howls of grasping, selfish, domineering bigotry; and sure we are, that most of those who declaim against the general spread of knowledge, mistake narrowness of mind for delicacy of conscience, and speak from factious obstinacy rather than sober conviction. There is no more danger that general education will subvert or injure the order of society, than that an abundance of cheap bread will beget a general gluttony. There will be gluttons, whether bread be cheap or dear; and some will be turbulent and censorious, whether they receive education or not. They who apprehend danger to religion seem not to know, what every well-instructed Christian ought to know, that religion derives not her efficacy, nor loses her sway over the human mind, from the influence, however great, of mere human institutions or opinions or forms of society. To her doctrines error only is opposed, to her precepts immorality. She embraces alike within her ample fold, the ignorant and the instructed, the civilized, and the uncivilized.

nighted nations for the bread of faith, called up a rapid succession of apostles; the yearning of thousands after a perfection, unattainable amid the distractions of business and the scandals of the world, was soon satisfied in the unnumbered abodes of seclusion, which the affluence or the persevering industry of pious zeal everywhere brought into existence. Each new want, which the ever-shifting relations of society created in the external policy of religion, was supplied by the comprehensive genius and vigorous activity of master minds, raised up, it would seem, for the special purpose. Athanasius and Arius, Jerome and Vigilantius, Augustin and the Donatists, Dominic and the Albigenses, Ignatius and the ten thousand sects of the Reformation, are names that tell, on one hand of the combination of power and wealth and talents and numbers which threatened the annihilation of all faith; and on the other, of the utter nothingness into which these terrific preparations melted away before the spirit of truth, operating through instruments often the weakest and meanest in the eyes of men. Before the invention of printing, general knowledge was necessarily confined to the few, whose wealth and leisure afforded them the means of purchasing and perusing costly manuscripts. The fierce wars which sprang out of the heresies of the sixteenth, and the revolutions of the seventeenth centuries, retarded the improvement which the popular mind would have otherwise derived from the cheapness and general circulation of books; and ages of barbarous persecution extended nearly to the present times the cloud of ignorance which hung over our own unhappy country. Since the great impediments have been removed, a universal desire for education has been created, or rather revived among us; and our holy Church, ever fruitful in resources wherewith to supply the spiritual wants of her children, has established a new order of teachers, admirably adapted to the humble wants and humble wishes of a poor, a pious and a generous people. The name of the little work which we have placed at the head of this paper, has already led our readers to understand that we allude to the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

The introduction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools into Ireland, dates its origin from an act of enterprising but local zeal, on the part of a private individual. In the year 1803, Mr. Edmond Rice, moved by the miserable condition of the poor uneducated children of Waterford, and amply provided, in the resources of an extensive personal property, with the means of healing the evil to a wide extent, conceived

early as the year 1684, resigned his ecclesiastical dignities, distributed a large portion of his patrimony in charities, and, with twelve pious associates, devoted himself entirely to the gratuitous instruction of poor children. The persecutions which the enemy of all good never fails to excite against those whom God raises up for the extension of his kingdom in the souls of men, opposed and invigorated the zeal of the holy man; but he lived to see the advancement and near accomplishment of his magnificent design, in the spread of his congregation through France, and in the warm congratulations of the Cardinal Noailles, and of the pious but unfortunate James of England. Soon after his death, in the year 1725, Benedict XIII erected the society into a religious order. A house was immediately established in Rome; and, through the blessing of the apostolic sanction, the humble devotion of the members, and the encouragement of the clergy and of the civil authorities, the Institution spread, with amazing rapidity and success, through several parts of the Continent. Its efficiency for the purposes of wholesome and solid instruction received an additional testimony and a temporary suspension from the sweeping fury of the National Assembly in 1789. The enactment then passed against the making of vows in France prepared the way for the total suppression of the order, which took place in the following year. When the hurricane had blown over, and the elements of social order began to coalesce, under the milder despotism of the first consul, and after the concordat between him and Pius VII, the schools were reopened, and, notwithstanding the many years of desolating war that followed, so quickly was the chasm in public moral education filled up, that, in 1829, there belonged to the Brothers of the Christian Schools no less than two hundred and ten establishments,—namely, one hundred and ninety-two in France, two in the Isle of Bourbon, one in Cayenne, five in Italy, five in Corsica, one in Savoy, and four in Belgium. The members, at that time, amounted to more than fifteen hundred, and, in Paris alone, there were sixty houses.

The authority of the Sovereign Pontiff brings to the mind of every Catholic an assurance, which needs not support or confirmation from any other quarter. But we cannot withhold from our readers the pleasing information that the active patronage of some of the brightest ornaments of the French Church was extended to the Brothers of the Christian Schools; the patronage of men, who, like Bourdaloue, Massillon,

Brothers of Ireland" form a society perfectly distinct from that of the "Brothers of the Christian Schools" on the Continent,—the end, however, of both being the same, and the rules and constitutions by which they are governed differing very little from each other.

We have been anxious to form the most impartial view of the nature of this Institute; and, for this purpose, we have spared no pains in gathering, from the most authentic sources within our reach, every useful information. We have examined the small volume of Constitutions, together with a variety of other documents, published and unpublished, bearing upon our point of inquiry; we have had recourse to bigoted as well as unbiassed witnesses, in the parliamentary reports; and, not satisfied with these, we have ourselves, on several occasions, patiently examined some of the most frequented of the schools, and saw, with our own eyes, the working out of the system in all its details. It is, therefore, with no small degree of confidence, that we lay before our readers the results of our investigation,—selecting from our materials, such statements, and presenting such views, as we think may put the society in its true light before the public eye, and furnish the best evidence we can yet have, wherefrom to judge of the probable advantages which a more general adoption of the system throughout the country would produce.

The end of the institute is stated, in the first paragraph of the first chapter of the Rules and Constitutions, to be, "That all the members labour, in the first place, for their own perfection; and, in the second, for that of their neighbour, by a serious application to the instruction of male children, especially the poor, in the principles of Christian religion and piety." The obligation of gratuitous instruction, religious and literary, is precisely stated in the papal brief, and repeatedly enforced in the Constitutions, as that, for the fulfilment of which the order of the Christian Brothers exists.

"The brothers should recollect that the instruction of poor children is the great object of their institution, and, for which, through the mercy of God, the institute has been particularly raised up. They should always teach them gratis: nor can they receive from them or their parents anything by way of retribution for their education, but shall content themselves with the glorious recompense promised to all, 'who instruct many unto justice.' This gratuitous instruction of the poor is one of their vows."—*Rules*, c. i. § 3.

a compact body of men united together by common laws, under a common head, and animated by a common spirit, for the attainment of a simple end,—and that end one of the best to which the loftiest desires can be sacrificed, or the brightest genius directed. The steady resolve of every member is first tested, in the course of preparatory training, and afterwards confirmed, by the deliberate and solemn promise which he makes, upon his admission, of persevering in the order: and the paths of ambition, which superior wisdom or superior talents might open to some, in the ways of ecclesiastical preferment, are effectually closed, by an explicit enactment of the Pope, forbidding the brothers to aspire to the priesthood or any orders whatever. One of the most abundant sources of neglect, or of something worse, in the schools of the poor, is that the teachers are for the most part persons who take up the office of instructor, as a last resource from the pangs of absolute poverty or of the drudgery, to them equally intolerable, of active labour; or they are those who take it up as a means of temporary employment and support, until an opportunity is presented of embarking in some more lucrative or respectable trade. Men, with such views, have no love for their profession: they go through its duties as through a hated task, the prospect of whose speedy termination is all that cheers them on; their minds are sordid and contracted, and they do not feel the importance of the trust committed to them, or their ambition stretches beyond the present narrow sphere and they despise the occupation which serves only as a step whereby to climb to a higher place. Hence it is that even of the poor children, who spend a sufficient time at school, so few are much improved, and so many are hardly improved at all. Hence so much fine intellect, which, if properly cultivated, might become a source of comfort and of fortune, is to its possessor and to society, a fruitless, if not a dangerous gift. But the Brothers of the Christian Schools become teachers, not from necessity, but from choice. Their energies are kept always active by the only stimulant which is unwasted by frequent application, uninfluenced by change of time or place, unsubdued by hardship, unwearied by fatigue, unbribed by gain—by the stimulant of deep, disinterested religious feeling. As disengagement from pursuits of avarice and from the narrowing ties of domestic attachment gives to the charity of the priest a free and ample range, so are the offices of an humbler sphere, and more earthly nature, benefited by a similar freedom in those upon whom they devolve.

Some are, in point of scientific knowledge, qualified for any office in the society, on the first day of their entrance into it; and for such it is evident that only so much time is necessary for training, as will give them a fair opportunity of trying their qualifications for a state of so much restraint and labour, of becoming imbued with its spirit of religious self-devotedness, and of acquiring a familiarity with the routine of domestic observances and the peculiar methods of conveying instruction. Some possess talents, which enable them to outstrip the slower progress of the less-gifted brothers, and to pass in shorter time over the measured space: the necessities of some of the schools may demand a reinforcement of teachers, which can be supplied only from the ranks of the less perfectly trained. But, however these and similar causes may operate in shortening the course of preparation for some, it is a fixed principle in the society to advance those only to the office of teachers who, though not in all things so eminently qualified, as a longer course of preparation would make them, are yet sufficiently fitted to discharge their duties, with benefit to others, and with credit to themselves. The circle of studies comprises arithmetic, geography, English grammar, mathematics. We understand that some of the brothers possess a respectable knowledge of the classics. We have heard a clergyman, who is eminently entitled to judge of such matters, speaking, in terms of extraordinary praise, of the mathematical acquirements of one of them—one however, we believe, not honoured with any distinguished place, nor supposed to possess any remarkable degree of cleverness over the rest. The society has lately sustained a loss not soon to be repaired, in the early and lamented death of Mr. Griffin. The chaste and brilliant imagination, the pure feeling and the simplicity of style which distinguish the few relics of his genius this gentleman has left behind him, would reflect honour upon whatever body he might be associated with. The edifying life he led, from his early years, joined with his high intellectual endowments, pointed him out as one destined to become the instrument of much good to men. But hardly had he "laid down his laurel crown" at the foot of the cross, when God called him away to the possession of another and a better.

This system of education must, after all, like every other designed for practical purposes, derive its strongest sanction, in the minds of those not much influenced by mere authority or merely speculative arguments, from the development and application of its principles in practice. Theories the most

ing these difficulties deserves, undoubtedly, peculiar applause. The schools in Peacock-lane Cork, and in Mill-street Dublin, are the special objects, as well as the justification of our praise; of the other establishments in Waterford, Thurles, &c., we cannot speak from personal observation. But, above all things, it would be the greatest injustice not to notice with particular emphasis the fruits of early piety and strict observance of religious duties, which these establishments have produced in so many of the pupils. The number of young boys, both in Cork and Dublin, who have made their first communion and who frequent the sacraments at stated times, is very great. We are not afraid to say, even in these times of bigoted intolerance and still more bigoted indifferentism, that we look upon this as the most decisive proof of the real and enduring benefits conferred by the Christian Schools. The acquisition of mere knowledge is by no means the only or the most important end of the education of the poorer classes; nor is knowledge itself, to them at least, a good, unless in so far as it helps to discipline the mind for higher thoughts, to form the heart for the reception of purer feelings, than those which a perpetual contact with the grosser scenes of human existence is apt to generate. We speak not now of the necessity of uniting, in every case, religious with literary education, or of the obligation—real or imaginary,—of witholding the latter, where it cannot be had combined with the former. We speak not of what ought to be done in cases of difficulty, where our best exertions will be but inadequate and imperfect: but we speak of the case where we can effect our best desires, and effect them in the best manner. We need not be told of the influence of useful knowledge, of a cultivated mind, upon the moral and religious habits. We admit, because we believe the truth of this observation,—but only to some extent and generally. Education will of itself make a good scholar, but it only contributes to make a good man; in the latter work religion must have the first and largest share. As a pure atmosphere promotes the health of the body, but food supports and preserves it from decay; so do the observances of religion nourish the life of the soul. By education we understand; by these we reduce to practice: by education we gain a more comprehensive view of our many duties; by these we are strengthened to perform them well.

As, however, some of our readers may not deem the testimony even of a reviewer altogether above suspicion, we think it but fair to the institute of whose history and constitution

most admirable adaptation of the information to be communicated to the peculiar bent and genius and disposition of the child; a sifting and searching of what the future destination of the child was, and an application of instruction to that destination; a most curious eliciting and drawing forth and development of the powers of the children."—*Ibid.* p. 1245.

Of the merits of the Peacock-lane schools in Cork, (referred to in the last extract), the following account of a public examination, held in March 1838, will afford our readers abundant means of judging.

"The examinations held at the Peacock-lane schools, on Thursday the 22nd inst. ..... furnished to the numerous and respectable visitors who attended, an intellectual treat as gratifying to their feelings, as it was creditable to the talents of the pupils. In addition to the usual subjects of education, viz. arithmetic, grammar, geography, mensuration, geometry, use of the globes, &c., the course of examination on this day embraced architectural drawing, including linear perspective and the distinctive characters of Grecian and Gothic architecture, hydrostatics, hydraulics, and the philosophy of heat, together with some interesting moral essays, written *extempore* at the desire of the visitors, who proposed the subjects. Among the specimens of architectural drawing, we noticed a plan of the monastery, the schools, the Magdalen asylum, the savings-bank and the court house. These were executed with real taste and elegance, and attracted not only general notice and applause, but a very flattering testimony of their merits from a respectable artist..... In addition to the command of language they exhibited, the moral essays, considered even as exercises of thought for such an age, furnished a most gratifying proof of the intellectual and moral capabilities of the pupils.... This establishment numbers at the present moment no less than eleven hundred pupils."—*Cork Southern Reporter for March 24th*, 1838.

Although our remarks upon the Christian Schools are made with reference to Ireland only, we think it right to adduce the following testimonies in their favour,—the last especially, as it comes from one placed, beyond all doubt, the very first in the first rank of Catholic writers in our language, by his deep, varied, accurate learning; by his fascinating and manly eloquence, and by the *true* Catholic spirit manifested through all his writings, in their meek and calm tone,—far removed, alike, from the dangerous latitudinarianism of loose and superficial scholars, and from the petty malignity of sordid and crippled minds, by whose advocacy the dignity of religious truth is sometimes degraded and its purity defiled. The first is an account (extracted from the Preston Chronicle) of a public examination of the scholars of the Christian Schools, held in Preston in 1830.

"Geography,—more particularly of Europe, including the productions of different countries, the character and religion of the inhabitants, and distances of the several cities, &c., from the metropolis of England.

"Catechism.

"Arithmetic.

"In this latter branch particularly, as indeed in all their studies, the boys evinced a knowledge of the theory as well as of the practice of what they had been taught; and the examiners were very much pleased with the manner in which the boys acquitted themselves in examining one another in their various acquirements.

"The result of the whole was, &c. &c.

THOMAS MURPHY, *Chairman.*

"The first prize was a silver medal, having the harp and name of the school on one side, and the boy's name and age on the reverse; the second prize was also a silver medal, but transferable every year; and the third was a "Missal," beautifully bound, with the pupil's name on the cover in gold letters.

"On Sunday, the 17th of June, nearly fifty of the boys of these schools were confirmed by the Right Rev. Dr. Griffiths; and on the same morning, about seventy of them received the holy communion."*

The last extract we shall give is taken from Dr. Wiseman's evidence before the parliamentary committee, in March 1836. Speaking of a school at Rome, transferred from its original conductors to the Christian Brothers, he says:—

"It was put under the superintendence of the Brothers of the Christian doctrine, and the most radical change that can be conceived has taken place from first to last. I was astonished in merely observing the boys walking about, with two or three of these good fathers accompanying them, to see their deportment; the way in which they behaved in the streets was so very becoming and so very respectable compared with what it had been before. I never had observed, neither had any one else, any improper conduct; but there was not that appearance of order and discipline which is visible now; and I understand that the whole interior organization of the house has been brought to a most perfect standard, and the funds have been much better administered since. In short these superiors devote themselves to it from a charitable motive, and they receive nothing but their maintenance for it."

We have a little more to say. In the first place, it appears abundantly evident that these schools can never, at least in the present condition of the country, be so far multiplied and extended as to meet the wants of the entire people. To such extension there are numerous and insurmountable obstacles;

* "Andrews' Orthodox Journal," August 4th, 1838. (From which the above Report has been copied.)

bered by enormous or unnecessary wealth; far are we from wishing to see the cavils of the irreligious scoffer justified in the indolence, the pride, the luxury of life, which the mammon of iniquity, when hoarded up in religious houses, not for public good, but for private indulgence, so naturally produces. Equally far are we, on the other hand, from joining in the rash declamations of those, who from some abuses—for what good has not been abused?—sweepingly conclude, that superfluous riches possessed by religious *bodies* constituted according to the spirit and laws of the Catholic Church, are always injurious to religion itself. Enough indeed of abuses do we see around us, to have our hearts sickened and our judgments perverted at the sight of so much wealth, originally destined and long administered for the best and holiest purposes, now turned into different channels whence no good flows for the people or the people's religion. But "from the beginning it was not so." In other times, churches were built, colleges and schools were endowed, the poor were fed and clothed, their children were educated, from revenues no longer devoted to any one of these uses. Now the Catholics of these countries are plundered, persecuted, beggared, compelled to support a Church to which they belong not, and to which they are indebted only for the recollection of many wrongs inflicted upon their properties, upon their liberties, upon their persons, upon their fair fame;—ever ready indeed to bestow the little they have to give, for rebuilding and adorning the ruined temples of their faith, but yet unable to clothe religion with external majesty befitting its dignity, or worthy the unbounded generosity of their own hearts. We cannot however conceal the regret we felt at hearing that, though the other Christian schools through Ireland are sufficiently endowed, those in Dublin, depending altogether upon the benefactions of private individuals, have by no means adequate resources. To supply their wants, it was resolved, at a general meeting of the members, held in August 1838, that a pay school should be opened in Hanover-street and Mill-street, for children of the more respectable classes; thus enabling the brothers to educate a larger number of poorer scholars. The plan was submitted to Dr. Murray, and received not only his sanction, but his warm recommendation. We cannot forbear remarking here, even at the risk of offending the meek and retiring zeal of this truly venerable prelate,—venerable alike for his age, his virtues and his rank,—that, as the Christian Brothers are indebted chiefly to his exertions for their establishment as a religious order in this country, so

the people among whom they dwelt. Our imagination loves to dwell upon these bright scenes, not as upon barren recollections of things that are passed away, and cannot return, but as upon a garden over which a hurricane of desolation has passed, blighting its fruits and flowers, but leaving the first richness of soil for another spring to revive in all its primitive freshness and fertility. The generation of to-day has all the promise of the generations of old. Let the same means be put into their hands: let them have the same education, the same protection, the same encouragement; and, before the children that now lisp on the mother's knee, shall have sunk into old age, we shall have another chapter in the history of our sages, another page in the calendar of our saints.

Art. IV.—1. *Lelie et Jacques*, by Georges Sand.
2. *Notre Dame de Paris*, by Victor Hugo.
3. *Le Père Godial*, by Balzac.
4. *Les Memoires du Diable*, by Fred. Soulié.
5. *Zizine*, by Paul de Kock.

We cannot conceal the disgust we have felt while preparing the materials for this paper. We have been obliged to read, and to read with attention, not only the small number of French novels which we have placed at the head of this paper, but several others, all chosen from those that have of late years obtained the greatest celebrity; and more than once frightened at so much depravity, and disgusted by such trivial absurdities, we have been about to give up our self-imposed task. We thought, before beginning it, that we had nerve sufficient to go through anything. We had looked Maturin full in the face; we had gone fearlessly through the whole Satanic school; we had set at defiance the ravings of German romance, and in a fit of desperation, even trespassed upon the unhallowed ground of German philosophy; and yet, in the course of our wanderings, amidst the nonsense and horrors flitting before us, we had only met with what now appears to us a very ordinary degree of folly and corruption. Vice in its most frightful, naked, and undisguised form, did not in these works receive the name of virtue. The things most sacred amongst men,—the sanctity of the nuptial bed, the right of

in an equal proportion, that of readers: this circumstance was prejudicial to light literature, especially to romances, which, as they seldom bear a second reading, can only multiply under favour of great cheapness. Accordingly this department of literature was almost unknown to the ancients, and nearly as much so to our forefathers of the middle ages; for the popular songs, the national legends, and the traditions of the lives of the saints, which in those days formed the delight of the castle as well as the cottage, were for the most part transmitted in those oral recitations, which were the real romances of the period. But with the knowledge of printing began a new era, and while the knowledge of the alphabet (hitherto confined almost exclusively to the learned), now increased rapidly, a change took place in the situation of authors, which has not perhaps been sufficiently considered. The strictest vigilance cannot prevent a manuscript from being copied by who ever pleases, without leave asked of any one; it is evident therefore that with such means of reproducing books, there can exist no copyright. If Homer died a beggar,—if Virgil and Horace stood in need of a Mæcenas to prevent their suffering the same fate;—it was doubtless because these great men could receive no pecuniary advantage from their labours. Up to the 15th century, the Christian writers lived in the same dependance, unless their private fortune placed them above the reach of want; and they were obliged, for their livelihood, to dispute the good graces of some prince or some great nobleman, with the fool, who was then the necessary appendage of aristocratic splendour. It is true that in the Church, the universities, and the courts of law, there was a market for those who excelled in theology, in civil and canon law, and in some branches of science. But for literature, in the proper sense of the word, there was no other opening, than the courts of kings, the castles of the nobles, or the palaces of the bishops,—the demand being so limited, that authors were at the mercy of their readers; and thus by a cruel necessity, those who were reduced to live by their talents, became the rivals of idiots wearing the cap and bells: and like them were obliged to bend to the caprices of their master, to become the instruments of his pleasures and the slaves of his amusement. The ruin of the copyists was the enfranchisement of writers,—for the printer, when he had bought the privilege of being the only publisher of a literary production, could make that privilege available in its fullest extent; for those who pirated the book, working like himself

state of contemporary society. If he is not mistaken, the novels whose titles head this article, afford a sad specimen of the present state of morality in France; and little hope indeed should we entertain of her ever emerging from such a gulph of iniquity, did we not know how large a part of the population are guiltless of contributing to the popularity obtained by those infamous publications. The chivalrous spirit of the sixteenth century, required chivalrous romances, and they were written. Then came pastoral novels, brought into fashion by the *Astrea* of Durfé, which in their turn were succeeded by love stories, heavy and turgid, of which the personages were borrowed from ancient history; such as the *Clelia* of Mlle. de Scudery, and the *Cassandra* of Calprenede. Boccaccio certainly had long before published his licentious *Decameron*, and the Protestant sister of Francis I, her still more licentious tales. But the current of popular favour kept the majority of authors in a better track, and in France as in England, the virtuous mother of a family might read with little danger such works as were daily thrown into circulation by the press. The delightful works of Mme. de la Fayette, by their truer delineation of the female heart; and early in the eighteenth century, Le Sage, with his admirable *Gil Blas*, were illustrations of the practical manner in which the romance could adapt itself to all the details of human life, and of its power to instruct and please more effectually than comedy. Already had Bunyan invented the religious, and Rabelais the satirical novel; Voltaire, who came after them, created the philosophical romance, and by his means a species of literature which seemed least of all adapted for the vehicle of party or sectarian spirit, became a sort of pulpit from whence the "sage" of Fernay dealt out upon gaping crowds the arrows of his wit. Depraving the heart of his readers, that he might more easily prevail over their understandings, he was the first who systematically infused into the most amusing fictions his own bitter hostility against Christianity. Light and elegant under his pen, the philosophical novel rose into eloquence under that of Rousseau; and the two great leaders of modern infidelity were quickly followed by a motley herd of imitators. The higher classes of society smiled complacently upon their future destroyers, assisting them by all their influence, until every seat in the French academies, until every public paper then in existence, fell into their possession. Thus they obtained a monopoly, not only of all the encouragements given by government to literature, but also, and which

decisions of the Academy of Sciences, or in other words, that whosoever should not consider these decisions satisfactory, should be liable to legal punishment. This strange notion would probably have been carried into effect, if Robespierre had not already been meditating the ruin of the faction to which its origination belonged; shortly afterwards the fugitive Condorcet destroyed himself; and the Academy, of which he had been the secretary, did not long survive him. On the 27th July, 1795, it was suppressed, and immediately replaced by the present Institute, which the government divided into five distinct Academies, giving to one of them,—perhaps in derision,—the title of *Academy of the Moral Sciences.* The same spirit presided so entirely in the selection then made, that the author of *Paul and Virginia*, Bernardin de St. Pierre, was astonished that he had been chosen. We name this writer because we cannot resist an inclination to give an anecdote, taken from his Life by Aimé Martin. The Academy of Moral Sciences had promised a prize for the best essay upon the following question: "What Institutions are most calculated to form the morals of a people?" Bernardin was entrusted with the duty of examining these essays, and, in his statement, he ventured to express his astonishment, that none of the candidates had made mention of a God.

"The analysis of the essays," says the Biographer, "was heard quietly enough, but at the first lines of the solemn declaration of his religious principles,* a cry of fury arose from all parts of the hall; some turned him into ridicule, asking him where he had seen God, and what was his appearance; others were indignant at his credulity; the most calm addressed him with contempt. From jokes they came to outrages,—they insulted his old age,—they treated him as a weak and superstitious man. They threatened to drive him out of an assembly, of which he had rendered himself unworthy; they carried their madness to such lengths as to challenge him to a duel, that they might prove to him, sword in hand, that there was no God. In vain did he seek to be heard amidst the tumult, they refused to listen to him, and the ideologist Cabanis (he is the only one we shall name), exclaimed in a transport of rage, 'I swear that there is no God, and I demand that his name be never pronounced within these walls.'"

The romances of Pigault le Brun were the delight of the coarse impiety of that period; while those of Mme. de Cottin, more decent without being less immoral, formed a course of preparation for them: by corrupting the minds of those readers who could not yet have borne the sight of vice in all its naked-

* He was simply a Deist.

fact to any other cause than to their having a double market, the largest of which is closed against the native producer. Nevertheless, the French novel-writers did not, until the revolution of July, overstep the limits within which Voltaire had restrained himself. To render vice amiable, or to justify it by every circumstance of extenuation; to compel the reader to feel an interest in the fate of an adulterous love; to represent religion as an imposture, its ministers as odious hypocrites, and all the believing laity as fools; this they attempted with as much malignity, though with less wit, than their great prototype; but this was as far as the boldest of them durst venture: nay, many of them, comprehending the general want felt for a return to purer morals, or shamed into a sense of common justice by the recent sufferings of the clergy, shrank from going so far; and these, (amongst whom we will mention Mme. de Genlis and Charles Nodier), were not the least dangerous. It is obvious from their writings, that the idea of God has either not entered their minds at all, or that they have represented Him to themselves as a being after their own fashion, and entirely different from Him whom Christians worship. Thus, in the *Last Days of a Condemned*, a work published by Victor Hugo, with a view to obtain the abolition of the punishment of death, the unfortunate culprit describes in heart-piercing terms, minute by minute, the anguish of the last hours of his existence. He does not lay aside his pen till the moment when he leaves the prison to go to the guillotine; yet has he no thought for the supreme tribunal before which he is about to appear. The animal that the butcher drives to the slaughter-house, could not be more insensible to the fears and hopes of a future life; and if he knew where he was going, would probably experience every sorrow, without a single exception, which is felt by the hero whom our author has chosen. The tendency of such books is evident,—they contribute greatly to efface from the human heart every kind of religious faith, and their deleterious influence is all the more baneful from the virtuous acts ascribed to the hero. Insensibly the reader is led to believe that there is no connexion between morals and religion. With a little attention, however, it is easy to make out the ideas of these writers upon morality: they are ardent philanthropists, and carry to excess that sort of silly sensibility which procured so many readers for Auguste Lafontaine. In general, they profess a passionate admiration of filial piety, but conjugal fidelity is almost always turned into ridicule, or represented

in its justice, visits heavily the guilty wife, whatever may have been the faults of her husband. Her situation was that of the Jew of Venice,—as proud of her beauty and her genius, as he of his wealth; as determined not to repent as he was not to become Christian;—like him, an outcast, and self-condemned to continue one;—she conceived an implacable hatred for the laws, the social institutions, and the religious opinions, which gave to women by whom they had not been outraged, however ugly, however stupid, however miserable, the right "to spit upon her Jewish gaberdine." But Shylock stood opposed to the whole state of Venice: and it was only by a cunning and an artful abuse of his power, that he could hope to glut his rage against the Christians. More fortunate in this respect, Mme. Du Devant found allies in the most active party in French society, who were already imbued with doctrines entirely in harmony with her conduct, and from whom she borrowed ideas which might assist her in a bold and open attack upon all that she longed to overthrow. Sure of being encouraged and assisted, she published two novels, *Indiana* and *Valentine*, which gave her at once an eminence amongst the irreligious writers of France. The graces of an enchanting style, the charm of a most brilliant imagination, an interesting story, good taste in the details, a broad conception of the plan, equal richness and variety in the descriptions, and last, not least, that chastity of language which conceals the deformity, and shews only the attraction of the most licentious subjects; nothing was wanting in these two formidable attacks upon marriage, to excite the curiosity of the public, and deserve the admiration of the literary critic. In both these works, the heroine is the victim of Christian social institutions; she is sacrificed without compassion to the proprieties of a perverse world, which laughs at her sufferings, or does not comprehend them; and the conclusion is, that happiness must be unattainable here below, except through such a system of morality as will give the married woman all the liberty of conduct, and all the latitude, that the husband invariably assumes to himself;—at least, if we may believe the author, for it appears that whether waking or asleep, she never met with or dreamt of such a thing, as a faithful or a hen-pecked husband. This wilful ignorance of the true state of society, carries Mme. Du Devant far from all truth in her delineations; and the reflecting reader, even if he were not disgusted by the immorality of the subject, must be struck by the mass of improbabilities, so evidently brought together

tears shed, and the torments experienced by his creatures. For Lelia is profoundly miserable: if she feels herself above other mortals, it is like Satan among the damned,—because there are more thorns in her crown, more of anguish and misery in her heart; alone in solitude, alone in a crowd, she carries about with her the hell of her doubts, her despair, and her pride. As learned as Manfred, as haughty as Lara, she feels all their sufferings, and these sufferings constitute her glory and her joy; for by them she differs from her fellow-creatures, and where she differs she believes herself their superior. Yet, more than once, she has bent under this load of self-created wretchedness,—more than once she has looked down with envy upon the amusements, nay, the very revels of her fellow-men; and were happiness, such happiness as she can feel, to be obtained under the garb of the meanest courtezan, unhesitatingly would she snatch at it in all its defilement; but, (how can we omit, and how can we otherwise record the most infamous words ever penned by a female hand), she has tried the experiment and it has failed. Such is the woman who is loved by Stenio, a youth scarcely beyond the age of childhood, and who is thus described to us, by one of the chief personages of the romance:

"His soft eyelids, drooping every instant to conceal his modest glance, seem to invite the chaste kisses of those winged virgins whom we behold in our dreams. No one has ever seen a more angelic tranquillity of countenance, or a more heavenly blue than that of his eyes; never was the voice of a young girl more soft or more harmonious than his. His gentle and slow demeanour, his white delicate hands, his slight and graceful form, and his complexion varying like the Autumn sky, all announce a poet, a being sent by God to suffer for awhile amongst us before he becomes an angel."

If to so many charms, we add that Stenio has never allowed himself to entertain the "insolent" idea of marrying Lelia; we shall not be surprised that she is in despair to find herself unable to feel for him a passion *similar* to his own. Divided between this desire of feeling sincere passion, and the consciousness that what she experiences is only friendship, she attracts him when he is discouraged, repulses him when he grows bolder, and in these alternations of a coquetry which she knows to be inexcusable, she gradually unsettles the faith of the young man, who is an Italian Catholic, of marvellous ignorance, and whose religion lies in the imagination, as the impiety of his mistress does in indomitable pride. Stenio is not her only admirer: Magnus, an Irish priest, who saved her

all the space that separates us from Heaven, all present felt themselves shrink into littleness. Had Milton seen you, when he gave such beauty and grandeur to the thunder-stricken brow of his rebellious angel? Must I tell you all my fears? I thought that at the moment when the erect priest,* elevating over our bowed heads the symbol of the faith, beheld you before him, erect like him, alone with him, above all the others; yes, I thought that then, when his deep and severe gaze met your steady eye, it quailed before it. I thought the priest grew pale, that his trembling hand scarcely sustained the chalice, and that the voice died in his deep chest. Was this the dream of my troubled imagination? Or was it the feeling of indignation which oppressed the minister of the Most High, when he saw you thus resist the decree that had emanated from his lips? or, tormented like me, by a strange hallucination, did he think he beheld in you something supernatural, a power evoked from the bosom of the abyss, or a revelation sent from Heaven?"

We must premise that what the authoress understands by love, is an absolutely disinterested attachment; in all respects, except its object, similar to the love of God, as it was conceived by the French quietists. Such is the sentiment Lelia wishes to inspire, and that she is indignant at not finding, and that she considers the last effort of perfection in every being capable of loving. One man alone finds favour in her eyes, but he has raised himself above the region of human passions; he is only sensible to friendship, and she has granted him all hers. The true name of this phœnix is unknown to us, but under that of Trenmor he excites the violent jealousy of Stenio; to dissipate which, Lelia tells the young man the story of this sage,—who began his career as a desperate gambler, (on this occasion she gives us a splendid eulogium upon gambling and gamblers); then having ruined himself, that he may continue to play, he commits a forgery; and this act—we dare not say crime, so venial does the offence appear in the eyes of the author, compared with the others that society does not punish,—brings him to the galleys; there he remains seven years, and leaves them purified of his past faults, having got rid of his old desires, and full of admiration for the *mythological recitals* of the founders of Christianity; believing in internal communications between the Divinity and such of his creatures as are purified by long suffering, and enjoy true happiness, that is to say a perfect calm. Honourable industry in foreign lands has enriched him, and having paid his debts, he lives, the quiet, benevolent, and *most indulgent*

* Magnus was the officiating Priest.

and take him to my cabinet opposite a looking-glass, that he may employ himself. When I feel my courage forsake me, I will call him, that he may give me counsels in stoicism, and that I may die, laughing at man and at his science."

"The priest arrived: he was the tall, handsome Irish priest, of the Chapel of St. Laura. His calm and meditative aspect, in which heaven seemed reflected, might have been sufficient to give faith. He approached, severe and slow. Lelia, broken down by anguish, had hidden her face in her convulsed arm, wrapped round with her black hair.

"'My sister,' said the priest, in a full and fervent voice.

"Lelia let fall her arm, and slowly turned her face towards the man of God.

"'Again this woman!' he exclaimed, recoiling in his terror.

"Lelia answered him by a fit of laughter.

"'Let us see;' she said, drawing him towards her, with a cold and livid hand; 'draw near priest, and speak to me of God. You know why you have been sent for; here is a soul about to quit the earth, and which must be sent to Heaven!—Hast thou that power?

"The priest was silent, and remained terrified.

"'Come Magnus,' she said, with melancholy irony, and turning towards him her pale face already covered with the shades of death; 'fulfill the mission that the Church has entrusted to you; save me, and lose no time, for I am dying.'

"'Lelia,' replied the priest, 'I cannot save you; you know it well; your power is superior to mine.'

"'What means all this?' said Lelia, sitting upright in her bed; 'am I already in the land of dreams? do I no longer belong to the human race, which crawls, and clamours and dies? Is not the frightened spectre that I see, a man, a priest? Magnus, have your senses left you? You are there erect, and living, while I expire; yet your ideas are troubled, and your spirit fails you, while mine calmly collects strength to take its flight. Man of little faith, invoke God for your dying sister, and leave to children these superstitious terrors, at which you ought to blush. In truth, who are you all? Here is Trenmore lost in astonishment, here is the young poet, Stenio, who looks down to see if my feet are not cloven; here is a priest who refuses to absolve and to bury me. Am I already dead? or do I dream?'

* * * * * * *

"'Madam,' said Kreyssneifetter, 'if I had tried to play the physician with you, you would have laughed at me; I know it well, you are not a common person, you are a philosopher.'

"'Madam,' said Magnus, 'have you forgotten our walk in the forest of Grinessel? If I had tried to act the priest with you, would you not have completed the making me an unbeliever?"

"'See then,' said Lelia, in a bitter tone; 'in what consists your strength? the weakness of others is your power; but so soon as you are resisted, you draw back, and you own, smiling, that you have

that he could tell by the mere smell of his wine, not only the latitude and the name of the vineyard, but even the aspect of the hill-side which had produced it. No artifice, no miracle of sentiment or coquetry, could deceive him by six months in the age of an actress,—let him but see her walk across the stage, and he was prepared to make out her baptismal register. Let him but see a horse run at a distance of a hundred paces, and he could point out a splent in its leg, that the finger of the veterinary surgeon had failed to detect. The mere touching the hair of a sporting dog, enabled him to tell exactly how many generations back the breed of the animal had been corrupted; or he could point out, in a painting of the Florentine, or Flemish school, how many of the touches were by the master's hand. In a word, he was a first-rate man, and so fully admitted as such, that he could not entertain any reasonable doubt of it himself."

The democratic, or rather levelling principles, of Georges Sand display themselves here, as in all her works; the festival prepared for the high Italian aristocracy, much resembles in character, those which used to delight Louis XV, the most licentious of French monarchs. The amiable solicitude of the prince has foreseen all that his guests can possibly desire; the liberty of the masquerade allows free entrance to the most degraded creatures; and, amongst them, to the Zinzolina, a famous courtezan, who is no other than Pulcheria, a sister of Lelia's, who has sought her happiness in vice, as Lelia has sought hers in pride. What shall we say of a conversation in which they tell each other their respective histories, since their separation? In what terms can we explain how both of them refuse the palm of virtue to the irreproachable mother of a family, to give it to a courtezan! And it is a woman who writes these abominations,—and the literary critics of France, and the newspapers of that country, with but a small number of exceptions, have dared to mention this infamous book with praise!! Stenio, who did not know that Lelia was to be at the festival, meets her there; and his love revives with increased force. She takes advantage of the resemblance between herself and her sister, in their masks, to bring him into contact with the latter; and the young man, enraged at the mistake she has designedly occasioned, quits her at length, and swears that he will see her no more. But then, forsaking also the pure life he has hitherto led, from the mere feeling that it was eminently poetical, he seeks the society of impious and coarsely libertine young men, and his feeble health soon gives way under the excesses of every kind to which he abandons himself. Even Pulcheria takes pity on him; and when Trenmore is sent by Lælia to seek him, she consents to the separa-

public, for whom Georges Sand writes, had been scandalized; and she felt the necessity of making some concessions,—but she has left *Jacques* as she first wrote it. Jacques, the beau-ideal of a husband, according to the author's notions, (and whom some uncharitable persons have believed to be held up as a model of imitation to her own), Jacques is a distinguished officer of Napoleon's army, possessing a large fortune; he is thirty-five years old, and has retired from the service,--for the story is laid during the first years of the restoration. His father, on his death-bed, had recommended to his care an illegitimate daughter, who had been left years ago in the foundling hospital at Genoa, by her mother Mme. de Theurson: accordingly he has taken care of this child, whose name is Sylvia, and she has grown up an accomplished philosopher,—a sort of Trenmore in petticoats; he has made her the confidant of all his thoughts; and the public, which knows nothing of their relationship, is somewhat disposed to put an evil construction on their attachment. Jacques cannot forgive Mme. de Theurson her forgetfulness of Sylvia, yet he leaves them both in entire ignorance of the connexion between them. Having fallen in love with a great many women, whom in the end he finds out to be unworthy of him; he ends by conceiving a violent passion for Fernande, the young, charming and legitimate daughter of this same Mme. de Theurson. It is not, however, without trembling, that he gives way to this attachment, for he no longer believes in the durability of any human affection, and the certainty of not being always beloved, makes him beforehand very sad and unhappy. Gifted with the most immoderate vanity, he is convinced of his own perfection, and the imperfection of all the world besides, unless it be Sylvia, whom he might be inclined to believe capable of an eternal attachment, if she could be brought to entertain one. But Sylvia is too well acquainted with human weaknesses; she has profited too well by her own experience, to fall sincerely in love with any one; on the contrary, she has just dismissed her lover Octavius, because she feels sure that he will otherwise of his own accord forsake her. As for Fernande, she is a young girl, charmingly graceful and naive; she loves Jacques with all her heart, sincerely and simply, as a young girl should do, who has nothing to blush for in her early affections, since she is about to marry the object of them. The first pages, which are full of the description of her love, are delightful; yet from the first we see that the marriage is not to be happy, and that Jacques is to be the instrument of his

heart too old to be a lover, you may still appeal to my white hairs, and claim from me the tenderness of a father. If you fear the authority of an old man, I will endeavour to grow young again, to retrace my life back to your age, that I may better understand you, and may inspire you with the confidence and familiarity you would feel towards a brother. If I succeed in neither of these characters, if spite of my devotion and my care I find myself a burthen to you, I will then fly from you, I will leave you mistress of your actions, and you shall never hear from my lips a syllable of complaint."

Immediately after their marriage, Jacques takes his wife to his estate in Dauphiny, where at first they are perfectly happy, and the birth of twins, a son and a daughter, comes to fulfil all their wishes. Yet Fernande is at times hurt by the evident antipathy her husband entertains against Mme. de Theurson, whom he refuses to invite to his house; and, not unnaturally, she is jealous when Sylvia arrives to take up her abode with them,—her husband continuing obstinately determined not to calm her uneasiness, as he might so easily have done, by owning, (without naming the mother of Sylvia), that she was his sister. It is true that at last her fears give way before the frank and patient friendship of the beautiful stranger; but already there is estrangement between the husband and wife; and Jacques, convinced that his wife will not always love him, and distressed by the conviction, is at pains to ensure the accomplishment of his own prophecy, by his strange conduct. In the meanwhile Octavius arrives in search of Sylvia, and not daring at first to present himself before Jacques, whom he believes his rival, he secretly addresses himself to Fernande, to entreat her to reconcile him with the woman he still loves, in spite of the treatment he has received. The young wife yields to his entreaties, and after several interviews, which are at first concealed from her husband, she obtains permission to invite Octavius to her house. Sylvia is inflexible; this perfect being has never chosen to be the wife, she will no longer continue to be the lover, she will only be the friend of Octavius; who forthwith consoles himself by falling desperately in love with Fernande; and before long she returns his passion. One of their letters falls into the hands of Jacques. Sylvia also is aware of the whole intrigue: nevertheless, the one remaining faithful to his promise, the other to her philosophy, they do absolutely nothing to prevent the young wife from falling into the snare laid for her,—they leave her entire liberty, offer her no advice, nay, rather increase her temptations, by almost forcibly detaining Octavius near his victim. Fernande has

your sword into my heart, my hands being empty; but if you are to revenge yourself upon *her*, I will then dispute my life, and try to kill you.

"3rdly. I have for *her* so deep, so true an attachment, that if you were to forsake her by death or through resentment, I would make a vow to devote my whole life to her, and thus, as far as possible, repair the evil I have done her.

"Farewell, Jacques; I am unhappy, but I will not tell you what I suffer on your account. If you desire vengeance, it must be your wish to find me erect before you. I should be a coward if I implored your mercy; I should be impudent if I braved you. I ought to wait for you, and I do wait. Decide quickly."

This reply from Octavius confirms Jacques in the resolution he has taken. He has determined upon suicide, in order to secure the happiness—or what he is pleased to consider the happiness—of Fernande. This we are informed of by his first letter to Sylvia.

FROM JACQUES TO SYLVIA.

"You weep for me, poor Sylvia! Forget me, as the dead are forgotten. With me all is over. Let the winding sheet fall between us; and continue to live with the living. I have accomplished my task, I have lived long enough, and I have suffered enough. Now I may sink down, and roll myself in the dust that I have steeped with my tears. When I quitted you I wept, and for three days the tears have not dried in my eyes. I see that I am an undone man; for never have I felt my heart so broken, so extinguished within me, as now I do; I feel it die away within my breast. God has withdrawn from me my strength, because in future it would be useless to me. I have nothing left to do but to suffer; I have no one to love; henceforward my part is finished amongst men. * * * I feel anxious about her health, and shall wait with impatience till I hear from you, that my departure, and her emotion when she bid me farewell, have not done her harm. Perhaps I should have stayed a few days longer, until she had gained strength; but I could not bear it. I am a man, and not a hero; and feeling my heart throb with the tortures of jealousy, I feared lest I might be hurried into some odious act of egotism and revenge. Fernande is not guilty of my sufferings; she is ignorant of them; she believes me a stranger to all human passions. Even Octavius may, perhaps, fancy that I bear my misfortunes calmly, and that I obey, without difficulty, the dictates of the duty I have imposed upon myself. Well, be it so, and may they be happy; their compassion would render me furious, and I cannot yet renounce the cruel satisfaction of knowing, that doubt, and the expectation of my revenge, are, like a sword, suspended over the head of this man. I can bear no more; you will judge whether my soul feels like a stoic; alas! how far from it. It is you, Sylvia, who are heroic, and you judge me by yourself; but for me I am a man like

"Take courage, Jacques, and return, and suffer here. You are still wanted; let this idea give you strength. There are around you beings who stand in need of you; and then your life is not concluded. Is love its only object? The friendship which Fernande entertains for you, is stronger than the love she feels for Octavius. All his cares and his devotion, which have really been kept up beyond my hopes, are forgotten by her when you are brought to her mind. And could it be otherwise? Can she venerate any other man as she does you? Return and live amongst us. And am I, then, counted as nothing in your arrangements? Have I not dearly loved you, and what harm have I ever done you? Do you not know that you have been the first—almost the only—affection of my heart? Overcome, then, the horror you feel for Octavius; it will be the work of a day; I too have suffered before I became used to see him in your place. But leave it to him, and assume a better one: be the friend and the father, the consoler and the support of the family. Are you not superior to a vain and coarse jealousy? Resume the heart of thy wife, and leave the rest to this young man. It is possible, that the heart and the senses of Fernande may require a less elevated love than that with which you sought to inspire her. You have resigned yourself to the sacrifice, resign yourself to be the witness of it, and let generosity impose silence upon self-love. Is it a few caresses, more or less, which can keep alive or destroy an affection so holy as yours? This childish jealousy is unworthy your great soul; and the white hairs you carry on your forehead, give you a right to be the father of your wife, without degrading the dignity of your character as husband. You cannot doubt the delicacy with which Fernande will avoid whatever could wound your feelings. Octavius will become more supportable to you; his nature is in some respects noble, and during these three months, so difficult for us all, I have found in him virtues I did not expect."

Jacques obeys her, and is not far from learning to consider very *supportable* the singular situation which Sylvia has represented as so grand, when he discovers a letter from Octavius to Fernande, in which the lover reminds his mistress of the age of her husband, and speaks of the happiness they shall enjoy after his death. This last incident determines Jacques to kill himself. He goes to the mountains of the Tyrol, and from thence writes to Sylvia (who ends by approving his design) the following words:—

"Calm thy grief, beloved sister; it awakens mine, and changes nothing of my resolution. When the life of a man is hurtful to others, burdensome to himself, useless to all, suicide becomes a lawful act, and one that he may commit, if not without the regret of having lost his life, at least without remorse at having terminated it. You believe me far more virtuous and greater than I am; but there is

fearful beings who are held up to our admiration? The author of *Don Juan*," they continue, "was no preacher; it was not his duty to reform mankind; he was but a poet; and, after all, if there be any truth in the morality which affirms that virtue is beautiful and vice ugly in their own nature, we ought to give him credit for the difficulty he has overcome, when he makes the wors appeare the better cause." As it always happens, long before rules were laid down for this new *art of poetry*, whose evident—though not avowed—object is the transfiguration of evil into good, it had been frequently applied, and of this we will give one remarkable example. In the 'mysteries' of the middle ages, the Devil always plays an odious or a ridiculous part; and even Dante and Tasso, who give him a gigantic stature, have only, if we may so express ourselves, looked through a microscope at the Lucifer, who excited at once the laughter and the dread of our forefathers, so completely have they succeeded in representing him as at once hideous and stupid. The reformation was too much indebted to the great tempter, not to take his part against his Catholic aspersers. Luther first began, by showing him off in their celebrated interview as a perfect scholar; Milton transformed him into a complete hero; Goethe lent him all his powers of sarcasm and philosophy; and Byron represented him as a high-bred gentleman; indeed, he now stands so high in the estimation of those who have strayed beyond the pale of Christianity, that most of them, we verily believe, would feel not a little proud of a personal acquaintance with the fallen one. Many of Mme. Du Devant's faults originate, we hope, in this most erroneous view of the nature of art in general. We say erroneous, because if the poet and the novelist have an incontestable right to pourtray the worst passions of the human heart, it is equally certain that they are bound to describe only what is true, and that for them the limit of truth should be that of possibility. Now, if there are vices, and still more if there are weaknesses, which are compatible with certain virtues, and which even lend to them, by their alliance, a kind of charm, arising from an air of reality, which is wanting in any description of earthly perfection; it is also true, that some virtues and qualities of the soul, cannot by possibility exist together with vices and weaknesses of a certain description; and the author who loses sight of this great law of the human heart, creates monsters which may excite the momentary curiosity of contemporaries, but from which posterity will turn with contempt. What, for instance,

vours to obtain sympathy. This detestable purpose tends, in the first place, to incapacitate her for describing truth; and, in the next, to draw her into interminable discussions, which having, as far as they are able, corrupted the reader, end by wearying him to death. This same defect is found in all the French writers of the present day; under the name of dramas, novels, and poems, their works are, in fact, theses composed in support of the anti-social principles they have adopted, and consequently their characters speak and act wholly on behalf of the author's favourite theory. Generally speaking, one may apply to them all, the words of a distinguished Belgian writer, when speaking of the dramas of Victor Hugo, one of the most eminent amongst them:—"His personages," observes M. Devaux, "are remarkably like puppets; without life or free will of their own, but acted upon by the showman according to his fancy. You may suppose it Punch that walks, talks, laughs, or puts himself in a passion, but you soon perceive the hand and recognize the voice of Hugo; and as it is always the same hand which puts the wooden heroes into motion, whether friends or foes, and the same voice which expresses their ideas, so in these works you see before you only trumpery puppets, and leave them in pure weariness of the author's eternal monologue." To this just criticism, M. Devaux might have added, that the French writers act in the most impudent opposition to their own theories. "Art for the sake of art" is their cant phrase, by which, as we have seen, they understand, that literary productions should have no moral or religious object whatsoever; whereas, all their writings are directed to the establishment of a new system of ethics, and a complete renovation of all religious opinions, by the substitution of fatalism for the free and responsible will of man, and of pantheism for Christianity. Georges Sand is one of the most active labourers in this work of darkness,—one of the most indefatigable combatants in this crusade against all that is good, and all that is social. But even as a writer her crime has turned against her. Endowed with the most elevated talents, entitled to rank amongst the first prose writers of France, very superior to Mme. de Stael, and perhaps equal to Jean Jacques Rousseau, her writings are, nevertheless, far from having as much literary merit as they would have had if she had chosen another path,—had she believed in true morality, —had she, in short, not persisted in seeking for human nature in the world of her own philosophical chimeras. These causes have deprived her characters of life, animation, and variety;

We shall pass rapidly over the *Nôtre Dame de Paris*, which appeared in 1830, because it is pretty generally known in this country. Esmeralda, a fair gipsy, is full of grace and freshness; we follow her with interest through all her wanderings; and the character of Quasimodo—a child forsaken, and laid upon the pavement of Nôtre Dame, deformed, deaf, blind of one eye, and almost foolish, who would have loved nothing but the bells of which he had become the guardian, had he not seen Esmeralda—is most happily designed. But the brutal carelessness of the handsome Phebus is unnatural; and we cannot comprehend how the archdeacon, Claude Frollo, at once the lover and the persecutor of Esmeralda, could, in the fifteenth century, and under the reign of Louis XI, have shown himself, even to the end, so profoundly indifferent to every idea of religion. But, indeed, with the exception of king Louis himself, whose superstition is cleverly derided, every person in the novel is equally indifferent upon this subject. Quasimodo himself, brought up in a church, seems not to know that there is a God; and the author has thereby deprived himself of an element for heightening the dramatic effect of his work. Instead of representing a struggle between crime and remorse, in an age when the very excess of credulity would not have suffered a guilty conscience to slumber in repose, he has subjected all his characters to the influence of an imperious fatalism. This is his faith—his thesis: and that his readers may not mistake him, he has headed one of his chapters ΑΝΑΓΚΗ. Setting aside these two serious faults, (but which, unhappily, pervade the whole work), *Nôtre Dame de Paris* is unquestionably not an ordinary performance. The author has entered the lists with Walter Scott in his description of the low mobs of Paris, and where he brings Louis XI upon the scene; and we are bound to say, that he has come off with honour in his bold attempt. His style, too, (a singular merit in a French romance writer), is not too poetical; admirably strong and flexible, it is sometimes picturesque in the highest degree. We have not room to quote the fine chapter entitled "Paris vu à vol d'oiseau," but we are sure the reader will derive pleasure from the following extract, from what ought to have been the concluding chapter. While Esmeralda, betrayed by Claude Frollo, is executed as guilty of a murder which he had himself committed in a fit of jealousy, Quasimodo, standing with the archdeacon upon one of the towers of Nôtre Dame, suddenly throws him over the balustrade,

shake the frail support that was left to him, determined not to move. There he remained, embracing the gutter, scarcely breathing, stirring not, without any other motion, than that mechanical convulsion of the body, which men feel in dreams when they fancy themselves falling. His fixed eyes were open in a staring and unnatural manner. But by little and little he lost ground; his fingers slipped upon the gutter; he felt the weakness of his arms, and the weight of his body increased; the bending lead which supported him, was gradually declining more and more towards the abyss. He saw below him, frightful thing! the roof of the Saint Jean le Rond, as small as in a map; one after another he fixed his eyes upon the impassive sculptures of the tower, like him suspended over the precipice, but without terror for themselves, or pity for him. All around him was of stone; before his eyes were open-mouthed monsters; far, far below him, the pavement of the Place de la Grève; above his head, Quasimodo, who wept. There were in the square before the church, some groups of curious grave people, quietly endeavouring to guess who could be the madman who had found out so singular an amusement, and the priest could hear them say, for the sound of their voices rose sharp and thin even up to him, 'But he will break his neck.' Quasimodo wept.

"At length the archdeacon, foaming with rage and terror, felt that all was useless, yet he collected his remaining strength for a last effort. He clung more forcibly to the gutter, making an effort with his knees, and forcing his fingers into a crevice between the stones; and thus succeeded in climbing up, perhaps, a foot. But this struggle made the leaden pipe on which he depended bend lower down, and at the same instant his cassock split; then feeling every thing give way from under him, while only his stiff, failing fingers still held to any thing, the miserable man closed his eyes, and loosed his hold upon the gutter. He fell."

There are so many beauties scattered through this book, that we could be half inclined, upon account of them, to forgive its evident tendency, if in the last chapter the author had not gone beyond all that an ordinary imagination can conceive of disgusting.

Victor Hugo has published but few novels. He is far—and we are thankful for it—from having the prodigious fecundity of Georges Sand, and the many other novelists, who, with inferior abilities, feel an equal ardour in labouring, like her, to destroy the social edifice. Amongst these writers Balzac is the most popular. His style is unregulated, and often incorrect, but it is not wanting in a sort of brilliancy, and he excels in painting the details of domestic life in certain ranks of society; for when he attempts to describe the private life of the higher orders, he immediately exhibits the grossest ignorance of their manners, habits, and even lan-

guage, and his sketches become so many failures. *Le Père Goriot* is one of his best novels.

Jean Goriot begins by being a mere workman in the trade of making vermicelli. By dint of labour and economy, he has bought the shop of his master, who had perished on the scaffold in 1793, and continuing to live with the same frugality, he in the end accumulates a fortune of 60,000fr. a year.

"His trade in grain seemed to have absorbed all his intelligence. If the point was to buy corn, flour, or other grain; to test their goodness, the profit to be derived from them; to prophesy the abundance or dearth of the ensuing harvest; to obtain bargains at a cheap rate; he was then unequalled. But take him out of his especial province, his simple and obscure shop, upon the steps of which he spent his idle hours, leaning his shoulders against the door-post, and he became again the stupid workman, a man incapable of following an argument, insensible to mental pleasures; such a one as would go to sleep at the theatre; one of those Parisian Calibans who are strong only in stupidity. These natures are all alike; almost all of them you will find are actuated by some sublime feeling of the heart."

The feeling which predominates over all the faculties of Jean Goriot (who has been for years a widower), is an exaggerated, exclusive, and passionate love for his two daughters, Anastasia and Delphine. He has given them a brilliant education, and lavishes upon them all the enjoyments of the most expensive luxury; and when the eldest marries a man of high birth, the Baron de Restaud, and the second a rich banker, M. de Nucingen, he gives up to them all his fortune, reserving for himself only his shop. But at the restoration, his two sons-in-law, the one representing the landed aristocracy of the Faubourg St. Germain, and the other the monied aristocracy of the Chaussée d'Antin, require him to give up his trade, of which they are ashamed; and as both are equally annoyed by the plebeian manners of the poor merchant of vermicelli, they allow him to visit them but seldom, and only in the morning, and when they are alone. Goriot takes refuge in a boarding-house, kept by Mme. de Vanguer, near the Pantheon, in what is called the Latin quarter. Here he lives with his usual parsimony; but his daughters have lovers who want money, and husbands who are satisfied to let them do what they please, provided that their expenses do not exceed their large allowances. They then turn to their feeble father, who, knowing the use they make of his money, approving and not blaming it, strips himself of all the remains

of his past opulence, and gives them even his last farthing. His reward is a caress from his daughters, and then he is happy, because he has been allowed to press to his heart Anastasia or Delphine, whichever of the two adulterous wives he has last been able to assist in the pursuit of her criminal pleasures. What shall we say of the author, who, after describing one of these scenes, dares to compare this foolish father with the son of the living God?

"And the old man strained his daughter to his heart with so vehement, so wild a pressure, that she said, 'Ah, you hurt me!'

"'I have hurt you!' he cried, growing pale with alarm, and he looked at her with a superhuman expression of grief; for to paint the countenance of this Christ (!!!) of paternity, it would be necessary to compare it with those figures which the princes of the easel have invented, to pourtray the passion which the Saviour of the world endured for the sake of mankind." !!!

But in this respect Balzac only follows the example of Georges Sand and the other French novelists, who constantly introduce the name of God into their most licentious descriptions, as if the most obscene immorality wanted savour unless it was seasoned by blasphemy.

The conclusion of the story is, that poor Goriot, while his daughters are at a ball, dies of misery, and almost of hunger. We will not, however, dismiss this novel without doing justice to the talent the author has shown in the scenes in the boarding-house, in which he displays a degree of humour rarely to be met with in a French publication. His delineation of the escaped galley-slave, Jaques Collin, who owes to his hair-breadth escapes the surname "Cheat the gallows," is truly capital. Coarse and refined, vulgar and gentlemanly, Vautrin has lived in all ranks of society during the course of his perilous profession, and he entertains for his fellow-creatures a cold and sarcastic contempt, which in his own eyes justifies his excesses; he believes himself better than them, and whatever may be the opinion of the law and the courts of justice, he is himself firmly convinced that he has the right on his side, in the constant war which he wages against their persons and property; yet he is influenced by one noble passion—that of friendship. Although guilty of many thefts and many assassinations, he is yet innocent of the forgery for which he has been condemned to twenty years of hard labour, and of which he has allowed himself to be convicted through a desire to spare his friend Franchessite, a colonel of the old guard, and the favoured lover of lady Brandon, who has left her husband

to live with him; and they are represented as being now the handsomest, the most admired, and the most fashionable couple in the French capital. Jaques Collin, under the name of Vautrin, is one of the inmates in the house of Mme. Vanguer, from whence he directs the operations of the society "of the ten thousand," a formidable association of robbers, so called because they only take the field when there are at least ten thousand francs to be gained by it. Betrayed by an old Mlle. Michonneau, a lodger in the house, he is arrested by the police, who are fully determined upon killing him if he makes any resistance, so well are they aware of his dangerous character.

"'In the name of the law and of the king,' said one of the officers, whose words were partly lost in the murmur of astonishment.

"There was soon deep silence in the dining room, and the boarders fell back to make way for three of these men, who all held their hands in their side pockets, where each grasped a loaded pistol. Two gendarmes, who followed the police, stood in the doorway of the dining-room, while two others occupied that which opened upon the stairs, and the steps and arms of several soldiers were heard on the pebbly pavement of the street below. There was no hope of flight for 'Cheat the gallows,' upon whom all eyes were now rivetted. The chief of the party commenced operations, by going straight up to him, and giving him so sharp a rap upon the head, that it caused his wig to fly off, and discover the head of Collin in all its deformity. His short hair, of a brick-dust red, gave a frightful character of strength, mingled with cunning, to his head and face, which were in harmony with the bust, and were so illuminated by a sinister intelligence, that it seemed as if the fires of hell had lighted them up. The man and his whole character stood revealed to the comprehension of every one:—Vautrin; his past, present, and future life; his implacable doctrines; his religion, found in his own good pleasure; the royalty which he derived from the cynicism of his thoughts and acts, and from the strength of an organization which was equal to every thing. The blood rushed to his face, his eyes shone like those of the wild cat; he sprang up with a motion of such ferocious energy, and with a roar so frightful, that he drew cries of terror from the inmates of the house. At sight of this lion's gesture, and supported by the general clamour, the police constables drew out their pistols. Collin saw the muzzles of the pistols, he understood his danger, and at once gave proof of the highest human power. It was a horrible and majestic spectacle! His countenance presented a phenomenon, which could only be compared to that of the cauldron, filled with that smoking vapour that would overthrow mountains, yet which a drop of cold water can instantly dissolve. The drop of water which cooled his rage was a reflection, rapid as lightning. He smiled, and looked at his wig.

" ' This is not one of your civil days,' said he to the chief of the police.

" He summoned the gendarmes by a nod, and held out his hands to them.

" ' Come, gentlemen, put me on the fetters. I take all present to witness that I offer no resistance."

" There was a murmur of admiration through the hall, excited by the promptness with which lava and fire had appeared, and had returned into this human volcano. * * * *

" He paused, and looked fixedly at the boarders.

" ' And you,' he said, ' are you fools? have you never before seen a criminal? A criminal of the stamp of Collin, who is now before you, is a man who is less base than his fellows, and who protests against the deep deceptions of the social contract; those are the words of Jean Jacques Rousseau, whose pupil I am proud to be. I am alone against the government, with all its heap of tribunals, gendarmes, and budgets, and I can match them all.' "

When you find in a French reading-room, a volume which is worn out and dirty, while still new; bearing, when you open it, the marks of unwashed fingers upon its stained and crumpled leaves,—you may be sure at once that it is part of a novel of Paul de Kock's. His works are the joy of ladies-maids, the customary amusement of the grisettes, the consolation of hackney-coach-men in their hours of idleness; he knows their passions and their prejudices; he writes for them: and most certainly, if the talent of a writer were to be measured by the number of his readers, or even by the admiration they entertain for him, Paul de Kock would be the first novelist in France. Without, however, accepting this criterion, it is impossible not to acknowledge in him a high degree of merit, but which would be more deserving of admiration, if he wrote with less negligence: but little does he care for literary fame, if he can make his reader weep or smile at his pleasure, if he can excite his curiosity, and draw him on through all the improbabilities of the story, without giving him time to look about him. There is a naiveté in his style, which frequently reminds one of La Fontaine, and which pleases every one,—people of taste, as well as the lower orders, of whom he is the delight. Unhappily, in the use of his great powers, he is as careless of morality as of every thing else; and if he has not the premeditated corruption of Georges Sand, it is still certain that his novels must have a deplorable effect upon the minds of those for whom they are principally written. As it is their good will he seeks to gain, it is always from amongst their orders that he chuses his heroes, and nothing can more strongly

prove the progress which ideas of equality are now making in France, than the nature of most of his plots. Thus in Zizine, his principal personage, Jerome, is a water-carrier, who has adopted a little girl (of course a bastard, or how could she be so perfect!) and given her the name of Zizine: the mother, who died in giving her birth, has been seduced by a rich young man, who courted her under a false name, carried her off, and then forsook her. She left in Jerome's possession, only a letter without any address, which she had not strength to finish, but which she had begun to write to her father, M. de Guerreville, a rich man, who is inconsolable for the loss of his daughter, of whose fate he is ignorant. He has for many years sought her in vain, as also her seducer, whom he only knows under his assumed name,—when accident brings him into contact with Jerome, and Zizine, who passes for his daughter. There can be nothing more gracefully pleasing than the description of this child and the important part she plays in the novel. M. de Guerreville has rendered many services to Jerome, when through the intervention of Zizine, he meets Delaberge, her father, and the betrayer of his daughter, at the moment when the young man is about to be married. The marriage is broken off, and a duel takes place in which M. de Guerreville is dangerously wounded. He is waiting impatiently for his cure, that he may fight him again; but Jerome, the water-carrier, spares him that trouble. After long watching Emile Delaberge, and following him into the country, he meets him alone, and in a solitary place.

"'One word, sir,' said Jerome, placing himself before Emile, and stopping up the narrow pathway.

"'What do you want with me?' said the young man, secretly alarmed at the sudden apparition of this man, towards night, and in a lonely road.

"'Oh, in the first place, set your mind at rest, I am not a robber, and want nothing with your purse.'

"'What is it you do want, then?'

"'You are M. Emile Delaberge, are you not?'

"'Certainly.'

"'Then I wish to fight with you.'

"'Fight with me!' replied Emile, smiling scornfully; 'in the first place, I don't fight with every one!'

"'May be so: but you will fight with me.'

"'Why? on what account? I do not know you,—I never even saw you.'

"'Oh well, I am Jerome, my station is that of a water-carrier, and I am an honest man, I flatter myself. I know you; I know you fought

some time ago with M. de Guerreville, I do not know how you have wronged him, but I know that he says you are a wretch; and when a man of honour says that, it must be true,—and besides you have given him a severe wound of which he nearly died. This M. de Guerreville is my benefactor, and I come to avenge him. Do you now understand?'

"'Ah! M. de Guerreville has chosen you as his defender.'

"'M. de Guerreville has not chosen me; M. de Guerreville does not even suspect what I am doing to-day, or he would perhaps have forbidden it, for he hopes to fight with you again himself, as soon as he is strong enough. But it is I who have determined to find you out, and to win of yon the match which a brave man has lost. Come, I hope I have given you reasons euough,—now let us fight.'

"'No, I will not fight with you—of whom I know nothing: and so, once more let me pass.'

"'Ah, no nonsense,—you shall not pass from here.'

"'Learn that a man of my rank is not expected to fight with no one knows who!'

"'With a nobody knows who! . . . . a nobody knows who!' cried Jerome, coming up to Emile and looking closely at him. 'Oh, very true, I am, to be sure, a nobody knows who, because I wear a jacket, and lodge in a garret, and gain my bread with the sweat of my brow! But you,—oh you are not a nobody knows who,—you are rich—you make a sensation, and what is more, you are an insolent, a shabby fellow, and a coward besides, so far as I see!'

"'Villain!' cried Emile furiously; 'ah, you shall pay dearly for this insolence.'

"'Ah, that is well,—you are growing warm at last,—that is fortunate,—now to our business—quick!'

According to the rules of poetical justice Delaberge is killed, and, soon after, the mystery of Zizine's birth is unravelled, and Jerome restores her to M. de Guerreville, who lavishes upon her all the affection he had felt for his daughter. The people, represented by Jerome, are flattered to the end.

"'Excellent Jerome,' said M. de Guerreville, when he regained strength to speak, 'I am indebted to you for all my happiness . . . . Ah my friend, do not leave me again! you shall give up your business and pass the remainder of your days in rest and opulence.'

"'I take my rest?' said Jerome, 'why should I? I am not ill. Give up my business? Oh no, M. de Guerreville, allow me to continue still a water-carrier,—and nothing but a water-carrier. You will not receive me with less pleasure on that account, and to me it will give more satisfaction. Ah, when I am no longer strong enough to carry my buckets, I won't say then,—I will come and ask you for a shelter in some corner; you will allow me still to embrace my Zizinette, and I want nothing more to make me happy.'

"M. de Guerreville's only answer was, to press the Auvergnart in his arms, and the little girl jumped about his neck."

Paul de Kock has no rivals in his line, but Balzac has many: amongst whom, we will only mention, Frederic Soulie, Eugène Sue, La Touche and Alphonse Karr. The first has written, amongst many other novels, all tending to the same conclusions, the *Memoirs of the Devil*, in eight volumes.—Satan, bound by a compact, is obliged in all things to obey the young Baron de Luizzi, who, tormented by insatiable curiosity, commands him to give the secret history of all the persons with whom he has any connexion. To his great astonishment, he learns that there is not one of them whose life is not a tissue of abominations. He is himself the issue of a double incest, and of the numerous women who are passed in review, all are guilty; and those the most so, whose reputation for virtue is best established. Eugène Sue professes the same contempt for the present state of society; and in a long romance called *Attar Gull*, he has taken the trouble to justify his opinion, by choosing for his hero a negro, stained with the most odious crimes,—and who, after having assassinated the master who had given him liberty, obtains by dint of hypocrisy the prize for virtue, which is annually adjudged by the French Academy. La Touche is mad at once with pride and with materialism: and Alphonse Karr, who is evidently progressing, even in a moral point of view, has not yet explicitly separated himself from that phalanx of novelists, who reckon amongst their number the celebrated reviewer Jules Janin; and in the name of each of whom Auguste Suchet seems to have written the greater part of the following lines at the commencement of his novel of the *Brother and Sister*.

"As for the object of this book, since certain critics make it a point that every writer should have a devise upon his shield, the author declares that in respect to the form of the work, he has endeavoured to interest and affect the feelings without love,—and as to its essential groundwork, he has intended to make a formal attack upon the family,—because the greater part of the evils which desolate society, appear to him to arise from the monstrous vices of this despotic institution. He is firmly persuaded, that all amelioration of the human race is impossible, until a state democratically organized, shall take upon itself the charge of the young citizens, from the moment when the cares of the woman have become useless to them, to bring them up in common, following, in each of them, the direction indicated by his cerebral faculties taken in general. Until then, according to the author's views, every attempt made to bring men to a love and respect for their fellows, will be rendered abortive by the hereditary privileges and by the selfishness of castes."

We want space to carry any further our examination of French novelists, but we have already mentioned those which are best known, and have said enough of them to give an idea of the present state of this branch of literature amongst our neighbours. As we wish to do them justice, we will admit, without hesitation, that much native talent, abilities which, better directed, would do credit to any country, are there uselessly lavished,—ingloriously thrown away. From what these writers do, and from the rapidity with which they do it,—in general, too, during the course of a most dissipated life,—it would be unjust to deny that they would be capable of doing better, if they were not wanting in two things,—a perception of moral truth and leisure. Enslaved by the only portion of the French public, which takes pleasure in their disgusting fictions, they are obliged by the great competition amongst themselves, to make them more and more disgusting; and as, after all, they only obtain a small remuneration for their labour, they are again compelled to multiply them as much as possible in order to subsist. We have before us a plan prepared by M. Emile de Girardin, in 1835, for remedying the decay of French commerce in the bookselling line: and we take it for granted his facts are correct, as his sources of information appear to have been excellent. According to him the sale of the works of three of these novelists only,—Georges Sand, Victor Hugo, and Paul de Kock, is from two, to two thousand five hundred copies: and the price of their copyright, is from 3,000 to 4,000 francs, (£125 to £140) a volume. Eight or nine other novelists receive from the bookseller from 1,000 to 1,750 fcs. a volume, according as he expects a sale of the lowest number, one thousand, or the highest, one thousand five hundred copies. About a dozen at the utmost of the others, who sell upwards of five hundred, and fewer than one thousand copies, receive from 500 to 800 fcs. (£20 to £32) a volume. And finally, the plebeians of the dramatic Parnassus, whose number bids defiance to all calculation, do not receive more than from 100 to 300 fcs. (from £4 to £12) for their copyright. This important document bears us out fully in the opinion we have expressed, not only that the French Catholics, (those we mean that are really so), forbear to read these odious productions; but also that they are incomparably more numerous than is supposed: for otherwise, and in spite of the assistance afforded by the circulating libraries, how shall we explain the fact of such a limited sale of even the most celebrated publications of this kind? We must

add, however, that during about the last two years, the writers we are speaking of, have found a new resource for the sale of the poisonous trash in which they deal. The daily papers have lent them their columns, and the prints formerly dedicated to literary and scientific disquisitions, are now changed into an interminable series of novels, published as it were in numbers, that come out daily with fatal regularity. This manner of forcing them upon the notice of every subscriber to a newspaper, must in the end be attended with baneful consequences. The trial of Courvoisier has practically shewn the influence of immoral books; and perhaps on a future occasion, on enquiring into the administration of justice in France, we may take an opportunity of shewing in how many cases the novelists of that unhappy country have led their readers to the scaffold.

ART. V.—1. *The Impossibility of Civil or Religious Liberty under the Papal Supremacy.—Popery the Enemy of God and Man.* Tracts by the Protestant Association. 1840.

2. *Popery as opposed to Knowledge, the Morals, the Wealth, and the Liberty of Mankind—"A prodigious structure of imposture and wickedness."* London: 1838.

3. *The Homilies appointed to be read in Churches; to which are added, the Articles of Religion, Constitutions, and Canons Ecclesiastical.* Printed for the London Prayer Book and Homily Society. 1833.

WE now proceed to redeem the pledge given in the closing paragraph of the first article in our February number. For the determination of the question which we have undertaken to consider, it is obviously unnecessary to enter into any antiquarian researches as to the means by which the government of England was brought to that state, in which it was found at the *Reformation.* All we have to do is to compare it as it was then, and had been for many years before, with what it subsequently became. For the sake of precision, and for the purpose of determining the question at issue, on authority to which no exception can be taken, we shall commence with the period since which we find the rolls of parliament preserved with some regularity—the early part of the reign of Edward III. Before, however, entering on the character of

the constitution in Catholic and Protestant times, we may be allowed to make a few observations on the opinions which commonly prevail, as to the influence of the Reformation in promoting civil and religious liberty, and of Catholicism in retarding it.

One of the principal grounds advanced by ingenious writers for supposing England to enjoy more freedom since, than it did before, the Reformation, is the comparative amount of ignorance prior to, and of learning or "enlightenment" since, that event. Admitting for a moment the correctness of this latter assumption, does it necessarily follow that liberty has been better understood and more securely enjoyed? We fear that the history of the human race does not teach us to regard learning and liberty as twin sisters. From the earliest ages the East has been remarkable for the learning of its sages, and the general civilization and enlightenment, and abject thraldom of its people. It was when they were in a state of comparative "ignorance and barbarism," the Athenians performed those wonders in defence of their liberties which have rendered them immortal. When they advanced in "enlightenment" to such a degree that the lowest mob would hiss an orator or actor for a false accent, they were utterly unfit for freedom or self-government, and became the slaves of the first marauder who thought it worth while to attack them. There were more men employed in that city under the sway of a Roman despot in resolving philological quibbles, than were sufficient to protect it from all the power of Persia. The Spartans were remarkable for their disregard of learning and the arts, and yet they retained their freedom many ages after their neighbours had become well-bred slaves. What connexion can be traced between learning and philosophy, and the defence of Thermopylæ? Alexander, who wept when he had no more countries to subjugate, was the pupil of "the philosopher"—was a most munificent patron of letters, and always slept with some volumes of epic poetry under his pillow. The Ptolemies were the greatest patrons of literature in ancient times, and had perhaps the most accomplished set of slaves in the world. It was only when liberty began to decline in Rome that literature sprung up; her first emperor was its first great patron; and one of her ablest and honestest writers in the days of her degeneracy and enlightenment, notices as a recipe for making slaves of the Britons, the giving their young gentlemen a sprinkling of the liberal arts, and a taste for learning, eloquence, refinement, and luxury, all

which he observes are looked upon as symptoms of civilization by the inexperienced, though they are really a portion of slavery.* In the Greek empire, literature and the arts were most seduloùsly cultivated under the patronage of the emperors, while liberty was utterly unknown. The Saracens have been celebrated for their extraordinary attainments in arts and letters, yet they had no idea of setting any restraints on the power of their sovereigns. Letters and the arts could not have more liberal patrons than the Medici, and the various other paltry little despots who overthrew the freedom of the Italian republics. Never were they encouraged in France so much as by the most eminent enemies of its civil liberties. Look to Germany at the present moment, swarming with poets, philosophers, and scholars, enthusiastically ranting on every earthly subject but the liberty of their country, and liberally patronised as a sort of police by its different princes. Look to England since "the dawn of enlightenment." Henry VIII, the most absolute and most uncontrolled despot under whom she had groaned since the days of the Conqueror, was the first of her sovereigns who, in that period, got the name of writing a book; Edward VI was a sort of literary phenomenon for his years; Elizabeth was the most learned woman of her age; James I had such "loads of learned lumber" that he seemed more qualified for a pedagogue than a king; Charles I was an accomplished scholar; and Charles II an *homme de lettres* and a wit. What was the character of our literature in that period? was it favourable to liberty? From the Reformation to the Revolution, with the exception of the reign of Charles I, and the Protectorate, our republic of letters seems to have been in a conspiracy against national liberty. All our poets were mere venal sycophants of the court. Of Shakspeare it has been observed, that in all his works there is not a single passage in favour of English liberty, and, to his honour, that neither is there any in behalf of despotism. He was a shrewd, sensible, high-spirited fellow, who having imbibed a regard for Popery and liberty, with his mother's milk, and seeing both in a state of transition, and Protestantism and slavery in the ascendant, resolved to steer

* "Jam vero principum filios *liberalibus artibus erudire* et ingenia Britannorum studiis Gallorum anteferre, ut qui modo linguam Romanam abnuebant eloquentiam concupiscerent. Inde etiam habitus nostri honor et frequens toga, paullatimque discessum ad delinimenta vitiorum porticus et balnea et conviviorum elegantiam. *Idque apud imperitos humanitas vocabatur, cum pars servitutis esset.*" Jac. Agricola. c. 21.

clear of all hazards and say nothing of one or the other; though unquestionably a sneer against either of the former, or a florid trope in favour of either of the latter, would be the most acceptable sacrifice he could offer to Elizabeth. He, however, stands alone among the dramatists, of whose degrading sycophancy and king-worship no words but their own can convey an impression. Look at her philosophers—at Bacon, whose glory was servility to James, and who sought and exercised his several offices only to promote his own selfish ends, by betraying the legal rights of his country to the prerogative fancies of that royal pedant. Look at Raleigh—the gallant, the accomplished, the romantic Raleigh—degraded into a crawling, craven libeller of popular liberty, and eulogist of despotism. Look at Hobbes, prostituting his talents to the same odious object. Look at the Universities and the Church, propagating slavery as an article of faith. Look at her historians, belying their fathers to enslave their contemporaries—her best political writers floundering about between the orthodoxy of despotism and the damnable heresy of civil liberty—and, as the consequence of all, her whole people "selling their birthright for porridge which was their own."

But why seek to connect learning and liberty at all? Liberty is the first and most important right of human nature, and God in His beneficence has bestowed sufficient natural light on His creatures to qualify them for its enjoyment, without borrowing rushlights from each other. Is it by learning, or men of learning, that nations have been ever saved from thraldom, or governed in liberty, equality, and justice? Is it by men of learning that all the great business of life is transacted? If this learning be a thing so calculated to exalt and magnify those who are blessed with it, why since the Reformation have those very persons been remarkable among us for the absence of all those other qualities, which enable men to take high stations among their fellows, and for the want of all those comforts which make life tolerable? Is not "a poor author" a bye-word? Many deem these circumstances undeserving of attention; but what, we ask, can be the use of learning or any other pursuit to those engaged in it, except to secure them independence and happiness here, and qualify them for happiness hereafter? For the attainment of these objects, it has hitherto been pre-eminently worse than useless. Are our merchants, tradesmen, manufacturers, agriculturists, country gentlemen, soldiers, seamen, and statesmen, men of

learning? Is not a devotion to literature a lawyer's or physician's high road to ruin? Literature is a very good thing in its way for those who have no other employment, but with the stirring real business of life it has little concern. Natural talent, aided by the experience necessary in each department, is what settles the affairs of mankind. Have the greatest persons of modern times, to omit all the ancients, been scholars of unfathomable profundity? Was Cromwell? Peter the Great could not write his own name. Washington had only enough of ciphering and trigonometry to qualify him for his original profession of a country surveyor. The men who proposed the Declaration of Independence were not remarkable for their erudition--the most enlightened among them were mere lawyers, a profession on which men of letters and genius look down with superlative contempt. It would be easy, but it is needless, to swell the catalogue. Nine-tenths of the greatest men of modern times had little more to rely on than their "mother wit." Look to the very question of liberty in all ages. In the ancient world, all the most illustrious lovers of freedom, were men buried, according to modern phraseology, "in darkness and ignorance." Could there be a more perfect state of freedom than that described by Cæsar and Tacitus as existing among the ancient Germans? Look to the American Indians, and see how just are their notions of liberty, and to what an extent and with what correctness of judgment they carry out their first principles of it. Europe is now admiring the gallantry of the Circassians and Syrians in defence of their mountain freedom. When the barbarians overran the Roman Empire, they brought with them a spirit of liberty and equality, to which its subjects, in all their light and learning, and civilization, had been strangers for ages. This spirit, embodied in the feudal laws and institutions, and inculcated in Parliaments, Cortes, Diets, universities, colleges, monasteries, and confessionals, preserved mankind from thraldom up to the sixteenth century, when—strange—light, learning, civilization, and slavery, again acquired the ascendant. And what and who saved England from the general doom? The Popish clergy—those sots and slaves and boobies—were the first to deny Henry VIII's right of taxing by royal prerogative. An alderman of London, Read, was the first who suffered impressment, rather than acknowledge its legality by paying a sixpence; and it was only the threat of an insurrection by the whole mass of the people, that made that monster withdraw the warrants, and falsely declare that they had been

issued without his authority. To the last, Hallam attributes all the merit of our being saved from an avowed despotism under that Reformer. "Nothing," says he, "but the courage and love of freedom natural to the English Commons, speaking in the hoarse voice of tumult, though very ill supported by their superiors, preserved us in so great a peril."* What made Coke, Selden, Cotton, St. John, and the other lawyers of the popular party, such towers of strength against the enemies of the national liberty, but their knowledge of the laws and customs, and assertions of the right of those, whom we are taught to regard as illiterate barbarians? What was the profession most obnoxious to the Tudors and Stuarts? Perhaps the wits, philosophers, and *hommes de lettres?* No: the common-law practitioners—those shallow-minded, ignorant wretches, who had not one enlarged or enlightened idea, whose very trade "narrows the understanding and corrupts the heart"—at least a great philosopher has said so; who never looked into any book but their old musty statutes, and Popish digests, and year-books; who would not learn prerogative law from the Scriptures or the Homilies, or the writings of poets, statesmen, or philosophers, but "monopolised all to be governed by their year-books," and were in the habit of hanging "their noses over the flowers of the crown, and blowing and snuffling upon them, till they had taken both scent and beauty off them."† Was it for lending out scraps of polite literature to his party, that Cotton's library was shut up,—an affliction, by which his heart was broken? No: it was merely for giving them precedents of the practices of their Popish and barbarian fathers. Was it by exhibitions of Greek, Latin, Scriptural, metaphysical, and philosophical lore, that the Petition of Right was obtained? or, was it not by collecting and insisting on those rights, which their Popish fathers had enjoyed without question, and which, if questioned, they would have "died to save"? The popular party did not demand a single privilege of Charles, which had not been enjoyed without any manner of doubt or disputation prior to the dawn of enlightenment. Was Hampden a mighty luminary of literature? Who offered the sturdiest resistance to Cromwell when in the meridian of his power? A merchant of London, and the common jury who would not convict Lilburne. To whom principally is it said that we are indebted for the Revolution? The jury who tried the seven bishops,

* C. H. vol. i. p. 23. † See Strafford's Lett. & Disp. vol. i. p. 130, 201.

and a lawyer of the name of Somers. Did not the tea-drinking housewives of Boston exhibit a more correct estimate of the doctrine of taxation without representation, than that walking dictionary of literature, Dr. Samuel Johnson? Who, is it said, preserved the last remnant of English liberty from George III and his ministers? A lawyer of the name of Erskine, and the juries who tried Horne Tooke, Hardy, and Thelwall. Who contributed most to the passing of the Reform Bill?—the mechanics of Birmingham, or the scholars of Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin?

Never was there a system which required less learning or intelligence to understand or recollect it, than the leading principles of the English constitution. These were the plainest and most obvious dictates of natural equity, and must have forced themselves on the attention of every man of common sense and common honesty. The meeting of the entire community in a general council for general government and defence, and the trying of each member for offences against the laws by the entire community so met, or a select number of impartial honest persons, are the rudest elements of civil society, and are to be seen in continual operation in all simple, natural, unenlightened communities; as among the ancient Germans—the barbarians, who overthrew the Roman empire—the free Tartars, American Indians, and South Sea Islanders of the present day. The process by which parliaments and juries in England were derived from these principles, required no great depth of philosophy or learning. The trial of a peer at this day, by his peers, is a remnant of the earliest mode of administering justice; the selecting of twelve commoners to try a commoner was a mere conventional regulation, forced on the people by the great increase of their numbers, and diffusion over a large expanse of country. From a similar necessity arose the practice of selecting delegates to the common-council. When an English freeman was asked for any money by way of tax, his first inquiry was, has this been voted by the majority of the community, and is my share greater in proportion to my means than that required from my neighbours? And when he was accused of any offence, or "impleaded in point of property," his first consolation was that the matter of fact would be settled by twelve honest indifferent neighbours, the law be such as the entire country had made for general regulation, and be expounded by judges whom the entire country had approved or selected. These were the fundamental principles of the constitution; and surely the people who could not understand or recollect them

without the assistance of "the schoolmaster" must have been dolts. The various laws passed from time to time to preserve these fundamental principles from abuse in practice, and to regulate the enjoyment of private property and the minor relations of society, were equally simple, and were very few in number. At the present time no one can have any conception, without reading the Parliament Rolls, of the extreme jealousy with which they guarded against making any alterations in the common law, or overloading the Statute Book with many long and cumbersome enactments. All the statutes, passed up to the end of Henry VII, do not occupy two volumes of the authorised edition;* while those from that period to the end of Charles II, fill no less than four. The brevity, simplicity, and expressiveness of the ancient statutes are the admiration of all persons. There are in them no unmeaning verbiage, no needless repetitions, no contradictory clauses. They were drawn up by men—the judges most commonly—who understood the law perfectly, knew the grievance complained of, the remedy desired, and the exact meaning of every phrase they used, and who, therefore, had no occasion to attempt to veil their ignorance in a cloud of words. With all our enlightenment, those amongst us who have turned their attention to this subject only seek to restore this system. Sir Edward Coke passes the highest eulogies on the early jealousy against statutory innovations on the common law; from which he says most of the doubts and questions which continually occur are derived, "either *when an ancient pillar of the common law is taken out of it*, or when new remedies are added to it; by the first arise dangers and difficulties, and by the second the common law rightly understood is not bettered, but in many cases so fettered that it is thereby very much weakened."† In reference therefore to the mere excellence of the laws, the wisdom of this course is settled by the highest legal authority: and as to its propriety in reference to their adaptation to the capacities of the people, Sir Thomas More's opinion may be deserving of some attention: "They (the Utopians) have but few laws, for to people, to instruct, and constitute, very few do suffice. Yea,

* The notes, introduction, and different copies of the Charters occupy nearly one-third of the first volume. The French and Latin originals occupy half of the remainder of the two volumes. "The statutes passed in the reign of George III, comprehend" says Crabbe, "nineteen thick quarto volumes, while those from Henry III, to William III, are included in three comparatively small quarto volumes."—History of England, 565.

† 9 Rep. pref. xii.

this thing they chiefly reprove among other nations, that innumerable books of laws and expositions upon the same be not sufficient. But they think it against all right and justice that men should be bound to those laws, which either be in number more than be able to be read, or else blinder and darker than that any man can well understand them..... In Utopia every man is a cunning lawyer; for, as I said, they have very few laws, and the plainer and grosser that any interpretation is, that they allow as most just; for all laws, they say, be made and published only to the intent that by them every man shall be put in remembrance of his duty. But the crafty and subtle interpretation of them, forasmuch as few can attain thereto, can put very few in that remembrance, whereas the simple, plain, and gross meaning of the law is open to every man. Else as touching the vulgar sort of the people, which be most in number, and have most need to know their duties, were it not as good for them that no law were made at all, as when it is made, to bring so blind an interpretation upon it, that without great wit and long arguing no man can discuss it, and to the finding out whereof neither the gross judgment of the people can attain, nor the whole life of them that be occupied in working for their livings can suffice thereto."* Thus few, plain, simple, and adapted to the "gross judgment of the vulgar," did the laws remain to the time of Henry VIII. That "the vulgar" did comprehend and admire them, and were ready to peril their lives in defence of them, is a matter too notorious to be questioned by any one who does not look on all English history as a fiction.

But admitting that we are wrong in all this, and that a considerable degree of enlightenment is necessary to secure civil liberty in advanced stages of civilization, where is the evidence of there having been any want of really "useful knowledge" before the Reformation, or of any superior degree of "enlightenment" between it and the Revolution,—the epoch of the perfection of the constitution according to Protestants? On this question there can be no higher authority than Mr. Hallam's comment on Hume's expression of surprise at the *accuracy* with which the parliament made some provisions respecting the levying of a subsidy in the reign of Richard II,—"Those rude times," Mr. Hallam says, "in this epithet we see the foundation of his mistakes. The age of Richard might perhaps be called rude in some respects.

* Utopia, B. 2. c. 9.

But in prudent and circumspect perception of consequences, and an accurate use of language, there could be no reason why it should be deemed inferior to our own. If Mr. Hume had ever deigned to glance at the legal decisions reported in the year-books of those times, he would have been surprised, not only at the utmost *accuracy, but a subtle refinement in verbal logic, which none of his own metaphysical treatises could surpass.*"* He might have referred also to their digests, pleadings, statutes, proceedings in parliament, treaties, conveyances, and all other documents, which leave no room for improvement by modern enlightenment. If we only reflect on the great rewards then held out to proficiency in learning, we cannot adopt for a second the "vulgar errors" on this subject. The century which produced Roger Bacon, and his illustrious fellow-Oxonians, Anthony Wood regards as the proudest era in the annals of Oxford. In two years that philosopher was enabled to lay out 2,000*l.* at that university, in buying books and making experiments,—a sum equal to nearly 30,000*l.* at the present day.† The spread of the art of printing, after the Reformation, is supposed to have afforded such facilities for acquiring learning, as to give the men of the interval between the Reformation and Revolution a decided superiority over those of the preceding two centuries. But were the other means of instruction in those periods exactly equal? Were there not more schools and colleges in Catholic times? Was not education more encouraged? Was it not afforded at a cheaper rate? Was it not pressed on the acceptance of the poor? If the commonly received notions respecting the paucity of inhabitants in the former period be correct, we must arrive at the conclusion, from the immense multitude of schools and colleges in that time, and of the numbers who attended them, that the proportion of the population receiving "a college education" then, was as 100 to 1 of those receiving it at the Revolution. At Oxford, in those "dark ages," there were 1000 scholars annually educated gratis —one of whose places, we are told, neither easily could, nor ought, nor used to be vacant for more than a month or two.‡ One writer informs us, that there were above 15,000 scholars there in 1264, "of those only whose names were entered on

* "Middle Ages," vol. ii. p. 365, note.

† We here follow Mr. Hallam's opinion as to the difference in the value of money in those and the present times.

‡ "Et nullus locus vacare debebat, nec solebat, nec facile poterat ad unum vel alterum mensem." Pitsei De Reb. Anglicis tom. prim. 32.

the matriculation book;"—that Henry III, on making that city his rendezvous, expelled them;—that many of them thereupon went to the barons at Northampton; and that when Henry attacked that town "*the students of Oxford had a banner by themselves, advanced right against the king, and they did more harm to him in the fight than the rest of the barons.**" We are told that the number there in 1300 was 30,000—which is also said to have been the number in 1340.† The other university was also crowded to a degree almost incredible at the present time. At the Reformation all these things were altered. A great part of the houses of both universities went to ruin; all the schools attached to the monasteries were destroyed; most of the cathedral schools and colleges were converted to private purposes; education was discouraged in every possible manner—was allowed only to the rich, and positively forbidden to the poor, as a most dangerous and pernicious article. Then, as to the extension of printing, was not its utility utterly neutralised, or rather, was it not rendered pernicious, by the censorship of the press, which existed by statute or prerogative from the time of Henry VIII till after the Revolution, and was exercised with a strictness and severity quite in character with the principles of the Established Church? Nobody pretends to deny that at the Revolution, the mass of the people were buried in the grossest ignorance: even long after, when the Wesleys first started, they talked in almost the same style of the ignorance of the people of Cornwall—nay, of the people in the very heart of London—as they would of the South-Sea Islanders; and the correctness of their description was allowed to be but too faithful. For two centuries after the Reformation, the gross ignorance or contemptible acquirements of the body of the Established clergy themselves, used to be continually alleged as partly the cause of their not being treated or regarded with the respect due to the clerical character. If they did not supply useful knowledge, who else did? All writers concur as to the paucity, or rather total absence, of liberal political

* Speed, 737. The passage is marked in italics by Speed.

† Anderson, citing Speed, as to this being the usual number at that time, adds, "Indeed there is nothing improbable in that account, when we consider the great number of monasteries then in England."—*History of Commerce*, vol. i. 314. At the University of Bologna there were no fewer than 10,000 law-students in 1262. In the fourteenth century 10,000 graduates voted on a question agitated in the University of Paris.—Robertson's "Charles V." vol. i. 324 The numbers there in the twelfth century exceeded, we are told, the number of the citizens.—Hist. Litt. de la France, ix. 78.

works within the above period—excepting, of course, the troubled reign of Charles I, and the Commonwealth, when for awhile the ancient free-trade in thoughts was restored. Hume could not meet an English writer of the reign of Elizabeth who spoke "of England as a limited but as an absolute monarchy, where the people had many privileges;"* and he insists on the silence of Camden and other writers, as to several notorious acts of despotic authority by her, as a proof that these were in accordance with the law and usage of that day.† Hallam complains of the barrenness of all constitutional information in the chroniclers of the same reign, and says it is more to be suspected, after the use of printing and the Reformation, "than in the ages when the monks compiled annals in their convents, reckless of the censures of courts, because independent of their permission. Grosser ignorance of public transactions is undoubtedly found in the chronicles of the middle ages, but far less of that deliberate mendacity, or of that insidious suppression, by which fear and flattery, and hatred, and thirst of gain, have, since the invention of printing, corrupted so much of the historical literature throughout Europe."‡ Petyt, writing immediately after the Revolution, is compelled to denounce almost all the writers since the Reformation, as "libellers of our ancient constitution;" and speaking of the early records, says, they run "counter to the rhapsodies of the hasty and huddled thoughts of most, if not all, our historians who have writ since the Reformation. Nay, indeed, many of the notions and principles they have published to the world, touching the absoluteness of our old English monarchy, are so palpably inconsistent with these authorities, that they may be very well taken for downright audacious affronts to the truth of all antiquity."§ So scarce was political knowledge of a liberal character, and in such utter ignorance were the people kept of all their ancient rights, and of all notions of freedom, that Locke was regarded as a sort of political Newton when he published his work upon government, though the only feasible and valuable part of it was the exposition (without acknowledgment, of course) of doctrines which had been taught and practised in Catholic England "from time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary;" and for the repromulgation of which, the jesuits had been scouted as firebrands through Europe.

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* Hist. of Eng. vol. vi. p. 568.
† Id. vol. v. p. 193.
‡ Const. Hist. vol. i. p. 268.
§ Jus. Parliam. Introd. p. xiv.

Now, the very reverse of all this, was the case prior to the Reformation. The political instruction then administered was of "the right sort;" and the remaining species of secular instruction, of that very character to which modern enlightenment, after all its vagaries, has reverted, "more attentive to wisdom than to science and art—to forming the judgment properly, and by consequence the will and the conscience, than to stuffing the memory and heating the imagination."* Of this sort of instruction there was then no scarcity. The parochial clergy alone--leaving out of consideration the schools, colleges, and universities—were sufficient to afford it in abundance. The parishes were very small, the clergy very numerous, and the inculcation of religious, moral, and political knowledge the only thing with which they gave themselves much trouble. Besides, so great was the number of monks and other religious, that the whole country was said to be swarming with them. There was then, in short, no pretence about "spiritual destitution;" the great complaint of the Reformers was, that the people were too deeply dyed with, and too much attached to, "the abominations of the Papal apostacy." We have already shown what the political tendencies of those Popish clergymen were. About their attachment to civil liberty there never yet has been a second opinion. Even Protestantism, amidst all its pious inventions, has never summoned up audacity enough to accuse them of the slightest leaning to despotism. Their glorious conduct was the theme of eulogy with all the learned Protestants of the 17th century, in their struggles with arbitrary power, and of degrading contrast with their Reformed successors. "The priests and confessors," says Petyt, "were strictly commanded to form and direct the consciences of the people to the observation and obedience of the great charter, and they did so; not like the Sibthorps and Manwarings of later times, who by their flatteries of prerogative for their own promotion, seek to ruin the subjects' property."† In all their writings there is not a single sentence in favour of despotism. On the contrary, the most ardent love of liberty, and the fiercest denunciations of its enemies in every shape, breathe through all their pages. Accustomed as Englishmen have been since the Reformation to

* "Plus tendre à la sagesse qu'à la science et à l'art; plus à bien former le jugement, et par consequent la volonté et la conscience, qu'à remplir la memoire et rechauffer l'imagination."—Cited from Charron by Mr. Wyse, as the motto to one of his chapters on education.

† Rights of the Commons of England asserted, p. 107.

the fawning king-worship of churchmen, they can have no conception, without actually reading the works of our monkish writers, of the zeal with which they were animated in behalf of the rights of mankind. We only wish that every Englishman had a copy of their works side by side with the Homilies, the Canons, and the sermons of "the true Protestant Church"-men. They were the men who could not be bribed, cajoled, or bullied into concealing, misrepresenting, or justifying—justifying, indeed!—the crimes of tyrants against their people. Feeling some higher obligation than that of pandering to the whims of despots, they never feared or refused to warn kings of their duties; and never desecrated their holy office to culling or perverting scraps of Scripture to overthrow the freedom of their country. Their ignorant obstinacy on this point was probably, as we have already hinted, the fundamental error on account of which our sovereigns so greedily longed for a REFORMATION. Looking upon the Ten Commandments as binding upon kings and their ministers as well as others; conceiving every wrong done to any man under what authority soever, as an offence against God's laws; and imagining that the more kings and subjects were restrained by secular contrivances from committing such offences, the more they would approve themselves worthy children of heaven; they felt bound, by their allegiance to their Divine Master, to aid in the promotion and maintenance of every institution that might secure His creatures from violating His laws. We need not thank them, therefore, for being such zealots in behalf of civil liberty. Their conduct was the consequence of this error in their faith, which, with the other multitudinous abominations that marked the apostacy of their Church, was exploded at the Reformation; when it was discovered, by a more careful perusal of the Scriptures, that murder, robbery, torture, and all the crimes—we mean in the eyes of the carnal and ungodly—which could be perpetrated by one human being on another, were praiseworthy and meritorious actions, provided they were sanctioned by the authority of—Heaven's deputy. Their conduct with regard to villeins alone is the best evidence of their devotion to freedom. Immediately after the Conquest, the number of villeins was equal to that of all the other inhabitants of the kingdom. Thanks to the conduct of a bishop and abbot, the very fact of a man's being born in Kent was a bar to the claim of villeinage against him.* By the ingenious contrivances invented in the

* Hallam's Mid. Ages, vol. ii. p. 391, citing Fitz. Nat. B.

courts of law over which they had presided, it was next to impossible to prove any man a villein.* In the confessional they "convinced the laity how dangerous a practice it was for one Christian man to hold another in bondage; so that temporal men, by little and little, by reason of that terror in their consciences, were glad to manumit all their villeins;"† and to complete their detestation of the system, they raised villeins to the priesthood in such numbers, that the legislature was more than once obliged to interfere.‡ Such was their zeal, and so great was their success in this cause, that there was little more than a trace of villenage at the Reformation, so that the last unequivocal testimony of its existence occurs in the reign of Elizabeth, in a charter of manumission which she granted to some villeins on some of her manors.§ Not only on this, but on every other subject, they proved their zealous devotion to the civil liberties of England. They were, as we have already shown, the foremost in every measure of reform; —the first to resist the encroachments of the prerogative—the real sacred missionaries of freedom, who carried the great charter to the confessional and the altar, and so ingrained the love of liberty in the hearts of Englishmen, that centuries of Protestant instruction were not able to erase it.

Looking at the history of the Church of England as established in these kingdoms—(by-the-by, always recollecting, as in duty bound, that it is the best possible specimen of Protestantism the world can afford)—we cannot but regard it as one of those great religio-political heresies which in every age and clime have tended so much to enslave and debase mankind.

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* See 20 St. Tr. Somerset's case. The fundamental principle on which every presumption was made in favour of liberty, is thus laid down by that old Popish slave, Fortescue: "That must needs be judged to be a hard and unjust law, which tends to increase the servitude and lessen the liberty of mankind. For *human nature is evermore the advocate for liberty.* God Almighty has declared himself the God of liberty: this being the gift of God to man in his creation, the other is introduced into the world by means of his own sin and folly; whence it is that everything in nature is so desirous of liberty, as being a sort of restitution to its primitive state. So that to go about to lessen this, is to touch men in the tenderest point; it is upon such considerations as these *that the laws of England in all cases declare in favour of liberty.*"—De Laud. Leg. Ang. c. 42.

† Sir Thomas Smith, Commonwealth, b. iii. c. 10—cited in Blackstone, vol. ii. c. 6. There is a sneer against churchmen, intimating that they themselves did not manumit, though they thus induced others to do so. The simple fact that they had about one-fourth of the kingdom, including bishop's lands, and that villenage was almost extinct, is the answer.

‡ It is one of the Constitutions of Clarendon that villeins should not be ordained without the consent of their lords (M. Paris. 101). The Commons petition in 1391, that no villein should put his children to school to advance them by way of the church.—R. P. 15, Ric. II, 394. See as to manumission by becoming a monk, friar &c. Co. Litt. Sec. 200-2.

§ Hallam, Mid. Ages, vol. ii. 393.

Nowhere, in ancient or modern history, can you find the ecclesiastical and civil administration united in one supreme head, that you do not also find civil thraldom the consequence. The one is the inevitable result of the other. Allow a king through his creatures to make your religion, and he is a botch at his trade if he do not make you a slave. Look, for instance, to the various nations of the east, in past and present times—to all Mahomedan countries--to Russia and the other countries where the Greek schism prevails—to Prussia and the other Protestant kingdoms of the Continent—to England, admittedly and avowedly from the Reformation to the Revolution—and to other countries, "too numerous to be mentioned."

It further belongs to that class of political heresies, which, by vesting all the civil, and especially all the educational patronage of a state in the hands of one person, enable him to form the whole nation pliant as wax to his purposes. Thus in all those countries which we have mentioned in an earlier part of this paper, notwithstanding all their learning, light, and so forth, they never dreamed of recovering their liberty, merely because their rulers, being the sole sources of all educational and other civil patronage, so corrupted all those whose duty, amusement, or trade it was to contribute to the instruction of the people, that they inculcated those doctrines only which suited the interests of their patrons. What else could be the result? Make all the instructors of a nation depend for their bread and other worldly interests on the pleasure of one man, and his pleasure must be "the law and gospel" of that nation ere many years pass away. Thus did James I understand the Protestant constitution. On being told by his English courtiers at his accession, that he could make the judges and bishops, he exclaimed with great glee—"Then, God wawns, I mak what likes me, law and gospel." But to return: those several nations would have continued to enjoy their original liberty, had they never received any light or civilization from such teachers; just as men in a state of nature continue to enjoy good health till they come under the influence of some of the contagions attendant on civilized society, or put themselves under the care of ignorant quacks, or regularly educated but corrupted physicians. For in truth, as we have fallen into a metaphor, liberty is like every other natural blessing—it is forced on our acceptance, and we cannot get rid of it but by gross abuse or some of the expedients or incidents of a vicious civilization.

From both those heresies, England before the Reformation was completely free. Over the bishops, the inferior clergy, the monasteries, and other religious houses, the schools, colleges, and universities, the king had no control or influence. From him they expected nothing. They were, with regard to him, so many independent republics—or, as philosophers have profoundly expressed it, *imperia in imperio*—abominable nuisances, we admit, in a state where a uniformity of despotism was required to be established. They taught what doctrines they deemed right, without any reference to his wishes. Their great patrons were the people—with the people they were united by all the natural and artificial ties which usually cement friendships amongst mankind; and we are not, therefore, to wonder that in their instruction of the people they were ever unswerving, fearless, and incorruptible in infusing into them those principles only which were calculated to promote their real interests. Thus, independently of the natural tendencies of the clergy in those days, their very position in the organization of society with regard to the king and the people, inevitably led them to be the advocates of the rights of the latter.

Theories, however plausible, if inconsistent with human experience, are sure to be fallacies. Look at England from the Reformation to the latter part of the last century—to the commencement of the troubles with America—and are not the views we have just propounded the plainest deductions from its history? Was there a single notion put forward during that period, except in times of anarchy and revolution, that was unacceptable to the source of all power and all patronage? and did not the Established Church produce exactly the same results as the classes of political heresies, to which it belongs, invariably produced elsewhere? So completely had its clergy become identified with hostility to popular privileges (and the remark, we regret, may be extended to the clergy of some of the Catholic countries of Europe, where the like causes produced like results) that Christianity and civil liberty were considered incompatible, and few could advocate the latter without being branded as infidels or as employing arguments hostile to the truths of Revelation. Take up any account of the people in those days, by persons making pretensions to liberal principles, and you will find them to have been sunk in the grossest ignorance, totally unacquainted with their civil rights, more devoid of any ideas of freedom than they had been ever before, utterly unqualified for self-government,

and fitted only to be slaves. And what was it that rescued them from this degraded state? The springing up of a new race of instructors, analogous to the Catholic clergy before the Reformation; like them patronised by the people, having the same interests as the people, inseparably connected with the people, and giving the people an education independent of the will of those whose interest it was to keep them in thraldom. Need we name the newspaper and periodical press? or remind our readers of the various "ingenious devices" invented by the advocates of "the Church and Constitution" to crush it, till at length it rose to that independent position in which it was able to defy all their assaults, and teach the people those elements of their rights, of which "the true Protestant Church"-men had so long and so carefully kept them in ignorance? To which then do we owe the present proud and improving aspect of society—the press, or the Thirty-nine Articles?

"Happy it were for mankind, if all travellers would, instead of characterising a people in general terms, lead us into a detail of those minute circumstances which first influenced their opinion: the genius of a country should be investigated with a kind of experimental enquiry."* Let us apply this experimental enquiry to ancient England, and employ professional men only in each department. Ask an architect what is his opinion of the state of his profession prior to the Reformation, and he will tell you that they had then arrived at perfection, and that modern science cannot account for the construction of some of those monuments of their skill which still survive the wrecks of time and "enlightened" Vandalism. Ask an artist, and he will tell you they have never been surpassed; a trader, and he will answer that they understood, and what is much better, carried into practice, the true principles of commerce; a mitigator of the criminal code, and he will tell you his highest aim is to restore their mild and merciful system of punishment; a soldier, and he will feel proud at the recollection of their chivalry; a lawyer, and he will tell you their judges were models of perfection, their pleadings were brought to perfection, and their common law was the very "absolute perfection of reason;" a lover of liberty and justice, and he will dwell in raptures on their zeal in behalf of both, and tell you that the world cannot produce any such proof of steady rational attachment to those principles, as is

* Citizen of the World.

presented by their reports, digests, and statutes; a lover of the poor, and he will tell you they did more good in one year than the moderns in twenty; an antiquarian, and he will dilate on their noble, manly attachment to the ancient institutions of their country; a scholar, and he will tell you they did more for literature than all the believers in the Thirty-nine Articles the world has ever seen; a metaphysician —but we have had his opinion; a divine—do not mind him just now; in short, ask any one but a smatterer in philosophy, for he is sure to overwhelm you with a flood of rhodomontade about "the slavery of the human mind under the Papal supremacy," "its disenthralment by the great German Reformer," and all such sorts of rubbish.

However clear and pregnant may be the evidence in favour of the claims of antiquity, there are thousands in these kingdoms who cannot believe that any thing went right before the Reformation; or that mankind were not all slaves and fools till the Rev. Mr. Martin Luther came to their rescue; and who look upon that reverend gentleman with feelings somewhat similar to those with which Aristotle was regarded by his enthusiastic disciples during the middle ages. According to these modest gentry, Heaven had endowed man with reason, but left it to "the philosopher" to teach him the use of it. But, after the lapse of some centuries, "the philosopher" was found out, as others will be. Were we "philosophers," we might trace a great resemblance between the Aristotelian and Lutheran systems, in the nice, subtile, but useless, quibbles with which they occupied the human mind, the absurdities into which they led their respective disciples, and their rapid decline when men began to make use of their common-sense, and look to facts and experience rather than remain any longer, like children, toying with terms. But as we are not "philosophers," we must be satisfied with directing attention to the extraordinary resemblance between them, in the facilities which they afforded to their respective followers to pass for adepts in philosophy by the use of a few common-places. This is the great attraction of Protestantism, and the source of the delusions which pretenders of all sorts continue to propagate respecting it. It is "*so philosophical.*" With such persons "the slavery of the human mind under the Papal supremacy," its "disenthralment and mighty impulse forward in the cause of truth, learning, liberty, and justice, by the great German Reformer," &c. &c., are sufficient to solve all questions in ethics and politics. "All very fine,

but" where is the evidence of the slavery, the disenthralment, or the impulse? If unity of faith and submission, where submission was due, to one supreme ecclesiastical head, be evidence of slavery, we of course give up the contest. But where do you find greater freedom of discussion on all points, in which these essential principles were not concerned, than in the middle ages? The schoolmen have been notorious for pushing their disquisitions to the extreme verge to which they could push them, without going beyond the pale of the Church. Numbers of them, we have reason to believe, even passed the rubicon. Civil liberty has never been so forcibly, plainly, and vigorously vindicated as it was by all classes in those ages. Men would be now in dread of being ridiculed as enthusiasts, or prosecuted as incendiaries, if they put forth the doctrines which were then in every one's mouth "familiar as household words." But abandoning this ground, where, we ask again, is the evidence of the disenthralment and the impulse? The cry of "private judgment" was merely a decoy to seduce men from their attachment to the Catholic Church; but when a Protestant Church was established instead of it, the notion was ridiculed as an absurdity; just as a rebel adventurer holds out lures to a nation to abandon their lawful sovereign, but when he himself is enthroned will hang them for a repetition of the same conduct; or as an army encourages deserters from its enemies, but hangs those from itself. In what Protestant state, by what Protestant "Church triumphant," was the doctrine recognised? But as we are now concerned solely with the mere worldly consequences of Protestantism, we ask what temporal advantages did the human race derive from it. Did it establish civil liberty? Every continental country that embraced it, with the exception of some of the Swiss republics, lost its liberty simultaneously with, or a few years after, that embrace. Did it revive literature? Literature had been revived many years before its invention. Did it then promote literature? or public virtue? or private morality? or commerce? or the arts, sciences, or manufactures? Did it improve the administration of justice? or produce one single advantage of any kind, about which carnal-minded people care a straw? If it did, say when, where, and how. The delusions in favour of it arise principally from men comparing the present state of society with the accounts given of that immediately preceding the Reformation, without considering the gigantic strides which mankind had been making for some centuries before that event towards what is

called civilisation; the sudden check given in all countries, that strayed from the pale of the Church, to the improvement of the people; the fact that it is only very lately those countries have paid the slightest attention to any thing that would promote aught but ignorance, fanaticism, and slavery; and that in the march of real "enlightenment" they were some centuries behind those nations that clung to the darkness and abominations of Popery. Were we for a moment to assume the cap of a philosopher, we should say, looking to the actual results of Protestantism, that it was a very excellent contrivance indeed for destroying the liberty and checking the improvement of the human race, by setting them all by the ears, causing them to neglect their real temporal interests, destroying the universal sympathy which unity of faith had produced, and, instead of making them protect each other from domestic or other tyrants, inciting them to cut each others' throats and rejoice in each others' crimes and misfortunes—on account of some unintelligible differences in the metaphysical complexion of their creeds, of which not more than one in 100,000 had even a faint comprehension.

Let us test it for the present by its results in England. What did it do there for liberty? The history of the country, from the invention of Protestantism, has been little more than a history of the crusades of the "true Protestant Church,"* its head, and its advocates, against the civil liberties of the nation. What did it do for the arts? Only destroyed them completely. What for literature? By suppressing the monasterial schools—converting the cathedral and other charitable foundations to "pious" personal uses—neglecting, or perhaps "taking too much care" of the parochial schools—letting a great part of the universities go to ruin—increasing the expense of obtaining an academical degree to a most exorbitant extent—making it penal to obtain instruction except from legally orthodox teachers—prohibiting the importation, or sale, of foreign books—establishing for the first time in English history, the censorship of the press—destroying, in Vandal fashion, all ancient manuscripts—forbidding education among the masses as a positive evil—and by a thousand ingenious devices, in the ecclesiastical department, for the promotion of ignorance, and through it a hatred

* See the Church of England so described, in contradistinction to the Church of Scotland, in the oath required of Prince Albert as Regent.

of the creed which "true Protestant" churchmen had not the patience and honesty to endeavour to understand, or the learning and ability to refute,—Protestantism brought England to the very lowest ebb among European nations; and if any portion of learning survived, we may say of it as of our liberty, that it survived not by the aid, but in spite, of "the true Protestant Church." What names from the Reformation to the Revolution give an indication of the mighty influence of Protestantism on the mind of England? Of the few names that appear in that long interval, how very few belong to the Established Church! Look at the Catholic states of the continent during the same period, and then summon up impudence, if you can, to talk about the marvellous consequences of the "disenthralment" and "impulse."

What did Protestantism do for the drama? Playwrights will tell you, that Shakspeare's genius was developed ere Protestantism had yet invented a patent monopoly for the mouthing of tragedies; and that this invention of Protestant prerogative is, and has been, the cause of the low state of the drama amongst us.

What did Protestantism do for agriculture? Invented new systems of tillage, and exploded the old ones? It did with a vengeance. Through the reigns of Henry VIII and his children, we read of nothing but the depopulation of the country, just the very system which "enlightened" Protestant landlords are now pursuing towards the unfortunate peasantry of Ireland. The ordinary official language of the time describes the cruel effects of this system to be such, that in places where there were formerly two hundred people living by their lawful labours, there were now only sheep and bullocks, and one or two poor shepherds, "so that the realm was thereby brought into marvellous desolation."* In vain were acts of parliament passed, and proclamations fulminated against it; the ancient "prejudices" against oppressing the poor, the widow, the fatherless, and the orphan, having been exploded by the advance of enlightenment, it was impossible to restore them to practical operation by decrees of the senate or sovereign. Elizabeth contributed considerably to this depopulating system, by prohibiting the exportation of corn, thus inducing the proprietors of lands to

* See proclamation of Edward VI, in Campbell's "Phil. Survey," p. 291; 7 Hen. VIII, c. 1; 28 Hen. VIII, c. 13; 5 & 6 Edw. VI, c. 5; 2 & 3 Philip & Mary, c. 2; 5 Eliz. c. 2. This system seems to have commenced in Hen. VII's reign: see 4 Hen. VII, c. 19.

convert them from tillage to pasture.* Perhaps all this was an improvement?

Did it improve the material condition of the masses of the people? Cobbett's *History of the Reformation* contains ample evidence on this point. The Reformers did not pretend to say, that anything more was wanting, than a supply of Gospel light; and to balance the account for so notable a benefaction, they robbed the people of all their influence in the state,—of all their worldly comforts, and innumerable "carnal" advantages, to which, in their benighted ignorance, they felt so attached, that nothing less than the sword, the gallows, martial law, and penal laws, could reconcile them to the exchange.

Did it improve trade, manufactures, and commerce? All these had been progressing most rapidly in Catholic times.† Henry VIII and Edward VI are not remarkable for their attention to this department; Mary did more for it in her very short reign, than both together; Elizabeth's reign was peculiarly ruinous to it. The free importation of foreign manufactures, destroyed those which had been fostered, with the utmost care, in the days of darkness; the long apprenticeships to the meanest trades—then introduced for the first time—were considered a great injury to them; and, above all, the monopolies granted by her "absolute majesty," of almost every article that could be bought or sold, completed the measure of Protestant devotion to manufactures, trade, and commerce. Of one of these patents Hume observes, that it was "contrived for the profit of four courtiers, and was attended with the ruin of seven or eight thousand of her industrious subjects."‡ Did our commerce make such mighty strides under the two first Stuarts? Was it not after the death of Charles I that some life was infused into it? During the convulsive period of the commonwealth, it made greater progress than in all the intervening time from the death of Mary. The impulse then received, carried it on careeringly till after the revolution,§ when, by a variety of ingenious con-

* Hume, vol. v. 514. See as to the misery of the agricultural population at that period,—Turner's Hist. of Edw. VI, Mary, and Eliz. 160-1-2, &c.; Brodie's Brit. Emp. Introd. 25-6, &c., and authorities there collected. 72,000 "rogues, great and small," were hanged in the reign of Henry VIII; and "thieves were trussed up apace," at the rate of 300 or 400 a-year, during the reign of Elizabeth, Brod. Ib. 41.

† See Hallam. Mid. Ages, vol. ii. 468-9.

‡ Hist. vol. v. 190.

§ Anderson, after observing that England was considered by some authors to

trivances, which it would require a volume to elucidate, "the wisdom and piety of our ancestors" tranferred to France the greater part of our woollen manufactures; by degrees enabled her to undersell us in every market of the world, and gave the Dutch almost a monopoly of the entire of all the other trade of Europe. Consult any work on this subject, from the revolution to the middle of the last century, and you will be struck with amazement at the wonders which Protestantism effected in this way. What connexion can Protestant ingenuity trace between our present prosperity in manufactures and commerce, and a belief in the Thirty-nine Articles? Perhaps the discoveries of Watt, Arkwright, and Fulton, are mere corollaries from these essential doctrines of true Protestantism? Is it not notorious, that of all the places in England, the manufacturing towns are those where the established Church has, or ever has had, the least possible influence? Are not her lamentations over the spiritual destitution of their benighted populations ever ringing in our ears? Does she not denounce them as the plague-spots of the empire; and has she not, this very year, modestly asked for twenty millions to endeavour to reclaim them from the hands of the ——? Are we, then, to allow her to claim to herself, and her "disenthralment," and her "impulse," the merit of our manufacturing and commercial prosperity with one breath, and with the next to denounce those engaged in both, as imps of darkness and wickedness? "The authority of a sect," says an able writer, "and much more of a state, is able to inspire, and habit to confirm the most absurd opinions. Passion or interest can create zeal; but nothing can give stability and durable uniformity to error."* May we ask, in conclusion, have "pious Protestants" ever heard of the Venetians, the Pisans, the Genoese, the Spaniards, the Portuguese, or the Hanseatic League?

What did it do for the navy? From the earliest times England had paid great attention to her navy, as a means for securing her commerce. According to the traditional character of the king's ships, they seem to have been, among those of other nations, as "lions amongst silly beasts, or as falcons amongst fearful fowl." Are Henry VIII or Edward VI remarkable for their efforts to create, revive, or strengthen the

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have been in 1688 "*at the zenith of commercial prosperity,*" adds, "it must needs be acknowledged, that this same year we were arrived at a very great degree of commecial prosperity in all the before-mentioned respects." Hist of Com. vol. ii. p. 579.

* Bolingbroke Dissert. p. 45.

navy? Did Mary neglect it? The Spanish armada and the other necessities and events of her time made Elizabeth attend to these traditional bulwarks of her realm. Did they flourish particularly under her two successors? Under the commonwealth, this, like many other of our ancient institutions, was restored to its pristine vigour; but after the accession of Charles II, when "the true Protestant Church" was reinstated in all its glory, was not the navy swept from the ocean in the first Dutch war, and the Thames a highway for the fleets of our enemies? James II did more for the navy than all the Protestant sovereigns who preceded him and the four who immediately followed him.* Yet one would suppose, from the assumptions of "pious Protestants," that the navy was the offspring exclusively of the Thirty-nine Articles, the Book of Common Prayer, and the Homilies.

Did it improve the administration of justice? To this subject we may devote at another time a separate chapter; but in the meanwhile we beg of our Protestant readers to say in what precedent period of English history had all the decencies of administrative justice been so openly set at defiance, and the courts of law regarded as "little better than the caverns of murderers,"† as from the adoption of Protestantism till the commencement of its decline in the middle of the last century?

Did it raise the character of England for war or diplomacy, or any thing which makes one nation respectable in the eyes of another? Need we compare the conquerors with the pensioners of France? When, from the Conquest to the reign of Elizabeth, had any foreigner dared to hope that he could subjugate England? When, till the time of James I, had she become a by-word among the nations? In what period of her darkness had she been involved in a war with France to give a knight-errant prime-minister an opportunity of debauching a queen of that country? Was it not Cromwell

* "Nor does it appear that the essential and lasting service which James rendered this country, in compacting, and, as it were, building up its naval power, has been sufficiently weighed. It is not generally known that the naval regulations now in force are taken almost verbatim from those which he established; or that, when lately the Board of Naval Revision wished to add to and improve the naval regulations, they sent for the papers of Pepys, the marine secretary of James, as being the best materials whence they could obtain the object they had in view." Pepys says he "raised the navy of England from the *lowest state of impotence* to the most advanced step towards a lasting and solid prosperity, that, all circumstances considered, this nation had ever seen it at."—Clarke's Life of James, pref. p. 26-28.

† Hallam, Cons. Hist. vol. i. p. 248.

who first restored her to her rank among the nations? Look at her, after the Revolution, thrust into every squabble on the Continent, to divert her from restoring the Stuarts;—after two short wars groaning under a debt of fifty millions, the only contrivance her statesmen could devise for securing the allegiance of her people to *the settlement*, or peaceful submission to their oppressions—distracted at home, despised abroad—her diplomatists and ministers of all ranks the ridicule of Europe—without power to excite fear, or any one quality to excite respect—and say then if this be evidence of the "disenthralment" and "impulse." Suppose we had been writing a century since, when she had just two hundred years' experience of Protestantism—when, without colonies or commerce, the channel swept by the fleets of Europe, with an obsolete military and naval reputation, ere yet "the cornet of dragoons" had come to her rescue, she stood menaced with apparently inevitable ruin—could we have been conscious of the mighty advantages she derived from believing in the Thirty-nine Articles? Pitt accidentally developed qualities which were accidentally employed to save her. Her next piece of good luck was the acquisition of India. What had her Protestantism to do with this? A French soldier of fortune had previously acquired sovereignty over an immense extent of that country, while our merchants had only a few factories here and there on the coast, and were tolerated only on very abject terms. In resisting an assault on one of these factories, a merchant's clerk suddenly exhibits high military qualities—is employed and promoted—attacks the French and Indians—overthrows the French authority, replaces it by that of England, and, in short, performs all those feats which will ever be associated with the fame of Lord Clive. What, we again ask, had the Thirty-nine Articles to do with all this? She then plunges into a war of legitimacy—which she would not have been able to support, had not the inventive genius of Watt developed new sources of industry. Thus, a cornet of dragoons, a merchant's clerk, and a mathematical instrument maker, unexpectedly come to raise or preserve her at most critical moments; and the philosophers throw these accidents into the scale of the "disenthralment" and "impulse." Look at her at the close of the war, and say what she had gained by it beyond restoring to a throne a man totally unfit for it, and crushing the spirits and securing the allegiance of her people with a debt of 900 millions—and whether these were objects which Protestantism may parade as evidences of the advantages it has conferred on the empire?

Did Protestantism give England an immediate pre-eminence over Catholic nations in those arts and refinements, which are commonly taken as tests of high civilization? Did it not, on the contrary, brutalize the great mass of the nation, and force all who desired to qualify themselves for decent society, to go through their noviciate on the continent—nay, in the Catholic countries of the continent? In what independent Catholic country is there one-tenth of the aggregate amount of misery, in proportion to its population, endured as in England? Does the mass of the people of England enjoy one-tenth of the sports, amusements, and pleasures of various kinds, enjoyed by the people of every independent Catholic country? In short, we ask again, what single earthly advantage has Protestantism conferred on the people of England, for which the worldly-minded care a straw?

But there is no subject on which Protestantism has of late assumed such airs, as that of civil liberty. Of the pretensions of "the true Protestant Church" we have already disposed, so far as its theories are concerned. The fact that Divine right is the doctrine of all other Protestant Churches also, ought to be conclusive on this question; but such are the prejudices in favour of the "disenthralling," &c. influences of Protestantism, that all pretenders to philosophy—and these include all who write for the enlightenment of the public—shut their eyes to its plain palpable results, and grope away in the dark, singing of some latent virtues which they imagine it possesses, or at least ought to possess. We are told that the *free* study of the Scriptures necesssarily produces a love of civil liberty. But we ask where, when, or how has it produced such results? The chances are many in favour of the doctrine of Divine right being the consequence of the Protestant mode of viewing the Protestant canon of Scripture.—The only portion of the Scriptures from which the lawfulness of resisting oppression may be clearly inferred, is the Books of the Machabees. These Protestantism struck out of its canon. Looking, then, upon the remainder of the sacred volume, and particularly looking upon it, as Protestants did, as the only rule of faith, of morals, of politics; in short, as the only guide in all the relations of life; and regarding everything not mentioned there as an abomination before the face of the Lord, how could we support those free principles and institutions which Protestantism found spread over Europe at the commencement of the sixteenth century, and which it so speedily and zealously overthrew? From the early portion of the Old Testament the patriarchal theory of Divine

right was deduced. Throughout the whole of it you find no safeguards for civil liberty, nor even mention of the existence of such a thing;—but are continually dwelling on the various phases of oriental despotism. Then look to the New Testament. Where there do you find any exhortations to assert "the rights of man"? Take even the answer "Give unto Cæsar," &c. &c. Here no inquiry is suggested as to whether the tax was imposed by authority of parliament; and an intimation seems to be given that Cæsar's edict was the only guide on such subjects. Take these and a thousand other passages—you will find them all in the Homilies—put them into the hands of ignorant men as "the only rule of faith" and of politics, and ask them, "Where here do you find mention of parliament, Habeas Corpus, original contract, taxation without representation, trial by jury," &c.? and will they not shout, with all the vehemence of pious zealots, "avaunt, ye pagan and Popish abominations"? But if, in addition to this, you paid five or six millions a year to a body of Churchmen for believing and confirming such notions, what but a miracle could save the freest nation under the face of heaven from sinking to a level with those Egyptian, Persian, Assyrian, and other slaves and sycophants, whose conduct, as recorded in the sacred volume, was to be the model for all men? We are too well aware of the harpy-like zeal, with which any observations of ours on the study of the Scriptures would be seized on by our opponents, to hazard any statement which cannot be borne out by the most unquestionable evidence; and we therefore appeal with confidence to the history of England from the Reformation to the civil wars, for proofs of the debasing and enslaving influence of Protestantism. No one, without minutely examining our history during that period, can have any conception of the rapidity with this system succeeded in changing the ancient government of England to the model of an oriental despotism; and English freemen—English gentlemen—the members of the Lords and the members of the Commons, into canting, crouching, fawning slaves. Everything was to be done after the fashion of Judea, Egypt, Persia, and Assyria; and the examples of Saul, Pharaoh, Darius, and Nebuchadnezzar, substituted for those of our Henrys and Edwards. Even in the Commons, where one would expect to see the folly and fanaticism of the mob filtered into some sort of sense and decency, not a stretch of prerogative, not an exertion of arbitrary power, not an assault on their own privileges, not a violation

of the rights of the people is brought under their notice, that you do not find fools and knaves rising to support it with passages or precedents from Scripture.* We will by and bye give proofs, which shall stagger the most romantic philosophers.

But though it must be admitted that the knowledge thus actually derived from the study of the Scriptures, was ruinous to civil liberty, we shall be told that the throwing off of the papal yoke—the defying of an authority so venerable and ancient,—and the very excitement created by the search after new modes of salvation, gave a tone, a vigour, and an erection to the human mind, which it could never have otherwise attained, and unfitted it to bend under a civil oppressor. Had the first principle of Protestantism been worked out,—had every person been allowed to think for himself,—had every segment or district of believers been summoned together once a week, once a month, or at any other stated period, to hear and consider proposals for such amendments of their common creed, as were called for by the necessities and "growing intelligence of the times,"—had the people been even once consulted as to the choice of their faith, we should be inclined to admit some of the merits assigned to it. But see how different the romance of Protestantism is from the reality. How ennobling, how disenthralling it must have been to the people of England, to be compelled to receive the articles of their faith out of royal proclamations?† to be forced to abandon a creed endeared to them by the hallowed recollections of ages,—a creed cherished amidst every suffering by all the learned, the wise, and the worthy among them—for the varying whims of such persons as our first Reformers? To have such crudities crammed down their throats by the sword, the halter, the rack, and the various other contrivances, by which the apostles of Reform worked out their notions of the right of private judgment? Is it not wonderful that under such disenthralling influences, the people did not consume themselves into mere mental entities? But in seriousness could there be anything more degrading and debasing than the mode in which Protestantism was forced on the people of England? They had not been then callous to oppression, and their innumerable insursections proved how deeply they felt the wrongs and indignities heaped on them.

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* See D'Ewes' Journ. and Com. Journ. passim.
† Hallam, Con. Hist. vol. i. p. 38.

Let us turn next to the advantages conferred by Protestantism on the constitution, by the changes it effected in the material composition of the different branches of the legislature.

All Protestant writers regard the confiscation and redistribution of the lands of the monasteries as a mighty element of popular power; and even the earliest among them date the origin of the influence of the House of Commons from this source. Mr. Hallam expresses these views in the following manner: "If the participation of so many persons in the spoils of ecclesiastical property, gave stability to the new religion by pledging them to its support, it was also of no slight advantage to our civil constitution, strengthening, and as it were, infusing new blood into the territorial aristocracy, who were to withstand the enormous prerogative of the crown. For if it be true, as surely it is, that wealth is power, the distribution of so large a portion of the kingdom among the nobles and gentry, the elevation of so many new families, and the increased opulence of the more ancient, must have sensibly affected their weight in the balance."* We really wonder how any men could so pervert their reasoning faculties, as to see in this proceeding an increase of strength to our civil constitution. Why did they not see a similar result from the transferring of the appointment of bishops to the king? The monasteries held one-fifth of the land of the entire kingdom; but through easy leases, did not probably enjoy more than one-tenth in value.† Their tenants by the bye, were remarkable for being the most comfortable and independent in the kingdom. The number of abbots and priors sitting for those monasteries in the House of Lords, was twenty-nine, who, joined to the twenty-one bishops, always formed a majority over the temporal peers.‡ Before we admit that the Reformation made an improvement in the very material of the legislature, we must enquire who those monks and bishops were, and what principles they supported. We have already shewn that they were sprung from the lower classes of the people, and that their principles were directly the reverse of those of their Protestant successors. Now we ask how much better was it for the people to have such men forming the majority of the Lords, than the creatures of the royal breath? To have one-fifth of the lands of the kingdom in the hands of

* Con. Hist. vol. i. 84-5.

† Idem. p. 74. We here follow Mr. Hallam, to shew how obvious are the true conclusions from the facts which he himself states.

‡ Id. p. 79. Middle Ages, vol. ii. p. 331.

their sons, brothers, nephews, cousins, and other relatives, than to have it conveyed to the favourites of the crown. To have the majority of the House of Lords taken bodily from among themselves, than to be excluded from all influence, and deprived of all their protectors, in the legislature? It was this extreme democratic complexion of that house, which, in a great measure, kept both houses on such friendly terms. Most Protestant writers express their amazement at the harmony and unanimity which prevailed between them. There was then no attempt on the part of the Lords to curtail the liberties of the Commons, or the rights of the people, or to play off any other of those fantastic tricks, which they have learned since "the dawn of enlightenment." Yet, destroying the democratic portion and character of that house, and enabling the king to swamp the ancient independent peerage of the land with his minions and parasites, was the first "advantage to our civil constitution" derived from the glorious Reformation. Charles V overthrew the power of the Castilian Cortes by excluding the lords and bishops altogether. Was not this a much more manly and honest course (making the fight between king and commons a single-handed one) than that pursued by Henry VIII?*

But the attachment of the Reformers to civil liberty, as indicated by their confiscation of the monasteries, does not end here. Had not their own and their master's rapacity outrun their zeal for the establishment of a permanent despotism, the complete overthrow of British liberty would have been simultaneous with the overthrow of Catholicism. The grounds on which the parliament was informed that the property of the monasteries ought to be vested in the king, were, that he might be able "*to live of his own*," to defend the kingdom on any sudden invasion or insurrection, to aid his confederates, reward his well deserving servants, maintain continually a standing army of 40,000 men, and never again ask any aids or subsidies of the people.† Thus the suppression of the monasteries was intended to serve as the means for establishing a despotism, and dispensing at once with Lords and Commons. Enabling Henry to make law and religion by proclamation was only a part of the bye-play in this "disenthralling" drama.

* How singular that the two enemies of Clement should be the first to overthrow the privileges of their people? Very strange; especially when we consider that the opponents of Popes and Popery must be necessarily "out and out" devotees of freedom.

† Co. 4 Inst. 44.

Others writers say, that our sovereigns at and after the Reformation, by assuming almost despotic authority, and crushing the power of the nobles, relieved the mass of the people from numerous oppressors, and that this was the reason why the people submitted so quietly to the royal pretensions.* A very pretty theory, indeed, but unfortunately it merely goes directly in the teeth of all history. From the time of Henry I, the nobles and people had been continually united in opposition to the crown. Not a single instance occurs of their appearing in arms against each other. Mr. Hallam may be a fair witness on this point. He says, that in all the contentions against the crown, the clergy and people side with the nobles, and "*no individuals are so popular with the monkish annalists, who speak the language of the populace, as Simon Earl of Leicester, &c. &c., all turbulent opponents of the royal authority.*"† The Rolls of Parliament, the Statute Book, or any other of our records, give no hint of this supposed hostility of the people to the nobility. It would be strange if they did. The clergy were foremost in every movement with the lords, and their objects were, not to establish an oligarchy—a protectorate or "the kingdom of saints"—but to prevent the abuses of the royal authority, and to secure the enjoyment of liberty, equality, and justice, on the broadest and plainest foundations. This mode, therefore, of accounting for the rise of despotic tendencies at the Reformation, is very ingenious, and would do well for a romance.

Other writers admit the laws for the security of life and liberty to have been as perfect in *ancient* times as they are now; remind their readers that our present superior security is far less owing to positive law, than to the control which is exercised over government by public opinion through the general use of printing, and to the diffusion of liberal principles through the same means‡—insinuate and assert that there was no real protection under those laws for private persons against the crown,§ as judges and juries were bribed or intimidated—and that the contrast was great between the law as laid down in the statutes and other authorities, and its practice in the courts of justice, which rendered them, "in cases of treason, little better than the caverns of murderers;"‖ but when you come to examine the instances adduced as proofs of the correctness of this description, you find them all,

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* See Brodie—Introd.

† Hallam, Mid. Ages, vol. ii. p. 374. ‡ Mid. Ages, vol. ii. p. 367.

§ Const. Hist., vol. i. p. 252. ‖ Ibid. p. 4 5; 248-249.

that sum by 19,000*l.** Henry VII was the first, since the accession of Henry III, who lived within his income.† The amount of their patronage was exceedingly limited. Over the appointment of all persons employed in the administration of justice the parliament exercised so vigilant a control, that the appointments could scarcely be said to rest with the king. The same may be observed of the various officers employed in the executive government. They could not interfere with the administration of justice,‡ levy taxes, enrol soldiers, dispense with or swamp the parliament, or, in short, do anything but what they were strictly authorised by law to do, and that only through a responsible officer. By what miracle, then, could they perform those feats of statesmanship by which their Protestant successors have been distinguished? But, even if they could, how does it appear that they were "enlightened" enough to have no other object of ambition than to make slaves and paupers of their subjects?

But, dismissing for the present all further preliminary considerations, let us come to the matter, to which they are (with us just now) merely subservient. To understand the constitution as it stood prior to the Reformation, it is absolutely necessary to divest the mind of all the high notions of prerogative propagated by the advocates of despotism since the glare of "gospel light" enabled mankind to discover the right divine of kingship. If we do not comply with this preliminary, all that we meet with in the Rolls of Parliament, the Year Books, the older historians and text writers, on the relative rights and duties of the crown and the people, will be looked upon only as seditious and revolutionary romance. We can never enter into its spirit, or dare to comprehend its application. But having once removed these "evangelical" delusions, and recollecting the democratical principles of government which prevailed up to the commencement of the 16th century in all the Catholic states of Europe—with the exception of France since the time of Louis XI—we find all constitutional and regular; no treason, revolution, or sedition; nothing inconsistent with the then known rights of sovereign and subject.

There are few who will now have the "pious" hardihood to assert that the king had, at the period of the Reformation, any powers but such as were conferred on him by statute,

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* Rot. Parl. 28 Hen. VI. p. 183. † Lingard, *supra*, p. 338.
‡ See the crowd of authorities on this point in 2 Inst. 56.

or by ancient well-known usage. So strictly circumscribed were these, that he could not make a testamentary disposition of his chattels,* nor re-enter on his own lands let to farm for non-payment of rent†, till he was authorised by parliament. In early times he was regarded in the eye of the law only as an ordinary person; he could be sued like such,‡ and his grants were construed in exactly the same manner, till a statute was passed to limit their construction.§ The prerogative which in "enlightened" times became a synonyme for arbitrary power, was then so admeasured that it could not prejudice the inheritance of any person,‖ and was as much under the control of the law as the powers of a sheriff, constable, or any other officer. The House of Commons complain to Richard II of the withholding of writs of *scire facias*, to try the legality of his presentations to benefices, under the pretence of prerogative, as a great offence to God, and against law and reason; for, say they, nothing can be a prerogative of the crown, which is derogative to the execution of right and justice.¶ One of the charges against him at his deposition, was, that he frequently said "that his laws were in his own mouth, and sometimes in his own breast, and that he alone could make and change the laws of his realm."** What a pity that he was so far in advance of his age in "enlightenment." Had he lived a few centuries later, he would be for ever immortalised in Reformed liturgies as a saint and a martyr. The parliament allow him and Henry IV†† to be as free as any of their predecessors,‡‡ and make the abuse of this favour another of the charges against him. By the coronation oath, Fortescue says, our kings were obliged "to the observance of the laws, which some of them have not been well able to digest, because thereby they are deprived of that free exercise of dominion over

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* Rot. Parl. 16 Ric. II, p. 301.

† Id. 2 Hen. IV, 460. The Commons allowed him to re-enter only when three half-year's rent should be due, and recommended that thenceforth a clause of re-entry should be inserted in all his leases.

‡ Year Book, 43 Edward III, f. 22. § De Prærogativa Regis.

‖ Law Maxim, Co., 2 Inst. p. 63.

¶ "En grant offense de Dieu et encontre reson et ley, pur ce qe tiel fait ne poet mye estre prerogatif a nostre seigneur le Roi, q'est derogatife a l'execution de droit et justice."—Rot. P. 13, Ric. II, 273.

** "Dixit expresse vultu austero et protervo quod leges suæ erant in ore suo et aliquotiens in pectore suo, et quod ipse solus posset mutare et condere leges regni sui."—Rot. Parl. 1 Hen. IV. 419.

†† Id. 434; 13 Hen. IV, 658.

‡‡ "Quod posset esse adeo liber sicut aliquis progenitorum suorum extitit ante eum."—Id. 419 supra.

their subjects in that full extensive manner as those kings that preside and govern by an absolute regal power, who in pursuance of the laws of their respective kingdoms, in particular the civil law and the aforesaid maxim,* govern their subjects, change laws, enact new ones, inflict punishments, and impose taxes at their mere will and pleasure, and determine suits at law in such manner, when and as they think fit. For which reason your ancestors endeavoured to shake off this political frame of government, in order to exercise the same absolute regal dominion, too, over their subjects, or rather to be at their full swing to act as they list."† By the first clause of this coronation oath, the king swore "to confirm to the people of England the laws and customs granted to them by ancient kings of England, rightful men, and devout to God; and especially the laws, and customs, and franchises granted to the clergy and people by the glorious king Edward;" and by another "to keep and guard the laws and rightful customs which the Commonalty of your realm shall choose, and to defend them and strengthen them to the honour of God, according to your power."‡ This was a particularly indigestible *morceau* to our Reformed monarchs. Henry VIII metamorphosed the whole of the oath to suit his views of his new "jurisdiction and dignity royal." "He shall grant to hold the laws and approved customs of the realme, and *lawful and not prejudicial to his crown and imperial jurisdiction*, to his power to keep them, and to affirme them, which the nobles and people have made and chosen with his consent."§ By the oath of Edward VI, legislation was no longer to originate with the people, but with the crown:—"Doe you grant to make no new laws, but such as shall be to the honour and glory of God, and to the good of the commonwealth, and that the same shall be made by consent of your people, as hath been accustomed?" Mary restored the old abomination. In

* "Quod principi placet legis habet vigorem."—That which pleases the prince has the force of law.

† De Laud. Leg. Angl. c. 34.

‡ Thus the clause stands in the coronation oaths of Edward II and Edward III:—"Sire, grantes vous a tenir et garder les leys et les coustumes droiturelles les quiels la communaute de vostre royaume *aura eslu* et les defenderer et afforcerer al honour de Dieu à vostre poare?" If the king was a man of letters—"si literatus fuerit"—the oath was in Latin, and the words *aura eslu* were rendered by *elegerit*. The advocates of Protestantism and arbitrary power pretended that this ought to be translated "have chosen." In the abridgment of the oath given in the old Abridgment of the Statutes, first printed about 1481, this part of the clause stands thus—"*Que les gentes de people avera faitz et eslies.*"—See Stat. of Realm, 5 Ed. II, note.

§ Book of Oaths.

the Book of Oaths the clause appears thus in the oaths of Charles I, Charles II, and James II:—"Will you grant to hold and keep the laws and rightful customs which the Commonalty of this your kingdom *have*, and will you defend, &c.* At the Revolution they at length got rid of the Commonalty, the sovereign ever since merely swearing to govern the realm "according to the statutes agreed upon in parliament, and the laws and customs of the same."†

There being, however, no doubt now entertained as to the ancient limitations on the power of the crown, it is needless to pursue this part of our subject further. Let us therefore see what were the powers of Parliament in those days. Our ancient Parliaments, and especially our ancient Houses of Commons, have been long rescued from most of the misrepresentations of the advocates of "the true Protestant Church;" but the able writers who have so rescued them, have made many admissions against them without due consideration or authority, and even, in defending them, have deferred so much to the force of Protestant prejudices that, when they notice a remonstrance of the Commons against the abuse or violation of any practice or privilege, they date the origin of the practice or privilege itself from the time of the remonstrance.‡ Notwithstanding all that they have done in this cause, it still continues the fashion with most of our modern essayists to talk of the parliaments of early times as if they were as servile, as powerless, as corrupt and contemptible as those with which England was cursed for some centuries after the Reformation. We are continually told that they had no right to interfere in the management of any public business; that their sole duty was—not even to discuss the propriety of making grants of money to the sovereign—but to arrange the manner in which it was to be levied;§ that it was in the reign of Henry VII they first began to acquire power and importance, and that from that time down, they have been gradually acquiring fresh accessions to both, till at length they stand in their pre-

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* Book of Oaths. † 1 Wm. and M., c. vi. s. 1.

‡ Thus the Committee who prepared the Report on the dignity of a Peer. Mr. Hallam, and other writers, treat the remonstrance of the Commons against the conduct of Henry IV, postea, et sic de similibus.

§ Sacheverel, the last convicted champion of the Church, says, that parliaments were not ordained "to contribute any right to kings whereby they may challenge tributary aids and subsidiary helps, but for the more equal imposing and more easy exacting of that which unto kings doth appertain by natural and original law and justice as their proper inheritance, annexed to their imperial crowns from their birth."—*First Sermon*, p. 26, 7.

sent proud pre-eminence. But, instead of crowding our pages with a recapitulation of the multitudinous misrepresentations which prevail on this subject, we shall proceed at once to prove that parliament, and especially the House of Commons, exercised, prior to the Reformation, greater powers than they exercise at the present moment; that it was from the very time, from which philosophers date the rise of parliamentary power and authority, they really declined, till, in the meridian of Protestantism, parliament became a cipher; and that it is since Protestantism began to wane, parliament has been gradually recovering its former position.

Prior to the Reformation, the notion of setting any limits to the power of parliament, or to the subjects of discussion before the Lords or Commons, was never seriously entertained. The people being called together annually to consider the state of affairs touching the king and the kingdom* —a periphrasis for their own national business—had a right to discuss every possible subject, and with the utmost latitude and freedom. Let those who adopt the notions of our Protestant sovereigns on this question, find a single authority of the Catholic days of England conveying even a hint as to any restrictions on the subjects or the mode of parliamentary discussions. From time immemorial, it had been a principle of universal application in England, that whatever concerned all or any portion of the people, should be determined by the advice of all, or that particular portion.† This is traceable through all the institutions of the state, from wardmotes, folkmotes, common councils, hundred courts, county courts, &c., up to that court in which the whole nation assembled by their delegates, to transact that business which was common to them all. Whatever, therefore, concerned the interests of the entire nation, was the proper subject of discussion in parliament; and no one, except Richard II, and his adherents, had the temerity to lay down any exceptions to the universality of their jurisdiction. The clergy, indeed—and this very exception is another proof of the unlimited extent of the jurisdiction of parliaments—were forbidden by the very writ of summons to deal with any matter in their convocations that

* "De quibusdam arduis negotiis nos et statum regni nostri tangentibus."—The words of the writ of summons or election.

† "Sicut lex justissima provida circumspectione stabilita hortatur et statuit ut quod omnes tangit ab omnibus approbetur. Sic et innuit evidenter ut pro communibus periculis per remedia provisa communiter obvietur." Writ of summons to the Archbishop of Canterbury in the 23rd year of Edward I.

concerned the king's person, or the state of his crown or his kingdom, or his council;* and lest they should act contrary to this inhibition, the king frequently appointed commissioners by writ to sit with them in convocation, to have cognisance of what they were about to establish, and prevent them from entering on those forbidden subjects. These were the very subjects on which parliament was commonly summoned to consult, and yet persons have been found hardy enough to assert that till the Reformation these were topics, which neither house dared to name without the express permission of the sovereign. Where are their proofs? In their own ingenious and enlightened fancies. For plain, simple people, the proofs lie all in heaps the other way. Edward II, in the beginning of his reign, granted a commission to certain persons chosen by parliament to make what laws they should deem necessary for the realm. In the fifteenth year of his reign, the laws thus made were repealed by the entire parliament as being injurious to the king's prerogatives; and it was provided "that for ever hereafter all manner of ordinances or provisions made by the subjects of our lord the king, or of his heirs, by any power or commission† whatever," concerning the royal power of the king, or against his estate or the estate of the crown, should be "of no avail or force whatever. But the matters which are to be established for the estate of our lord the king and of his heirs, and for the estate of the realm, shall be treated, accorded, and established in parliament by our lord the king and by the assent of the prelates, earls and barons, and the commonalty of the realm, according as it hath been heretofore accustomed."‡ We might rely on this statutory declaration alone, but we deem it more satisfactory to adduce distinct palpable proofs from the rolls of parliament, and other authentic sources, that there was not one earthly question which they were not enabled to discuss, and that there was not a single officer in the state, from the king to his butler, whose appointment, services, and removal, they did not control.

To commence with the latter division of the subject. The parliament deposed Edward II, and were thanked by him for

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* See Co. 4. Inst. 322-3, and authorities there cited, &c. D'Ewes' Journal, p. 24.—M. Paris, 447.

† In all the editions of this statute, even in the authorised one, where the original is given side by side with the translation, this word is perverted to "authority." The difference is not great, but "commission" defines more distinctly what was meant.

‡ Revocation of the Ordinances. Statutes at Large.

electing his son in preference to a stranger.* They deposed Richard II, and elected Henry IV out of the regular order of succession, and entailed the crown, as they would any other office, to him and his heirs; first in tail special,† and subsequently in tail general.‡ They tried the titles of Henry VI and the Duke of York, as they would an action of ejectment between Messrs. John Doe and Richard Roe; and finding York's the better title, declared him the next heir to the throne, allowing Henry, for the sake of peace and quietness, to enjoy it to the end of his days, and binding both to certain conditions, by the breach of which they were to forfeit the advantages derivable from the settlement.§ By a breach of these conditions Henry VI is declared to have forfeited, and Edward IV to have succeeded to, the crown.‖ They declared Richard III "very undoubted king, as well by inheritance as by *lawful election*;"¶ and entailed the crown on Henry VII, who could claim no hereditary right to it, and "the heirs of his body lawfully coming."**

The guardian, regent, or protector of the realm, stands next in power and dignity to the sovereign. We find Henry III appointing one in 1242, by the advice of all his earls, barons, and lieges;†† the ordainers providing, in the reign of Edward II, that the king should appoint him, by "the common consent of his baronage, and that in parliament;"‡‡ the parliament in the commencement of Henry VI's reign confirming the late king's appointment of the Dukes of Bedford and Gloucester to the office of protector, settling and determining their power and authority§§—expressly declaring that the king had no right to dispose by will of his sovereign power‖‖—appointing, or confirming, or repealing the appointment of, all the protectors in that reign by the common consent of the three estates;¶¶ the Commons originating motions for the appointment of protectors,*** and on one occasion causing it to be understood that they would not proceed with any other business "till they had answer of their desire and request."†††

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* Speed, 666. † Cotton's Exact Abridgment, p. 454. ‡ 7 Hen. IV, cap. 2.
§ See the entire proceedings in the Rolls of Parliament for that year, p. 375, &c.
‖ Id. 1 Edward IV, p. 466. ¶ Id. 1 Ric. III, p. 241-242. ** 1 Hen. VII, c. i.
†† Rymer, t. i. p. 400, cited by Hallam, Mid. Ages, vol. ii. 184.
‡‡ 5 Ed. II, c. 9. §§ Cotton's Ex. Abridg., 564, 568, 589, 592.
‖‖ R. P. 6, H. VI, 326. ¶¶ Ibid. and 31-2 H. VI, 242.
*** 31 H. VI, 285-6—33 H. VI, 285, 321.
††† 31 H. VI, antea. See also as to its being "the surest way to have him made," in Parliament, 4 Inst. 58.

Next take the subject of appointing and controlling the ministers of state, the judges, and other officers. The principle that the people should not be bound in anything without their consent first had and obtained, extended, of course, not only to the making of laws, but to the administering of them, and to the conduct of the government of the realm in every department. The notion that the appointment of judges, generals, ambassadors, and other officers—the making of peace or war, of leagues, commercial or military—and the performance of those other functions of (in modern constitutional phraseology) the executive government—should be left solely to the omniscient wisdom of kings and their favourites, had not been discovered in those "barbarous" times. The people in their simplicity imagined then that there would have been little use in their making laws unless they hadsome control over those who were to carry them into execution; or in being active and industrious, or cultivating commercial pursuits, if a royal favourite, in a fit of folly or knavery, could, without their consent, deprive them of the benefit of all their exertions, exclude them from the field of commercial enterprise, or involve them in wars hazarding the security of all their possessions. In illustrating the conduct of parliament on those several topics, we are compelled to go back beyond the reign of Edward III, for many reasons; of which the principal is, a desire to show that the proceedings of the Commons in that period, with which we are more immediately concerned, were not wild, revolutionary, precipitous encroachments on the executive government, but were in strict accordance with the course pursued by the great council of the kingdom from time immemorial. The highest and latest authorities on this subject thus sum up the results of their researches:—"It is manifest from various documents stated in this report, that the great council of the kingdom of England was at all times considered as *the great legislative power under the crown, and the superior counsel of the crown in the administration of the executive government**; that that great council was composed of persons being or representing all the landholders of the kingdom (except certain inferior immediate tenants of the crown), and representing, also, in effect, the great body of the population of the kingdom, in whose welfare they were interested, and who were, as in some degree their dependents, entitled to their protection. In this view of the

* The passage appears thus in *italics* in the Report.

subject, the *spirit* of the constitution of the government of England appears to have been at all times the same; for, though the form of parliament—the division of the great council into two bodies, the Lords and Commons, as now established—the attribution to the Lords of judicature, and of a distinct right as councillors of the crown, at all times, separately and collectively, and whether convened as members of a legislative assembly or not—and the attribution to the Commons of the right of originating grants to the crown, and of the right of impeachment, and the constitution of their body by election and delegation, and therefore by more obvious representation—have probably been the result of time and circumstances, yet the substance has always remained the same."* Let us see, then, their practice in early times.

William Longchamp, chancellor and justiciary of Richard I, is deposed for many offences, after a conference in St. Paul's Cathedral between John, the bishops, earls, and barons of the kingdom, and the citizens of London, and another chosen in his place.† In 1221, Hubert de Burgh was "made governor of the king's person, and chief justiciary of England, with the general allowance of all the states."‡ In the following year, Ralph Neville is mentioned as having been made chancellor, by the assent of the whole kingdom, and on condition that he should not be removed without the consent of the whole kingdom also.§ In 1236, Henry offers to take from him the great seal, but he refuses to deliver it, saying that he had received it from the common council of the kingdom, and that without the assent of the same he would not resign it.‖ This excellent chancellor dying in 1244, the parliament assembled at London complained that for want of a

* Rep. on Dignity of a Peer, vol. i, 467.

† "Placuit ergo Johanni fratri regis, et omnibus episcopis, et comitibus, et baronibus regni, et civibus Londoniarum, quod cancellarius ille deponeretur, et deposuerunt eum et instituerunt Rhothomagensem Archiepiscopum," &c.—Hoveden, 702. The bishop of Coventry, in his account of the transaction, says—"Factoque consilio coram omni populo, totius civitatis, præsentibus que justitiariis domini regis et approbantibus, *de consilio universorum* statuimus ne talis de cætero in regno Angliæ dominetur per quem ecclesia Dei ad ignominiam et populus ad inopiam erat reductus."—Id. 704.

‡ Speed, p. 579.

§ "Itaque silicet ut non deponeretur ab ejus sigilli custodia nisi totius regni ordinante consensu et consilio."—M. Paris, p. 316. We cannot help giving the following extract respecting this chancellor's character:—"Erat regis fidelissimus cancellarius, et inconcussa columna veritatis, singulis jura sua, precipue pauperibus singulis juste reddens et indilate. In multis regni perturbationibus stans directe non arundo quolibet vento agitata nec declinans ad dextram vel sinistram."—Id. 370.

‖ Id. 430.

chancellor many writs had been granted contrary to justice, and therefore prayed that a chancellor and chief-justice might be appointed, as they had chosen them, by whom the estate of the realm might be settled according to custom.* These demands not being at once conceded, they require that, to prevent the infringement of the charters and liberties of the people, four of the most discreet nobles should be chosen by *common assent* to be of the king's council, and sworn faithfully to manage the affairs of the king and kingdom, and to do justice to all without respect of persons; that they should see that the money given by all the nation should be expended for the advantage of the king and realm; and that they should not be removed except by common assent and election; also that the chief-justice and chancellor should be elected by all; that if the king should, in the interval of parliament, take the seal from the chancellor, it should be restored to him at the next session, and everything done in the meantime held null and void;† that no chief-justice or chancellor should be appointed except by the *solemn and universal assembly, and free assent of all*;‡ and that two justices of the bench, two barons of the Exchequer, and a justice of the Jews, should be appointed; and that this time "all the aforesaid officers be made and constituted by the common, universal, and free election of all; *that as they are to handle the businesses of all, so the assent of all may concur in their election.*"§ In 1248, they complain that he had not, like his predecessors, appointed, by the common council of the kingdom, a chief-justice, chancellor, and treasurer, as was becoming and expedient, but such persons as would now appear to have been very well qualified for Stuart judges.‖ In 1255, they renew the demand for appointing these officers in parliament, as being

* "Petitum fuit ut secundum quod elegerant justitiarius et cancellarius fierent per quos status regni solidaretur ut solebat."—Id. 639.

† "Quicquid fuerit interim sigillatum, initum habeatur et inane."—Id. 641.

‡ "Nullus substituatur cancellarius vel justitiarius nisi solummodo per solemnem et universalem omnium convocationem, et liberum assensum."—Id.

§ "Hac vice autem per communem universalem liberamque omnium electionem fiant, et constituantur omnes officiarii prædicti; ut quemadmodum omnium negotia sint tractaturi, sic etiam, in eorum electione concurrat assensus singulorum."—Id.

‖ "Calumniatur itaque dominus rex graviter à singulis et universis non mediocriter conquerentibus eo quod sicut magnifici reges prædecessores sui habuerunt, justitiarium nec cancellarium habet, nec thesaurarium, per commune consilium regni, prout deceret et expediret; sed tales qui suam qualemcunque dummodo sibi quæstuosam sequuntur voluntatem nec qui rei publicæ sed singularem quærunt promotionem, pecuniam colligendo custodias et redditus sibi primitus procurando."—Id. 744.

according to ancient custom and justice.* At the celebrated parliament of Oxford in 1258, they compel the king to allow the chief justice, chancellor, and treasurer, to be "ordayned by public choice,"† and the twelve or twenty-four conservators of the kingdom to provide from year to year, for the due election of justices, chancellors, treasurers, and other officers.‡ They elect as chief justice Hugh Bigod, whose many accomplishments Matthew Paris sums up, telling us that he, while in that office, "would by no means suffer the law of the kingdom to voullate,"§ and displace the king's treasurer and several other officers. In 1260, they make Hugh Spencer chief justice, the abbot of Burgh king's treasurer, and the bishop of Ely lord chancellor. In the following year they remove Spenser, and substitute Sir Philip Bassett, without the king's assent.|| The king this year appointing justices in Eyre without the consent of the barons, contrary to the provisions of Oxford, the people refuse to answer before them; the sheriffs appointed by him are also resisted, and the barons appoint their own sheriffs and justices.¶ The king at length removing the chancellor and chief justice appointed by them, they take up arms, and he is obliged to confirm the Oxford provisions. In 1265, the prelates, earls, and barons assemble at London, and provide, among other things, that two earls and one bishop, elected by the "communitas," should elect nine other persons, three of whom should assist the king, and that by their advice all things, both in the palace and the kingdom, should be regulated, and that nothing should be done by the king without the assent of three at least of them.** To these terms they forced him to submit by the threat of electing another sovereign.†† The fortunes of Piers Gaveston, and the Spensers, are well known. In consequence of the misgovernment of the realm in the commencement of Edward II's reign, he was compelled to grant the commission to which we have already referred. The ordinances then made open with this bold and plain preamble:—"Forasmuch as by bad and deceitful counsel, our lord the king and all his subjects are dishonoured in all lands; and moreover, the crown

* "Exigebant insuper ut de communi consilio regni sibi justitiarum, cancellarium, et thesausarium, eligerent sicut ab *antiquo consuetum et justum*."—Id. p. 904.

† Daniel, p. 148. ‡ Hollingshed, p. 259.

§ "Qui officium justitiariæ strenue peragens nullatenus permittat jus regni vacillare."—p. 971.

|| Hollingshed, p. 263. ¶ Id. ** M. Paris, p. 993.

†† M. Westm., 336.

hath been in many points abased and dismembered, and his lands of Gascony, Ireland, and Scotland on the point of being lost, if God do not give amendment; *and his realm of England upon the point of rising on account of oppressions, prises, and destructions.*"* By these ordinances, all evil councillors and improper persons were to be removed from the offices which they held in the household and elsewhere about the king, and he was thenceforth to appoint the chancellor, chief justices, chief baron, the keepers of the privy seal and of the wardrobe, the steward of the household, the chief wardens of the ports and castles on the sea coast, the ministers for Gascony, Scotland, and Ireland, and various other officers, "by the counsel and assent of his baronage, and that in parliament." After the repeal of these ordinances, we find the practice nearly the same as before. By 15 Edward III, st. 1, c. 3 and 4, it was provided that "the chancellor, treasurer, barons, and chancellor of the exchequer, the justices of the one bench and of the other, justices assigned in the county, steward and chamberlain of the king's house, keeper of the privy seal, treasurer of the wardrobe, controller, and they that be chief deputed to abide nigh the king's son, Duke of Cornwall, shall be now sworn in this parliament, and so from henceforth at all times that they shall be put in office to keep and maintain the privileges and franchises of holy church, and the points of the great charter, and the charter of the forest, and all other statutes, without breaking any point"—that when "any of the officers aforesaid, or chief clerk of the common bench or king's bench, by death or other cause, be out of his office," the king should appoint another convenient "by the accord of the great men which shall be found nighest in the county," and "the good counsel which he shall have about him;" and that in every parliament, at the third day of the said parliament, the king shall take to his hands the offices of all the said ministers, and so they shall abide four or five days, except the offices of justices of the one place and of the other, justices assigned, barons of the exchequer; so always that they and all other ministers be put to answer to every complaint; and if default be found in any of the said ministers by complaint, or other manner, and of that he be attainted in parliament, he shall be punished by judgment of his peers, and put out of his office, and another convenient put in his

* "It is," says Fortescue, "only lacke of harte and cowardise that kepyth the Frenchmen from rysyng ageyn their soveryng lord."—To this theme he devotes a whole chapter, upbraiding the French with their want of "pluck" in submitting to oppression.—Absolute and Limited Monarchy, c. 13.

place. And upon the same our said sovereign lord the king shall do to be pronounced and made execution without delay, according to the judgment of the said peers in parliament."

It does not appear that there was any very great contrast between these "paper provisions" and the practice of parliament. We find the Commons recommending that certain justices should be elected by them and the Lords at that parliament, and there sworn to the execution of their duty, and that their commissions should not be sealed or used till they should be shown to and approved of by them and the Lords;* requesting that the judges should be charged in that parliament, not to delay the common law, at the command of the kings or others†—that ten or twelve persons should be appointed to attend continually with the king's council, and that no great business should be transacted without the assent of all, and no minor business without the assent of four at least of them;‡ demanding, among other things, before taking the supplies into consideration, that all the great officers of the realm, and the household, and all those employed in the administration of the laws, should be sworn before them to the due discharge of their duties, "so that every person thenceforth should feel that right and reason was done him;"§ requesting that a mild, discreet, and able baron should be appointed tutor to the king‖—that the king's council should be discharged¶—that the lord treasurer, barons of the exchequer, the judges of both benches, and other officers, should be selected from among the most sage, discreet, and able men to be found in the realm, and that commissioners should be appointed to make a thorough reform in the chancery and law courts**—that, as different men were differently qualified, those should be appointed to each office who were best qualified for it, without favour or affection—that their names should be declared in parliament, and that they should not be removed without reasonable cause††—that the king should ordain in that parliament the most valiant, sage, and discreet lords of his realm to be of his council—that they and the judges should be openly sworn in parliament to acquit

* Rot. P. 17, Ed. III, 136. † Id, 45 Ed. III, 308.

‡ Id. 50 Ed. III, 322. See also Walsingham, 197. § Id. 1 Ric. II, 14.

‖ "In quo regni communitas petiit aliquem ex baronibus ordinari ad tutelam regiam, qui sciret forensecis prudenter dare responsa, &c. &c.....Electus est ergo communi sententia dominus Thomas Beauchamp, comes Warwici ut jugiter cum rege moram traheret."—Walsing., 243.

¶ Rot. P. 3 Ric. II, 73. ** Rot. P. 5 Ric. II, 101.

†† Id. 6 Ric. II, 147. ‡‡ Id. 11 H. IV, 623-4, 634.

themselves properly and impartially in their offices, and that he should command them in the presence of all the estates of parliament, on their faith and allegiance, to do full justice to every person without delay, notwithstanding the commands of any one to the contrary; desiring some days afterwards to know the names of the council, and—when these are named to them, and accept office on condition that before the last day of the session something should be granted to defray their charges--coming again on that day, and requiring that they should be then charged anew, and sworn without any condition;* and succeeding in each and every of these strange requests almost as if they were matters of course. We find Sir R. Scrope resigning the chancellorship in parliament in 1380, and another appointed to it†—Scrope re-appointed in the following year, at the request of lords and commons, as being a man who for eminent knowledge and inflexible justice had not his equal in the kingdom‡—in 1383 deprived of the great seal by Richard, for refusing to put it to some inconsiderate grants, and the whole nation thereupon indignant "that the king, *contrary to the custom of the kingdom, should have captiously deposed the chancellor, whom all the nobility of the kingdom, with the suffrages of all the people, had chosen*;"§ in 1386, De la Pole degraded from the chancellorship on the prosecution of the commons;‖ and lords and commons taking virtually to themselves the entire government of the kingdom by the celebrated commission of that year, and appointing the chancellor, treasurer, and keeper of the privy seal;¶ in 1387, several of the king's favourites tried and condemned in parliament; in 1389, the chancellor, treasurer, and all the lords of the council, except the clerk of the privy seal, resigning their offices in parliament, and openly requiring that if any one had anything to say against them for their conduct in office, he should then complain—the commons, after diligently inquiring into the matter, thanking them heartily for their deserts—the lords also approving of their conduct—the king then restoring them to their offices, with a protestation that he wished to change his officers at pleasure—and all of them resworn "in full parliament, to act and advise well and lawfully in the offices aforesaid;"**—in the

* Id. 2 H. IV, 623-4, 634. † Walsing. 243. ‡ Id. 301.

§ "Audientes igitur non solum magnates regni sed et ipsa communitas, regem *contra regni consuetudinem cancellarium deposuisse captiose, quem tota regni nobilitas cum suffragio totius vulgi delegerat*, indignati sunt valde."—Id. 312.

‖ Rot. P. 10 Ric. II, 216-17, &c. ¶ See the Commission in Statutes at Large.

** Rot. P. 13 Ric. II, 258.

first year of Henry VI, the chancellors of England and Normandy giving an account in parliament of their surrenders of their respective seals, and praying to be discharged of such surrenders;* the Commons requesting tobe informed what persons were to be appointed to the offices of chancellor, treasurer, and privy seal; the king thereupon re-appointing those whom his father had in these offices—sending some of the lords to inform the commons thereof, and in their patents declaring their appointments to be by the advice and assent of all his council present in that parliament;† and finally the commons expressing their manifold thanks for the appointments, and the mode in which they were notified to them.‡ After the Duke of Gloucester had been made protector in that session, we learn that, "at the request of the commons, and by the advice and assent of the lords aforesaid, there were named and elected certain persons of estate, as well spiritual as temporal, for councillors assistant to the government,"§ whose names were then openly read in parliament, and who accepted the office under certain conditions contained in a schedule which they presented. Of these the Commons approve, but add a clause by way of purview. To the entire the Lords then agree.‖ So little was "state mystery" then known, and so fully did those officers consider themselves bound to answer for their conduct to parliament, that one of those conditions was, that the clerks of the council should be sworn to enter the names of all sitting at the transaction of any business, with an account of the way they should severally vote.¶

The appointment of the various members of the royal household, and the regulation of its expenses, seem to have been standing topics for the consideration of our early parliaments. We find the great council repeatedly requiring that suspected and unnecessary persons should be removed from the king's court,** and all foreigners driven from the kingdom,†† "except such as by a general consent should be held faithful and profitable for the same;"‡‡ the king arguing against such demands on one occasion, in a manner worthy of a more "enlightened" age, that it was lawful to every householder to appoint what persons he pleased to any office in his household; that ser-

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* Id. 1 H. VI, 171, "Quitez et deschargez de la dite deliverance."

† "Sciatis quod de avisamento et assensu totius consilii nostri in presenti parliamento nostro existen."—Id. ‡ Id. 172.

§ Id. 175. ‖ Id. 176.

¶ Id. See also Id 2 H. VI, 201; 5 H. VI, 407; 8 H. VI, 243, &c., &c.

** M. Paris, p. 641. †† Id. p. 971. ‡‡ Daniel, p. 151.

vants ought not to judge their lord, nor vassals their prince, nor restrain him with their conditions; and that therefore if he submitted to such demands, he would not be their king but their servant:* a minister's removing the officers of the household at his pleasure and replacing them by his own creatures, who were to be spies on the king's conduct, made one of the articles of impeachment against him;† the Commons prosecuting Alice Ferrers and the other favourites of Edward III;‡ complaining in 1381, of the mismanagement of the household, and of "the outrageous number of familiars"§ in it; in consequence of their remonstrance, certain persons assigned to examine into it, the lords themselves declaring that it appeared to them "that if a reform of government was to be made in the realm, it ought to commence with the principal member, which was the king himself, and to proceed from person to person, even holy Church as well as others, and from place to place, from the highest to the lowest, sparing no person, degree, nor place;"‖ and after many days' consideration, the king's confessor expelled, and a thorough reform effected in every part of the administration.¶ In 1385 they pray that the household might be examined once every year, or oftener if necessary, by the chancellor, treasurer, and clerk of the privy seal, and amended if necessary; and that the old statutes on this head should be observed. To the latter request he of course agrees, but the former he treats very cavalierly:** he was however brought to his senses at the following session, and compelled to grant the well-known commission for reforming every part of the administration in the household, the courts of justice, and all quarters of the kingdom, as the price of a subsidy, the lords and commons expressly providing, that if the commissioners should be impeded in the execution of their duty, so much of the subsidy as should be then unpaid should not be exacted, and that writs should at once issue to countermand the levying of it.†† Haxey's proposal was impudent enough, to remove the great number of bishops and ladies who were living in the king's palace and at his expense.‡‡ In 1303-4, Henry IV, at the request of the

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* M. Paris, p. 749. † Rot. Parl. 4 Edw. III, p. 52. ‡ Speed, p. 706.

§ "Outrageouse nombre des familiers esteantz eu dit hostiel." Rot. Parl. 5 Ric. II, 100.

‖ Ib. ¶ Id. pp. 101-2-3.

** He would grant it—*quant lui plerra.* Id. 9 Ric. II, pp. 213.

†† Id. 10 Ric. II, p. 221. ‡‡ Id. 20 Ric. II, pp. 339, 406.

Commons, dismisses his confessor, and three other persons from his household, though he declares that he cannot discoverw hat objection there was to them; and at the same time he professes his readiness to remove any other person who may be disliked by his people.* On the same day, they request that persons of honesty, virtue, and good fame, should be placed in the royal household, and that the appointments should be notified to them and the lords in this parliament.† In the same session, at their request, the lords are charged to frame an ordinance respecting the household, which is agreed to by the king as very expedient and necessary. By one of the articles in this, all foreigners are to be removed out of the household of the king and the household of the queen, except the queen's daughters and some other persons specially named; and by another it is provided that "the royal household shall be put under such good and moderate regulations, that the expenses of it may be supported out of the revenues of the realm with other necessary charges."‡ So moderate was Henry, that he declared himself anxious for such a reform; and even as to his chamber and wardrobe, would be content with as much as would pay the debts due for them.§ We find the speaker mentioning in 1406, along with the loss of castles, towns, and provinces, the many charges occurring from day to day in the royal household, more than has been known in preceding times; "and how it is *less honourable and more costly* than it was wont to be, and there is no supply of valiant and able persons in it if they should be necessary, BUT RASCALS FOR THE GREATEST PART.||—And in 1451, requesting that several persons who had "been of misbehavying about your royal person and in other places," should be removed by act of parliament from the king's presence during the remainder of their lives. The king agreed to banish all for a year, except the lords named in the bill, and certain persons "right fewe in nombre" who had been accustomed to wait on his person, though he knew no cause why any should be removed.¶ The Commons,

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* Id. 5 Hen. IV, p. 525.

† "Y serroient nommez et faites persones honestes et vertuouses et bien renomez desqueux notice se purra faire a ditez Seigneurs et Communes en cet Parlement." Ib.

‡ Id. p. 527-8. Ib. See also 6 Ric. II, p. 147.

§ Id. See a return of the royal revenue and expenses, 11 Hen. VI, p. 433; 28 Hen. VI, p. 183.

|| "Et coment il est meyns bonurable et plus de charge qe ne soloit estre et unquore y ne ad null substance de persones vaillantz et suffisantz si busoigne y serroit, mes de rascaile pur la greindre part." Id. 7 & 8 Hen. IV, p. 577.

¶ Id. 29 Hen. VI, p. 216.

on the petition of Thomas Chaucer, request that letters patent of Henry IV, granting him the office of chief butler for life, should be confirmed in parliament, which is accordingly done with all due form.* One of the causes of summoning the parliament in 1455, was "to establish an ordinate and substantial rule for the kings honourable houshold."†

But with the army or navy, or the officers of either, the parliament could not interfere. Of course not. In 1389, we find provisions made, in full parliament, for the protection of Southampton, Berwick, the Isles of Wight and Jersey, and the different counties considered in most danger—the commanders of the fortresses appointed—the particular individuals, who were to array the counties, commissioned‡—the strength and station of the fleets determined, and the period when they should be ready for service—their admirals named—all necessary orders issued—and, in short, every thing done which would be now committed to the care of the army and navy offices.§ Thirty years afterwards, the commons make it their first request, that the castles on the coasts, and near the enemy, should be hastily surveyed, and put into a state of defence.‖ In 1371, they set forth the causes by which the navy was almost destroyed, and the king promises to remedy them.¶ They complain, in 1376, that Nottingham castle is confided to a stranger.** In the following year, in consequence of their request that all those captains who had lost any towns or castles, should answer in parliament before them and the lords, William Weston is tried and executed for the surrender of a castle, with the command of which he had been entrusted.†† In the same session, they (the commons) request that all those who had the command of any castles, towns, or fortresses, should give security for the proper discharge of the duty.‡‡ Two years afterwards, they request that sufficient commanders and garrisons should be placed in Berwick, Rocksburgh, and Carlisle; that all the lords who had lands in the northern

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* 1 Hen. VI, p. 178.

† Id. 33 Hen. VI, p. 279. See Edward IV's promise "to live upon my nowne," 7 Edw. IV, p. 572.

‡ See the Commons settling the clauses of the commissions of array; 5 Hen. IV, p. 526-7: and naming the commissioners; 6 Hen. IV, p. 552.

§ Id. 13 Edw. III, 105, 8, 9, 10, 11.

‖ Id. 43 Edw. III, 300.

¶ Id. 50 Edw. III, 351.

** Id. 45 Edw. III, 307. See a similar complaint respecting Manlyon Castle, and a request that it should be entrusted to Englishmen and other lieges; Id. 7 & 8 Hen. IV, p. 579.

†† Id. 1 Ric. II, 10, 11, 14, 17.

‡‡ Ib. 17 a.

counties, should be charged, on their allegiance, to remain there continually, and that the same course should be pursued with regard to the towns and castles belonging to the king.* Such requests were quite common.† We find them making several demands for restraining and regulating the powers and jurisdictions of the admirals, which are complied with.‡ In 1382, the admiral of the north is appointed at their request.§ In 1383, they grant a subsidy specially for the safeguard of the coasts, with a provision, that it should be "paid to the admirals now named, in case they wished, in this present parliament, to take on them the safeguard of the said sea;"‖ they make it one of the conditions for a subsidy in 1385, that the names of the chieftains in the marches of Scotland and elsewhere, and the admirals, should be declared to them, and entered on the parliament roll;¶ they make it one of the charges against the earl of Suffolk the following year, that the money thus granted had been otherwise expended, and that the sea was not guarded in the manner ordained.** In 1397, they, with the other estates of parliament, are informed, that the office of admiral has been entrusted to the marquis of Dorset;†† in 1410, they request that the admiral should appoint a deputy, with sufficient force, to protect the coasts of Lancashire, Cheshire, and Cumberland;§§ and in 1442, they fix the number of ships and men necessary for the defence of the realm, name the very vessels that are to be employed, and in short make all the regulations respecting them, except that they allow the king to appoint the chief captain from among eight worthy knights and squires selected by them from the west, south, and north, and such other "as the king liketh him of the said viii. for to attende the said chief captayne."‖‖ We might add proofs to almost any extent of their interference with the services and appointments not only of the preceding, but of all other officers; but would it not be "extravagant excess" to adduce more?¶¶

* Id. 3 Ric. II, pp. 81-86.

† Id. 6 Ric. II, pp. 86-146; 7 Ric. II, p. 161; 8 Ric. II, p. 200; 9 Ric. II, p. 213; 11 Ric. II, p. 251; 1 Hen. IV, p. 434; 2 Hen. IV, p. 476; 5 Hen. IV, p. 523; 6 Hen. IV, p. 552; 7 & 8 Hen. IV, p. 573; 9 Hen. IV. p. 612; &c. &c.

‡ Id. 13 Ric. II, 269; 14 Ric. II, 283; 15 Ric. II, 291; 1 Hen. IV, 472; 4 Hen. IV, 498; 2 Hen. V, 23.

§ Id. 6 Ric. II, 138.

‖ 7 Ric. II. 151.

¶ Id. 9 Ric. II, 204.

** 10 Ric. II, 216.

†† 21 Ric. II. 368.

§§ Id. 11 Hen. IV. 639.

‖‖ Id. 22 Hen. VI, p. 59

¶¶ See, as to the appointment even of Justices of the Peace, Rot. P. 50 Edw. III, 333; 2 Ric. II. 66; 13 Ric. II, 269; 2 Hen. VI, 51; 5 Hen. VI, 407. As to the ancient practice of electing, in each county, the different local officers for the administration of justice, see 2 Inst. 558.

Then as to the question of peace and war, and foreign alliances. Suppose the king did proclaim war without the assent of parliament, what means had he of carrying it on? He had no fleet, no standing army; he could not impose taxes; his private revenues were not sufficient for more than his ordinary peace expenses; he could not compel his military tenants to go out of the kingdom, and no other persons could he compel to go beyond their own counties, "only for cause of necessity of sudden coming of strange enemies into the realms."* But instead of indulging in disquisitions, let us see what the facts are. Not to go back beyond 1242, we find the barons refusing the king an aid for carrying on his wars in France, as he had undertaken them without their consent, telling him to his face that they would be no longer plundered as if they were slaves.† A few years afterwards he makes another demand; the parliament require reform; he will not grant it; he gets no subsidy, and is obliged to sell his plate and jewels.‡ At a parliament in 1255, his own brother being the first applied to, refuses to give him an aid for his expedition to Apulia, as he had undertaken it without the advice and assent of his baronage.§ Three years afterwards, he again receives a similar answer, being also told that as he had unadvisedly accepted that kingdom without their consent, he should preserve it as best he might; they would not ruin themselves for him.‖ By

* 1 Edw. III. stat. 2, c. 5: see also 4 Hen. IV. c. 13; Rot. P. 1 Edw. III, p. 8 & 11

† "Responderunt Magnates cum magna cordium amararitudine quod *talia conceperat inconsultus et talia effrons impudenter postularat* exagitans et depauperans fideles suos tam frequenter *trahens exactiones in consequentiam quasi a servis ultimæ conditionis* et tantam pecuniam toties extorsit inutiliter dispergendam. Contradixerunt igitur regem in faciem, nolentes amplius sic pecunia sua frustratorie spoliari.....Cæterum *nimis admirantur Magnates Angliæ universi quod sine eorum consilio et assensu tam arduum tam perculosum negotium es aggressus* fidem adhibens fide carentibus spretoque naturalium tuorum favore exponas te tam ancipitis fortunæ casibus."— M. Paris, 588.

‡ So deeply in debt was he about this time, even for the necessaries of life (et aliis etiam vitæ necessariis), that he could scarce appear in public on account of the clamour of his creditors (vix in populo apparere potuit); and that he assured the clergy in parliament, that it was a greater charity to give pecuniary relief to him than to the beggar going from door to door; "asserens majorem eleemosynam fore sibi juvamen conferre pecuniare quam alicui ostiatim mendicanti."—Id. 651-758.

§ "Quod negotium eundi in Apuliam assumpsit sine consilio et assensu Baronagii sui, sibilis Transalpinantium fascinatus."—Id. 913.

‖ "Quod nullo modo potuerunt sine eorum irrestaurabili subversione toties inaniter substantialis suas usque ad exanitionem effundere. Et si inconsulto et indecenter regnum Apuliæ ad opus Edmundi filii sui a Papa comparasset, suæ imputet simplicitati, et quod incircumspecte *et absque suorum consilio nobilium præsumpsit*, tanquam spretor deliberationis et prudentiæ quæ solet rerum exitus præmetiri, *prout potest, ducat ad effectum qualem qualem.*"—Id. 965.

5 Ed. II, c. 9, it was ordained "that the king henceforth shall not go out of his realm, nor undertake deed of war against any one without the common assent of his baronage, and that in parliament; and if he do otherwise, and upon such enterpris cause to be summoned his service, such summons shall be for none." Though this was repealed with the other ordinances in the fifteenth year of that reign, the principle seems to have been established as law and custom. Even by the very words of the repealing statute, the crown was bound to consult the parliament on the subject of peace or war, for what could possibly concern more "the estate of the realm and of the people?" Usage is said to be the best interpreter of the law. Edward III undertakes the war against France by the common assent of all the parliament;* on that ground solely asks them for aids to carry it on;† while engaged in it lays a statement of his affairs before them at the commencement of every session;‡ consults them even as to the conduct, or "array," of it;§ and will not make a treaty without their concurrence.‖ He asks whether he ought to treat with the French by way of amity or marriage, according to their offer. The Commons recommend marriage, and certain lords are then appointed to treat thereon.¶ He is recommended to lead an expedition in person to Ireland,** and subsequently allowed to defer it a twelvemonth, that he might be able to go to France, where he was promised that on a personal visit he should "find great friendship."†† He lays the articles of the truce in 1344 before both houses; explains the conduct of the French and other enemies; and is requested, if he should be forced to undertake an expedition against them, to prosecute it, notwithstanding the letters, prayers, or commands of the Pope, or of any one else, till he should bring the business to a conclusion one way or the other.‡‡ The assent of the Commons to the proposed treaty in 1354 was deemed of such importance that they were twice asked ex-

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* "Par commune assent de tous."—Rot. P. 13 Edw. III, 103.

† Ibid. ‡ See the rolls for every session during the war.

§ Id. 21 Edw. III, 165.

‖ Roll 85; "Par cause qe ceste guerre est emprise commencee par commune assent des ditz Prelatz Grantz et communes le roi ne voleit tretee de pees faire ne pees prendre sans lour commune assent."—Id. 17 Edw. III, 136; See also 45 Edw. III, 303.

¶ Id. 5 Edw. III, 60, 1. ** Ibid.

†† Cotton's Exact Abridg. p. 12; Rot. P. 6 Edw. III, 65.

‡‡ "Tan q'il est fait fyn en une manere ou en autre." Id. 18 Edw. III, 148 See also 18 Edw. III, stat. 2, c. 1.

pressly whether they would agree to it, and a notary was ordered to draw up a public instrument to testify such assent.* In short, the conduct of a war against some foreign enemy, the maintenance of the navy, and the defence of the realm generally by land and sea, form some of the causes for the summoning of almost every parliament that met in that and subsequent reigns, while we were engaged, or about to engage, in hostilities.†

But Mr. Hallam considers Edward III to have been guilty of "an unfair trick of policy," in saying that he undertook the war against France by "common assent," in order merely to throw the war upon parliament as their act, and to prevent any murmuring about subsidies.‡ The inference deducible from this observation is, that Edward could have involved England in a war against France without the "common assent." The men of that period seem to have been of a contrary opinion. We find Edward himself stating in a public document that he could not agree even to a truce, without consulting the parliament.§ The parliament which met in 1344 was summoned on account of "various matters touching the government and salvation of the realm of England, which could not be settled without parliament."‖ These matters seem to have been the war and proposed peace. At the opening of an adjourned session in 1384, the chancellor informs both houses that the king desires their advice on the proposed

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* "Il ent ferroit instrument public." Id. 28 Edw. III, 61.

† Id. 6 Edw. III, 66; 13 Edw. III, 103, 4; 45 Edw. III, 303; 50 Edw III, 321; 51 Edw. III, 362; 22 Edw. III, 200; 25 Edw. III, 237; 27 Edw. III, 251, 2; 28 Edw. III, 254; 29 Edw. III, 264; 42 Edw. III, 295; 47 Edw. III, 316; 1 Ric. II, 5; 2 Ric. II, 32; 6 Ric. II, 132, 134, 148; 7 Ric. II, 149, 166; 8 Ric. II, 184; 2 Hen. IV, 454; 4 Hen. IV, 485; 5 Hen. IV, 522; 13 Hen IV, 647; 7 & 8 Hen. IV, 559 573; 2 Hen. VI, 199; 11 Hen. VI, 509; 14 Hen. VI, 481; 33 Hen. VI, 79; 7 Hen. VII, 440. See an offensive war recommended to Parliament as better than a defensive one; 7 Ric. II, 150; 7 & 8 Edw. IV, 623; and Parliament declaring war, and sending a body of troops, against the Scotch. —Walsingham, 330.

‡ Mid. Ages, vol. ii. p. 368. Dr. Lingard expresses a similar opinion, vol. iv. p. 120.

§ "Nos pro eo quod prælatis et proceribus ac magnatibus regni nostri necnon confœderatis nostris, *quorum interest*, inconsultis dictæ trengæ tunc assentire non poteramus, Parliamentum nostrum, &c. &c., ut tam ipsorum prælatorum et procerum ac communitatum dicti regni nostri quam confœderatorum nostrorum prædictorum habere possemus deliberationem," &c.—Rymer, Fœd. vol. ii. par. 2, p. 1014.

‖ "Pur diverses busorgnes touchantes le government et la salvation du roialme d'Engleterre *lesqueux ne pouraient estre exploitez sans Parlement.*"—Rot. P. 18 Edw. III, 148.

treaty with "his adversary of France," to which he does not wish finally to agree without their assent and knowledge, "THOUGH HE MIGHT WELL DO SO, AS IT IS A MATTER WHICH, AS ONE MAY SUPPOSE, DOES NOT APPERTAIN IN ANY WAY TO THE RIGHT OR TO THE CROWN OF ENGLAND OF ANCIENT TIMES."* The Commons, after considering the subject, and examining the articles of the treaty which were laid before them, declare their unwillingness, in consequence of the great dangers they see on every side, to advise him one way or the other; but express their desire for peace:—"AND IT SEEMS TO THEM THAT THE KING MAY AND OUGHT TO ACT IN THIS BUSINESS AS SHALL SEEM BEST TO HIS NOBLE LORDSHIP, AS BEING A MATTER WHICH IS HIS OWN PROPER INHERITANCE, WHICH HAS DESCENDED TO HIS NOBLE PERSON BY RIGHT OF HIS ROYAL LINEAGE, AND DOES NOT AT ALL BELONG TO THE REALM, OR TO THE CROWN OF ENGLAND."† They pray him, however, to act according to the advice of his council, and to excuse them from giving any other answer at present. Being again charged to say positively whether they wished for peace or for war, as a truce could not be had, they declare themselves for peace, but object to some of the conditions of the treaty. Learning afterwards that the Lords had refused to advise for peace or war, and had answered only that, "were they in the king's state;‡ they would prefer peace, they declare themselves of the same opinion, and refuse to give any other answer. In 1397 they declare to the king that they had not debated about preventing him from sending ambassadors to the king of France, according to his promise, having been told that it was his intention that by this embassy *neither the Commons nor the realm would be bound or charged.* "Nevertheless, the said Commons pray and make their protest, *that since the king, of his own authority and will, has granted this expedition, they shall not be parties to it, nor to anything which may happen in consequence of it, nor be endamaged thereby, but be entirely excused therefrom.*"§ This language needs no comment. We

* "Combien q'il le purroit bien faire, come chose quele a ce q' homme pense n' appartient nye en rienz au droit ne a la coronne d'Engleterre d'ancientee."—Idem, 7 Ric. II, 166.

† "Come de chose q' est son propre heritage, q'est par droit lignage roiale descenduz a sa noble persone et noun pas appertenant al Roialme ne a la coronne d'Engleterre."—Id. 170.

‡ "S'ils feussent en l' estat du roi."—Id.

§ "Nientmoins les ditz communes prieront et firent leur protestation qe coment le Roy de sa autorite et volentee demesne avoit grantez tel viage, qe de celle

upon between those two sovereigns, that neither should make peace with Charles the dauphin, without the assent of the three estates of England and France. We find it "ordeined and advised" by the Lords and Commons in 1430-31, that "my lordes of Bedford and Gloucestr, and my Lord Cardinall, and oyer of ye kyngg's blood, and of his counseill, may trete ye pees on the king's behalf," not only with the French, but with the Spaniards, Scotch, and "any oyer."* In 1444, the Duke of Suffolk details his conduct in the bringing about of the peace between France and England, and the king's marriage, before the Commons, "to the end it myght in tyme to come abyde in their rememberance whatsoever fell thereof;" "and hereof he desired an act to be entred in the parlement rolle." The speaker of the Commons two days afterwards, in the name of his fellows, approves of the duke's conduct, beseeches the king to receive him to his grace and favour, as having done "good, true, and faithful service to him and all this his land," and requests the Lords to join in a similar prayer. Many of the lords having complied with this request, the king thanks both Lords and Commons, and promises to comply with their prayers; and the whole transaction is "enacted and enrolled of record," for the "true acquitale and discharge, perpetuell honour" of the Duke of Suffolk and his heirs for ever.† In the same session, the Lord Chancellor protests, before the King, Lords and Commons, and in the name of the Lords, that the appointment of "a day of convencion for the matere of peace" "between your most royale person and your uncle of France," was of the king's own will and motion, and not by the advice of any of the lords; and desires that they therefore should be held excused, and discharged from all connexion with it, and that this their "humble request" should be entered on the parliament roll.‡ "To advertise and ordeyn howe and when the 13,000 archers granted in the last parliament shall be employed," is one of the causes for summoning the parliament in 1455 § The treaty of peace with the Hanz merchants in 1473 appears in the parliament roll in the form of a statute, by the "advis and assent of the Lords spirituelx and temporelx, and the Comens, in this present parliament assembled, and by the auctorite of the same."‖ It was one of the articles of the treaty of peace between France and England in 1492, that the treaty should be

* Id. 9 Hen. VI, p. 371 b. † Id. 23 Hen. VI. 73, 74.
‡ Id. 102 b. § Id. 33 Hen. VI, 279. ‖ Id. 13 Edw. IV, 65 a, b.

ratified, approved, and confirmed by the three estates of both kingdoms, rightly and duly convoked. Its confirmation on the part of England by act of parliament, may be seen in the statutes at large—11 Hen. VII c. 65.

But we fear we have exhausted the patience of our readers; we are, however, confident that the paramount importance of a right understanding of the conduct of our ancestors, while our holy religion had full sway, in securing our constitutional freedom, will not only justify our present appeal to their indulgence, but will require a further development on an early occasion.

ART. VI.—1. *A Year among the Circassians.* By J. A. Longworth, Esq. London: 1840.

2. *Journal of a Residence in Circassia, during the Years* 1837, 1838, *and* 1839. By James Stanislaus Bell. London: 1840.

SOME account of Circassia was given in one of the earlier numbers of this Journal,* founded principally on the reports of Messrs. Spencer and Marigny. We then had occasion to observe that by Article IV of the treaty of Adrianople, concluded between the Czar and the Sultan in 1829, nearly the whole eastern coast of the Euxine was placed under the dominion of Russia. To this arrangement, however, the Circassians, who never had been conquered by Turkey, and of whose country therefore the latter had no lawful power to dispose, refused their consent. They have in consequence resisted, and hitherto with marvellous energy and success, every attempt of the emperor to reduce them under his yoke. The mountainous character of the principal districts has enabled small and resolute bands, by the mode of warfare well known in Spain under the title of Guerilla, to annihilate in detail immense expeditions sent from time to time against them; and although year after year such expeditions are renewed, it does not yet appear probable that the imperial domination can ever be permanently established in that territory.

The inhabitants who are chiefly engaged in the contest waged against Russia are the occupants of the coast from

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* No. V. July, 1837.

Sokoumkale to Anapa. This district is entirely mountainous. The Circassian tribes who dwell in the vallies and the plains eastward of the mountains, towards the river Kuban on one side, and the river Terek on the other, having no considerable mountain ranges to defend them, were soon obliged to yield to the overwhelming forces which bore down upon them from Russia. Mr. Longworth calculates the population of the still unconquered provinces at about one million, of which he computes the adult males capable of bearing arms at 150,000. They all speak the same language, varied only by slight differences of local dialects. The religion of Mahomet very generally prevails amongst them, but it is of comparatively recent introduction. They had been previously pagans, and in some districts the system of idolatry is by no means as yet extinguished. Crosses are occasionlly met with, from which it would appear that in some former age Christian missionaries had visited those regions, and had even left there favourable impressions. Mr. Spencer, Mr. Longworth, and Mr. Bell, state that those emblems of our holy faith are venerated by the natives as ancient relics of a most sacred character.

Russia is very generally looked upon by Englishmen as a power ambitious of aggrandisement, seeking not only to interfere sooner or later with our Indian dominions, but also to push its authority into the Mediterranean, to possess or to control the whole of Turkey, at least as far as Syria, and to exercise an influence, equal, if not superior to our own, in the direction of European affairs. The fortunate exertions, therefore, hitherto made by the Circassians to stay the strides of that constantly enlarging empire, have very naturally excited amongst us the warmest sympathy. It has even been alleged that communications of a demi-official character have been made to them by our government, promising assistance at some future period. It is certain that Mr. Urquhart, who visited Circassia some six or seven years ago, did give them assurances to that effect, and that, chiefly through his zeal in their cause, similar assurances have been conveyed to them by Messrs. Longworth and Bell.

We have reason to believe that our government would be happy to see that valiant people in the secure possession of their national independence; and that more than one of our diplomatists abroad, and of our under-officers at home, have uttered words of encouragement upon this subject, which have found their way to Circassia, and have contributed materially to animate the struggle for liberty still going on in that region.

against himself, even at the expense of the imputation that there is in his disposition more *naïveté* than a travelled man would like to acknowledge. These little traits of character will, however, by no means detract from the interest which his volumes must excite.

The work produced by Mr. Bell, who resided three years in Circassia, is cast in the shape of letters to his brother. They go very much into detail, both in political and mercantile affairs. Though much inferior to Mr. Longworth's production in point of style, in local description, and in portraiture of the characters of those persons who have acquired eminence during the contest waged against Russia, nevertheless these letters will, if we mistake not, be considered as a very valuable addition to the stock of knowledge already collected with reference to a long-neglected portion of the great human community—a portion the more deserving of our attention, inasmuch as it is considered, taking it in conjunction with the Caucasian tribes in general, as the parent-stock of the European countenance and figure.

We need not go through all the preliminary difficulties which Mr. Longworth had to contend against in preparing his little mercantile adventure to the Circassian coast. Be it sufficient to say, that after more than one hair-breadth escape from very stormy weather, he eluded the vigilance of the Russian blockading ships of war, and landed himself and his cargo safe on the coast of the small bay, or rather roadstead, of Pælaat. Thence he proceeded towards the banks of the Pchat, a small fordable river, not far to the south of the harbour of Ghelendjek, where a strong Russian garrison was then established. Having passed the river in company with some Circassians whom he had taken into his service, he directed his course westerly, until he reached a cleft in the mountains, where he soon found himself in the yard of his *konag*, or host. We shall here join him without any ceremony:—

"Our Konag Bey stood ready to receive me, and leading my horse opposite to the guest-house, assisted me to alight. He then ushered me into the house, and with his own hands relieved me of my arms, and hung them against the wall. A silken couch had been spread for me in a corner of the room, on one side of the hearth; at the head of this was a pile of cushions: with the exception of these, and a mat and cushion laid down for the Hadji, [a Mahometan pilgrim who accompanied Mr. Longworth] there was no other furniture in the room; but the walls, gleaming with the weapons of the guests, presented anything but a naked appearance. For some time, every

Circassians, who, by-the-bye, always wear these, in addition to their daggers, in their girdles. The latter are never used at meals, the former being for the double purpose of carving their victuals and shaving their polls. After meat came the broth, served up in a wooden bowl, or rather a reservoir, of formidable dimensions; its surface frozen over like the Arctic Ocean, not with ice, however, but grease; but, by inserting, in imitation of my Hadji, the spoon (and, *par parenthèse*, I must protest in the name of my friends against the statement put forth, that they ever insert their hands) with a dexterous jerk into the liquid below, I found I could convey it to my mouth in a tolerable state of purity. The ensuing courses were, for the most part, composed of pastry, *caimac*, or cream, cheese-cakes, forced meat in vine leaves, and finally a large bowl of yoghort, or curdled milk, which last, like the pilaff in Turkey, invariably crowns the repast. I was at first surprised to see no vegetables on the table, but I afterwards learned that, although abounding in the country in every variety, the Circassians seldom or never eat them.

"A native of this country dining with Scodra Pasha, in Albania, and declining to eat the vegetables which the Turks, odd to say, are as fond of as the Circassians are averse to them, and which, in successive dishes, formed, on this occasion, the staple of the dinner, was pressed repeatedly by the latter to partake of them. He at length told the Pasha, with much *naïveté*, that none but beasts dine on greens in Circassia.

"During the course of our meal, observing that the Hadji handed to the bye-standers and assistants lumps of meat and pieces of pastry, in compliance with the custom, I shewed myself, at the expense of my host, equally generous. On receiving these scraps, the favoured individual retired with great modesty into a corner, and, turning his back to the company, devoured them in secret. As every table was removed, it was taken to our servants, and after they had been satisfied, passed to a crowd of hungry expectants out of doors. About three hours after sunset, additional beds and coverlets were brought in for me and my domestics, which, on being spread, covered every part of the floor. I ought to mention that my counterpane was of brocaded silk, and that the whole was the manufacture of Turkey."—vol. i. pp. 42-47.

Mr. Longworth was at once set down by his host, and the crowds who soon assembled to give him welcome, as no less a person than a cousin of the king of England; and the merchandise with which his vessel was laden, they had already, in imagination, distributed amongst themselves, in the shape of presents from that sovereign. He could not induce them to believe that he was a mere trader, and that he had no disposition whatever to part with any of his property, unless in the way of barter for such produce as they could give him in return. The Hadji, unfortunately (with a view partly to the

through the Hadji, a "longing" for the traveller's telescope, the very article with which the latter was of all things the most reluctant to part. "I desired the hadji," says Mr. Longworth, "to tell him that he should have it when I left the country, but that in the meantime I had occasion for it myself in my travels. In answer to this he suggested, that as he intended to accompany me in all my peregrinations, he would carry it for me. I consented to this arrangement, and he accordingly attended me on my route for three days, at the end of which time he begged I would give him a pistol, which being flatly refused to him, he immediately disappeared with the telescope. It is needless to add, that though I now saw clearly through the one, I was never destined to see through the other again!"

Our author displays his happy powers of description in the narrative of his journey to Adhencum, on the Kuban, where he expected to find Mr. Bell. A portion of his course lay along the banks of the Uyderbey. The hills on either side were densely covered (it was the month of May), producing every variety of tree in brilliant foliage, and broken here and there into most picturesque confusion—"now closing with their leafy honours so near the stream, that the latter, 'thick as those that strew the brooks in Vallombrosa,' 'high overarched embower'—and now separating, as they gradually retreat, range on range, into the distant sky." All this species of scenery has, moreover, the practical value of offering a truly formidable barrier to the progress of any kind of troops which Russia may be disposed to send into that region.

"Before us, at the feet of these mountains, which sank into them in long sweeping ridges and ravines, were the plains of the Kuban. These were bounded in their turn by that river, describing, as it received their tributary streams, a grand semi-circle from north to west. Stretching beyond this, and finally lost in the haze of distance, were the interminable steppes of Russia. Nor, if we turned in the direction we had come, was the prospect less attractive: there, almost parallel with those on which we stood, rose another range of mountains, with a crowd of lesser and thickly wooded hills, rolled on one another like a sea, between which, and through the breaks of the further chain, were caught glimpses of the dark-blue element, and the solitary cruiser gliding thereon, and haunting the coast like some grim spectre.

"But my feelings, while standing upon this commanding position, and surveying the wild and impracticable country beneath, were not confined to admiration: they partook of the proud and conscious security which creates and confirms the independent spirit of the mountaineer. I could not conceive how any body who saw it as I did then,

cottages along its banks. It was fixed upon as the rendezvous for the elders, and the more youthful defenders of their country, with the view to deliberate in general assembly upon the present state of their affairs. Mr. Longworth's escort was increased, as he approached the council-field, and already numbered 300, of whom the greater part were in fighting order. They looked a gallant company, sitting their horses with an erect and martial bearing, each man having his rifle slung behind him, his shirt of mail now and then gleaming from beneath his open-breasted tunic. Even the literary bosom of our author glowed with the enthusiasm of the hour, the Circassian standard having been unfurled, and waving in front of the cortège. As they approached the Adhencum, a body of their countrymen, headed by Haoud Oglu Mansour Bey, came out to meet them. This chieftain was considered as the "foremost man in Circassia," having derived his eminence solely from his sagacity and bravery, and a natural eloquence, which enabled him to wield the fierce democracy of the mountains. The young men on both sides, to whom the appropriate name of Dely Canus (wild-bloods, or mad-caps) was given, rushed forward with quick short yells to meet each other, discharging, meantime, in the air, rifles and pistols, and encountering, in mimic fight, horse to horse and man to man.

The council-chamber was a magnificent grove of oaks, cleared from underwood. Beneath the massive shade were seated on the green turf groups of elders, apparently engaged in earnest discussion. Mr. Longworth, however, passed on to the guest house in which Mr. Bell was lodged, or rather enthroned: for, *nolens volens*, he was already nominated provisional king of the country. The latter very freely admitted his countryman to a seat upon his throne; no enviable honour it was, inasmuch as they soon discovered that, instead of directing their own movements, they were, in fact, very closely watched and guarded, during their sojourn in the country; and that all their proceedings were regulated for them by the chieftains, who, under the forms of respect and homage, took good care to rule their "whereabouts." National jealousy, evil reports, spread most probably through the agency of Russian emissaries, and a rather limited supply (considering the number of would-be receivers) of presents, appear to have acted injuriously with regard to our travellers in the very commencement of their joint reign, and to have determined them upon the expediency of abdication at the earliest favourable moment. They were indeed consulted as to the most

orator, suiting the action to the word between them; yet shall they be as distinct from one another as light from darkness." This was rather a home thrust! The interrogatory was one to which neither the mercantile nor the literary regent could give a satisfactory reply; but in lieu thereof, the latter offered, in order to prove his sincerity in their cause, to buckle on his armour, and forthwith proceed to the battle. To this, Mr. Bell added a message of "rather mysterious import, with which he said he was charged to them from Lord Ponsonby. His lordship had desired him to inform the Circassians that they would shortly receive a communication from him, which he doubted not would prove highly satisfactory to them. He had told Mr. Bell at the same time, that he regretted he had not heard of his intended voyage sooner, as in that case he might himself have been the bearer of this communication." This answer seemed to produce just as much satisfaction, as the "Vixen" response. As to the Englishman going to fight for them, that was an offer they could not think of accepting. He was their guest, whom it was their duty to protect from molestation, instead of allowing him to expose his precious person upon the field of war. The debate, in short, took altogether a very gloomy aspect, until the regents, having, in a *sotto voce*, already settled between themselves, the pounds shillings and pence part of the matter, offered to the assembly a donation of two or three tons of lead. The announcement produced "a momentary murmur of applause." One of the leading members returned thanks in terms, which our author justly describes as rather singular. "They were greatly obliged by this seasonable gift of lead;—some barrels of gunpowder, by way of accompaniment, would have made it much more so; yet they were very grateful for what they had received." In short, the congress was much disappointed in finding that no great benefit after all was to be expected from the presence of the two Englishmen.

With reference to the character of this national council, it appears to be generally conducted with a degree of decorum, from which the chambers of more "civilized" nations might take a useful lesson. The members, on all sides, steadily discountenance any tendency to tumult; they greatly prefer the persuasive to the wrangling style. Any body who chooses, may attend the meeting, and speak, and vote; but it is seldom that any person, under the age of forty, or undistinguished by a sprinkling of some few grey hairs on his head, to mark the maturity of his wisdom, attempts to take a decided part in

the deliberations of this compound executive and legislative institution. Should a Sibthorpe, or a D'Israeli, intrude his thoughts upon them, they do not, as other assemblies do, bellow and crow against him; they quietly rise in a body, and adjourning to another part of the grove, leave him, like the "last rose of summer," "blooming alone," and breathing "his sweetness in the desert air!" They seldom decide by a mere majority,—they debate day after day with exemplary patience, until unanimity is attained; and if this be found impracticable, they allow the question to stand over.

To show the very questionable mode in which the Circassians have been dealt with by some of the "volunteers" to whom we have alluded, we may here mention an incident which Mr. Longworth, in the simplicity that belongs to his character, details for the amusement of his readers. It may be recollected, that some few years ago a periodical publication, called the *Portfolio*, was set on foot by Mr. Urquhart, to the earlier numbers of which he attracted a good deal of public attention, by disclosing through its pages translations of several dispatches marked "secret," which had been addressed by the Count Pozzo di Borgo to his government. Added to these dispatches were dissertations upon a variety of subjects, written by the editor; and amongst the latter was a plan for the pacification of Circassia, by allowing them to declare their independence upon condition of their retiring within the line of the Kuban, and ceding to Russia all their territory beyond that river. Numbers of this journal, covered with fine blue glazed wrappers, containing the title in gilt letters, were transmitted to Circassia; and the scheme of pacification to which we have referred having been loosely translated into the native tongue, the sanguine people assumed from its tenor that this was a proposal made by their English patrons to Russia, and already agreed upon between the two governments. The next step to be taken was to transmit this grand convention to General Williammenoff, with a view to announce to him that it would meet with the entire sanction of the Circassian provinces, and that they would act upon it.

When it came to be inquired into how this document found entrance within their territory, nobody could tell. But there was *Portfolio* on the wrapper, and so it was decided that a British general officer, named "Portfolio," was the bearer of the treaty; and although nobody had actually seen this envoy, yet the rumour was credited, and in his name heralds took the paper to the Russian commander, who, of course, laughed at it.

But no laughing matter, if we may believe the statement before us, was his reply, which was couched in language so impious, and at the same time so impolitic, that, notwithstanding all Mr. Longworth's assurances, we can scarcely believe it to be authentic.

"What is it you look for? Are you not aware that if the heavens should fall, Russia could prop them with her bayonets? . . . . If you desire peace, you must be convinced that there are but two powers in existence—God in heaven, and the Emperor upon earth! . . . . Travellers from Russia must have food and lodging, and be treated with the same consideration as your chiefs. . . . We must be allowed to go wherever we please, erect forts wherever we please, and be supplied with all labourers and materials we may deem necessary. . . . . Otherwise your valleys shall be destroyed with fire and sword, and your mountains trampled into dust! Yield, and you may retain your property; if not, all you possess, even your arms, shall be taken from you, and yourselves made slaves."

We confess, that however tyrannical the conduct of the Russians may have been towards the Circassians, we are much inclined to suspect that this document proceeded from the same laboratory as the alleged convention itself.

We cannot take our leave of the Congress without introducing our readers to some of its leading members:—

"Before we take leave of the council, the reader will, perhaps, think it worth his while to be more particularly introduced to some of its leading members. I have myself a melancholy pleasure in reconvoking, by the aid of memory, the bold and venerable forms, the impersonations of prowess and wisdom, then gathered in peaceful conclave; but many of which, in the vicissitudes of an exterminating warfare, can even now only exist in the songs of their minstrels. Another generation, and they will have faded even from these. In a land of sages, heroes, and patriots (where valour still relies on the might of a single arm), fame has too many recent claims on her attention, to busy herself with the sayings and doings of past ages. There are three qualities, as I was informed by old Osmah, my djeraah, or squire, that entitle a man to celebrity here—bravery, eloquence, and hospitality; or, as he expressed it, 'a sharp sword, a sweet tongue, or forty tables.'

"Of Haoud Oglou Mansour Bey, I have already spoken; so popular had he become that I have frequently heard him styled king of the country—a facetious piece of hyperbole, itself proving they had no fear of his becoming so in reality.

"After him, the next in public estimation was Kheri Oglou Shamiz Bey; his praises were in the mouth of every body, and, what the politic chieftain cared more for, his counsels; his agency was rather felt than seen, and of himself I saw little for a month

"In this illustrious tribe, composed of six or seven families at the most, were also included Mehemet Indar Oglou, and Hadji Ali, the judge. To these we may add Arshan Ghazi, a brave and distinguished warrior, in the prime of life, not less remarkable, however, for his modesty than bravery; indeed, his extreme bashfulness, contrasted with a manly countenance, chest and shoulders of a Hercules, and what we had heard from those who had seen him put forth his might in battle, cleaving his way through the Russian ranks like a Rustan, was rather prepossessing than otherwise. He was evidently a man of action, and but an indifferent talker.

"Among the most influential of the individuals who attended this assembly, was also Kheriah Oglou Ali Bey, of the tribe of Kutsuk, a man who not only challenged respect by his bodily attributes, being tall, gaunt, and sinewy as a giant, but who, by his native sturdiness of character, qualified by a ceremonious and plausible address, contrived to have a good deal of his own way in the country. Few cared to offend a man of his inches and determination; and his neighbours, particularly the Armenians, invariably complied with the polite requests which, from time to time, agreeably to the customs of the country, he preferred to them for cattle or merchandise.

"From the names I have already cited, it will be seen that the principal personages in this province were, at the epoch I am alluding to, nearly all nobles. There were some commoners, however, who by their personal influence supported the credit of their order. There was Dayik Oglou Shupash, about as favourable a specimen of the Circassian Tocav, or yeoman, as could be met with—a true patriot, a hearty and hospitable host, hardy in his habits, courteous in his manners, and scrupulously neat in his dress and accoutrements; nor was this care confined to the completeness and disposition of his own paraphernalia, but also, as became a thorough-bred Tocav, visibly displayed itself in the equipment and excellent condition of his horse. In the depth of winter, as at midsummer, we have experienced from him the same cordial welcome, rousing his establishment, and, though a septuagenarian, bestirring himself in the snow to attend to our comforts. His close attention to all the forms, habits, and observances, which it is the object of education under an Ataluk to instil, rendered him a model to all the Dely Kanns in the country; while his gallantry, cheerfulness, and youthful disposition, made him their especial favourite. It rarely happened that he found himself in any company of cavaliers, that all of them, by tacit consent, did not recognise him as their leader; and when, the year before last, the Russians, in one of their inroads, had burnt his house, and captured his cattle, he was more than indemnified for the loss he had sustained by the officious zeal and voluntary contributions of his friends.

"Another of the Commoners, much looked up to in Natukvitch, was Khas Demir. For Circassia, he was a man of considerable substance; that is to say, he had three or four thousand sheep, two or three hundred head of cattle, and some dozen of slaves. He had,

They perform their ablutions, spread their carpets, and address themselves to their prayers, as naturally and unreservedly as we sit down to our meals. Neither place nor persons can be an obstacle to these duties. Their conversation, too, is full of appeals to the Deity, of expressions of reliance upon His goodness, or of submission to His will. Nobody fears the imputation of cant and hypocrisy, where the prevalence of unbelief has not yet made piety appear unnatural."—vol. i. p. 202.

We, "who have kept company with Mussulmans" occasionally, can bear testimony to the entire truth of these remarks. With the true Mahometans, religion, such as the "prophet" has laid it down, does, indeed, form a real practical part of the daily business of life. Would that their example were seen and followed by our Christian communities!

In passing, we cannot avoid calling the attention of our various societies for the propagation of the faith to the Circassian tribes. The homage with which they reverence the cross; the hospitality with which they receive strangers, especially Englishmen; the superior order of intellect which they appear to possess; the advances which they have already made towards civilization; the strong religious temperament with which they seem to be endowed; and, above all, the comparatively late introduction amongst them of Islamism, continue to present them to our notice as peculiarly well prepared to receive the doctrines of the Church. They have, with few exceptions, a sacred regard for life and property. With a view to their defence against the inroads of hostile tribes, they have established amongst themselves associations, bound together by oath; the members look upon each other as brothers; and so far is this fraternal principle carried, that they do not permit intermarriage between families belonging to the same association, even though it should consist of thousands. Homicide is punished by a fine (two hundred oxen for a male, one hundred for a female), and this fine is exacted from the tribe to which the culprit belongs, so that each fraternity is responsible for the conduct of its members. Penalties are established, of a minor kind, for every other species of crime. They are not paid by the criminal, but by contributions from his association; nor are they received by the injured family, but distributed in common amongst its tribe. These confraternities would afford great facilities to the labours of missionaries properly directed. They have founded institutions, and made laws for the administration of justice, which display a very high degree of originality and good sense. The custom of

dealing with their females as slaves, buying and selling them as so many heads of cattle, must, indeed, appear to us as extremely odious; it is, however, conducted in a manner less objectionable than a foreigner, who has not visited the country, might be induced to suppose. Mr. Longworth was obliged to encumber himself with an article of this class in the bargain which he made for his merchandize; he admits that his position in consequence was by no means an enviable one.

Our author states, and we have reason to believe the statement to be true, that our late sovereign William IV, felt great interest in the cause of the Circassians, and frequently expressed his wish that measures should be taken to provide them with the means of establishing their independence. The intelligence, therefore, which reached them in the autumn of 1837, of the death of that monarch, was received with universal lamentation. Intelligence of the termination of the *Vixen* affair, was communicated at the same time to Mr. Bell: and as Mr. Longworth found that all the hopes of succour which he had been commissioned by Mr. Urquhart to hold out to the belligerents, were doomed to vanish into the air, he prepared with all possible speed for his departure. Those hopes indeed had been for awhile prolonged by the arrival on the coast of another Englishman, whose name is not mentioned: a person of station and fortune, who (unconnected with Mr. Urquhart), had taken out with him a small supply of gunpowder. But the Circassians finding that nothing effectual was done, or likely to be done for them, by their English visitors, began to look upon them as emissaries of the Russian government. With a view to protect themselves from the perils to which they were exposed by suspicions of this nature, they were obliged to issue a proclamation of a cheering character, in which it is admitted, that in consequence of the persuasion of some of their Circassion friends, the rhetorical flourished not a little over the borders of truth. It was in vain they had disclaimed the character in which those friends were most anxious to invest them,—of being ambassadors from England. A gay red coat with gold facings, in which Nadir Bey, (the newly-arrived Englishman) thought fit to appear, settled the matter at once, that he must be some official personage. "I am," said he, "no such thing; I am here on nobody's account, but my own." "In this case," rejoined a Circassian, "you cannot deny that you are an ambassador on your own account," and so the difficulty was arranged. A Memleket was forthwith summoned, and as it presented features in many respects

different from that which Mr. Longworth had previously described, we give his account of it in his own words.

"The next morning I accompanied Nadir Bey to the council. He was dressed in a gay yeomanry uniform of scarlet, with green and gold facings, a novelty which produced a no slight sensation in the country. There was a vast assemblage of people on the plain of Ouwya, larger, indeed, than any I had seen since the great meeting at Adhencum, but it was, on the whole, I thought, less civilized and respectable. It is true, we had, from Abbassak, and every district of the sea-coast, chiefs, elders, and magistrates, in number fully sufficient to control by their presence the more intractable and fiery portion of the community. Yet were there many of the latter, whom, judging from their looks, it would, but for this tranquillizing influence, have not been so agreeable to deal with; for, not to mention the reprobates of Ouwya, there were a crowd of strangers, speaking a language but little understood by the Circassians themselves, and whom they scarcely looked upon as their countrymen. Among these were some who had descended from their Alpine retreats of the snowy mountains behind Soukoum Kalé;—men, wild as the regions they inhabited, and, like the beasts they rode, a small and uncouth, though a hardy and active race. They were dark-featured, with projecting jaws and black and grisly beards. Their costume, though not materially different from that of the rest, was in general much poorer, and the tunic, unconfined by a neat selvidge, and much less a trimming of silver lace, hung mostly in tatters about the wearer.

"It was easy to perceive that the habits of these gentry were somewhat roving and predatory. In passing near a glade, where the Dely Kanns were at their romps, and where their emulation prompted them as usual to the display of their personal prowess and agility, a trick or two was played off by some of the strangers, which, if not already known to the congenial spirits of Ouwya, must have greatly excited their envy and admiration. A horseman at full gallop, would snatch up an infant from the ground, muffle it in his cloak, and scamper away with a dispatch and dexterity that were truly edifying.

"The impressions, however, of a rather unfavourable nature, produced by these observations, were entirely dissipated, and gave way to others of pride and enthusiasm, as we contemplated the mighty gathering of the freemen of Circassia, now scattered from the sea to the mountains all over the plain of Ouwya,—the troops of wild horsemen scouring it in every direction,—the groups of pedestrians leaning on their staves,—the council-rings sedately seated at the foot of every spreading tree. It was altogether a grand and soul-stirring spectacle, yet one that would have affected us still more profoundly, could we have appreciated (which we were then far from doing) the spirit that animated this assembly.

"But we did justice neither to the motives that had drawn these children of the wilderness from its remotest recesses, nor to the dignity of our own position, which, it is true, was not that of the ambassadors

of any potentate or government on earth, but the representatives of the civilized part of it; in whose presence these simple people had come voluntarily forward to abjure the customs and habits which, albeit those of their forefathers, they were at length aware excluded them from the pale of that civilization. We had at this time, I repeat, though we were told that all present had sworn to renounce their feuds, and to abstain from future rapine and violence, but a very imperfect notion of these things: and it was only at a subsequent period, when presiding at the administration of the national oath at Shapsook, that we began fully to comprehend the grand social reform now in operation throughout the Caucasus.

"It will be my task, and no very easy one, considering its complication, to unravel the nature and progress of this reform hereafter. I now allude to it, that the reader may perceive how little at the time we understood our relative position, and how trivial the objects by which we were actuated, when compared with those that were fermenting in the minds and hearts of the Circassians. He will see also why we found it so difficult to understand each other, and why, *mezzo termine*, we at length came to adopting the character of ambassadors on our own account, which appeared so ridiculous to us, but was, on the contrary, so satisfactory to them. The misunderstanding was entirely about words; what they wanted was not ambassadors, but witnesses—witnesses from the civilized world, whom they sought to propitiate by a solemn abjuration of the usages that were obnoxious to it.

"When we had taken our seats on the cushions and carpets spread for us under a tree in the centre of the plain, the people formed a large circle around us, the interior of it being occupied by the most distinguished of them, who were spokesmen on the occasion.

"I recognised there one of the judges, and a young warrior chief, who had been among the delegates from Abbassak, at the great council of Adhencum. There was also present Hassan Bey of Khissa, the elder brother of the celebrated Hafouz Pasha, the Turkish visir. He had two other brothers besides, high in the Turkish service, Bahri Pasha and Ali Bey. Still the family was plebeian; and though these connexions had given him wealth, and no little weight on the part of the coast where he resided, they could not ennoble him: the poorest *ouzden* in the country would have disdained an alliance with him. But the man who is most looked up to hereabouts, is Hadji Suleiman Bey. I presume for his general worth, since for any of the three attributes which are said to entitle a man to consideration here, 'the sweet tongue, the sharp sword, or forty tables,' I am not aware that he is pre-eminently distinguished. These were the individuals with whom our conference was principally held.

"In answer to their enquiries for our credentials or firmans, we presented them with Omar's elegant effusion in Turkish, and which, having been read aloud and with much emphasis to the meeting, were received by it with a general murmur of applause; but Hassan Bey,

who seemed to pique himself on his talents as a diplomatist, then inquired if we had brought them nothing but our own proclamation; whereupon Mehmet Zazi Oglou, interfering in our behalf, demanded in his turn what more he could expect from ambassadors on their own account. This rejoinder was decisive; but Hassan, who was decidedly the leader of the opposition, and appeared to make it his especial business to cavil and to raise difficulties, next inquired if it was not the intention of one of us to remain in the south. It was not fair, he said, that all the ambassadors should be kept in the north: they had quite as good a right, he conceived, to an ambassador there as anywhere else: he therefore begged that if Nadir was determined on leaving them, at any rate I would remain in his place. Such an arrangement not at all meeting my views, I flatly refused my consent to it, and told Hassan somewhat bluntly that he might give us what names he pleased; we were our own masters, and would go where we pleased; and that it did not suit my purpose at present to remain there.

"In this resolution I was seconded by Keriack Oglou Ali Bey, who, having accompanied me from the north, with strict orders from the *Memleket* there to see me safely back again, and perceiving that it was my own wish to return, now protested warmly against any restraint being put upon my actions. The motion of Hassan was therefore overruled, and the rest of the colloquy between us was conducted in the most amicable spirit. The impression mutually produced was highly favourable; a result, however, to which Nadir could not help thinking his scarlet coat, with green and gold facings, had materially contributed. To wind up the business of the day in the usual manner, a horse—the rostrum of the Circassian forum—having been led into the midst of the assembly, was mounted by Hadji Soleiman Bey, who began, from 'ridge of steed,' a very rambling discourse to the multitude. His sole qualification was the lungs of a Stentor, since he was well prompted by the bystanders of all parties, which I suppose must have made his speech rather inconsistent. The principal topic was the reform in their own habits, which I have above alluded to. In the mean time, the dignity and decorum which characterised the demeanour of an assembly at once warlike and popular—every man standing in an attitude of respect, with his whip hanging from his folded hands—were really exemplary. We retired from it well satisfied, on the whole, with the result of the proceedings."—vol. ii. pp. 184-191.

The reform to which Mr. Longworth here alludes, he subsequently describes as one, in fact, making its way amongst all the Circassian tribes. Chieftains of influence visit them, and persuade, or compel them to take, with solemn ceremonies, an oath that they will carefully avoid commercial intercourse with the Russians, abstain from feud amongst themselves, and bend all their efforts towards the establishment of their independence. This oath, framed in terms of a most stringent

nature, appears to have been already administered amongst them very extensively, and to have produced the most salutary effects.

"As long as the Circassians cherished the least hope of assistance from England, whose diplomatic interference in their behalf they were taught to believe would suffice to expel the Russians from their territory, they deemed it superfluous to attack their fortresses. But despairing at length of foreign succour, they girded their loins, and by a simultaneous effort, swept away almost every trace of them from their coast. The yoke which Russia has been so many years labouring to rivet, has been shattered to pieces in a month. As the immediate fruits of their victories, the Circassians retain upwards of two hundred pieces of ordnance, with ammunition sufficient to serve them, they declare, for ten years to come; and, what is of still greater importance, they are in high spirits; 'Tchok Thieflendik,' they say, and believe themselves to be invincible. A powerful expedition, amounting to eighty thousand men, has, according to the last advices from Russia, been directed against them by the emperor, in order, as he declares, to punish them for their *atrocities*. The same insolent perversion of language was employed by Charles the Bold of Burgundy, towards the heroic Swiss in the fifteenth century, and in later times by Napoleon towards the Spanish patriots; but they were themselves severely punished for *their* atrocities, which the latter lived most bitterly to repent, confessing frequently it was the *Spanish ulcer* that had destroyed him. The *Circassian ulcer* seems destined to do the same for Nicholas."—vol. ii. pp. 350-351.

We regret that we have no space left for any extracts from Mr. Bell's valuable letters; we must content ourselves with recommending them to the attention of the reader who may feel any interest in becoming minutely acquainted with those parts of Circassia which Mr. Longworth was not able to visit, as well as with the mercantile capabilities of those districts. They are extremely productive of many articles which might afford them the means of carrying on a very considerable trade with England.

The two rival authors, we are happy to observe, speak of each other in the kindest terms; they appear to have lived together in Circassia like two brothers,—a result which indeed we should have expected, as from our own personal acquaintance with them, we can vouch for their being both very amiable men. Their chivalry in the Circassian cause, ought, however, in our judgment, to have been exhibited without the attacks which they have made upon Lord Palmerston. They do not make due allowance for the perplexities by which a British secretary of state is frequently involved, in conducting the vast interests of an empire such as ours. They certainly

erred against the rules of prudence in proceeding to Circassia, upon the very slender species of authority, which they appear to have received in the first instance.

Both these works, we should add, are adorned by portraits and groups of natives, sketches of sea and land scenery, encampments, and congresses. The illustrations in Mr. Bell's volumes are numerous, entirely from his own pencil, and exceedingly well done.

ART. VII.—1. *Faust; a Tragedy.* By J. Wolfgang von Göthe. Translated into English Verse, by J. Birch, Esq., author of "Fifty-one Original Fables and Morals," "Divine Emblems," &c. Royal 8vo. London: 1839.

2. *The Faust of Göthe.* Part the First. Translated into English Rhyme, by the Hon. Robert Talbot. Second Edition. Revised and much corrected, with the German Text, in alternate pages, and additional notes. 8vo. London: 1839.

3. *Faust; a Tragedy,* in Two Parts, by Göthe; rendered into English verse. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1838.

4. *Faustus; a Dramatic Mystery; The Bride of Corinth; The First Walpurgis Night.* Translated from the German of Göthe, and illustrated with notes, by John Anster, LL.D., (of Trinity College, Dublin), Barrister at Law, 8vo. London: 1835.

5. *Faust; a Tragedy.* By J. W. Göthe. Translated into English verse, with Notes, and Preliminary Remarks, by John S. Blackie. 12mo. Edinburgh and London: 1834.

6. *Faust; a Dramatic Poem.* By Göthe. Translated into English prose; with Remarks on former Translations and Notes. By A. Hayward, Esq. 8vo. Second Edition. London: 1834.

7. *Faust: a Tragedy.* Translated from the German of Göthe. By David Lyme. 12mo. Edinburgh: 1834.

8. *Faustus; a Tragedy.* Translated from the German of Göthe. 12mo. London: 1834.

9. *Faust; a Drama.* By Göthe, with Translations from the German. By Lord Francis Leveson Gower. Second Edition. 2 vols. 12mo. London: 1824.

WE remember the time, when, to the majority of readers, the latter member of the title prefixed to these pages, even in the modified sense in which we employ it, would have

appeared little short of profanation. The daring levity of the celebrated "Prologue in Heaven," produced an outcry against the whole drama of Faust; and the medium through which it became generally known in England, contributed to deepen the prejudice with which it was regarded. The fragments of the ill-fated Shelley, and the translation of Lord Francis Egerton,—the first by sins, so to speak, of commission; the second, of omission—had an equal, though opposite effect in increasing the disrepute of this remarkable production. Shelley, far from softening or disguising, rather heightened the wanton irreverence of Mephistophiles in the Prologue; and Lord Francis Egerton, by leaving him out altogether, at once lent his countenance to the worst prejudices already existing, and mutilated what has been well called the "Dramatic Mystery," of a member which, however at variance with good taste or piety, is nevertheless, fairly translated, indispensable to the right understanding of the drama.

"The Faust," however, since it has been better known, is less harshly judged; men have learned to understand, that when Mephistophiles scoffs and sneers at virtue, he speaks but in his hereditary character—"a liar, and the father thereof;" and that, impious and irreverent as he is made, we can but regard him as a more startling impersonation of the same spirit, which, even in the all but sacred poem of Milton, is, and must be, essentially revolting and repulsive. In such a character, drawn by so bold a hand as Göthe's, it is natural that there should be some things to startle, and it may be to shock the sensitive mind. But the injury rests here. This levity may wound the feelings or revolt the taste; but there is little fear of its infecting the judgment, for it carries its own antidote in the person to whom it is attributed.

It must be acknowledged, however, that, even with these allowances, Faustus, as a whole, is far from unexceptionable. There are a few passages which, even considered with this license, are calculated to give pain to every well-ordered mind. But the privilege accorded to Milton and other adventurers in the same dangerous field, compels us to regard them as solecisms in taste, rather than impiety; and even the most rigid will acknowledge, that they are out-weighed by the numberless beauties, moral as well as poetical, with which it abounds. To these comparatively neglected beauties, we would call the attention of our readers in the present article; confining ourselves to what we have ventured to term "the sacred poetry of Faust;"—a few isolated passages, for the most part strictly sacred in the scene and circumstance, as well as

the subject. We avail ourselves of the same opportunity to consider the merits of some among the recent additions to our already numerous stock of translations of the poem. Its story is sufficiently familiar to all. But to assist the reader in estimating the merits of the rival translators, it may be necessary to say a word or two upon the *morale* of the leading characters, and especially that of Mephistopheles, the strangest creation even of Göthe's eccentric genius.

Although the volumes already written on the subject of Göthe's *Faust*, whether in the form of translation, commentary, or criticism, would form in themselves a very considerable library, it is difficult, notwithstanding, to discover as yet any remarkable diminution of the interest with which it is regarded. Mr. Hayward's ample list of German commentators might be considerably extended, even since the publication of his second edition in 1834. The disputes with regard to the meaning of the text are not, as with us, confined to individual writers. Contending schools of criticism have arrayed themselves against each other in permanent hostility: and there cannot be a more striking illustration of the universality of the enthusiasm, than the fact, unexampled save in the history of the *Divina Comedia*, that there are few cities in Germany in which it was not, even during the life of the author, made the subject of a regular course of public lectures.

Nor is this interest confined to Germany. There is scarce a language of Europe into which it has not been several times translated. Unliterary as the Swedish is generally considered, Dr. Sieglitz mentions a translation into that language. There are at least two in Italian; and we have heard of one into Latin, which must be more interesting than all the rest. The French have no less than four, by the Comte St. Aulaire, M. Stapfer, M. Gerard (a pseudonym), and M. Delacroix. The latter is said to have been read with approbation by the veteran poet himself. But unluckily, the writer having used the liberty of omitting almost at pleasure, it throws but little light upon the obscurities of the poem. We ourselves, in these countries, have been more industrious than all the rest put together; not counting repeated editions, Mr. Birch's work, which stands first on our list, is the *ninth* English translation; and of these no less than eight are poetical. Even in the commentating department we are but little behind our neighbours in Germany. Several of the translators, especially Messrs. Hayward, Anster, and Blackie, have furnished, in their ample notes, greater aids to the understanding and enjoying the text, than any, or perhaps all, of the native interpreters.

The *Faust*, notwithstanding, is viewed in a very different light in the two countries. In Germany no sense is too absurdly profound to be attached even to its most simple passages. The commentators, like the diver in the fairy tale, have plunged so deep as to stir up all the sand from the bottom; and we are satisfied, that, far from entertaining for a moment, there are few, if any, English readers, who could comprehend the bare enumeration of the conflicting opinions.* It is some consolation for us to remember, that it was a favourite amusement of Göthe to laugh over the puzzles which his commentators created for themselves out of the most obvious words: like Monkbarns in the *Antiquary*, who out of initials commemorating "Aikin Drum's Lang Ladle," builds up his theory of the prætorium, in the classical inscription *Agricola dicavit libens lubens*.

While a great deal of this discrepancy must, of course, be referred to a diversity of national taste, much also, in a work like *Faustus*, is the necessary consequence of the process of translation. We have it on the authority of the poet himself, in his conversations with Eckermann, that much of the mysterious interest which it possesses for the German mind, is attributable to the dim and misty twilight in which it is frequently involved; and which it would be impossible, if it were indeed desirable, to preserve in a translation; because each translator, avoiding the ambiguity of the text from which this arises, is led, almost unconsciously, to seize and express some one, to the exclusion of the rest, among the many meanings of which it is susceptible. Difficulties such as these are of constant occurrence. The character of Faust himself can scarcely be considered a difficult one. In its general outlines it is a favourite subject of modern poetry. With all his unwillingness to acknowledge a literary obligation, Lord Byron himself half admits, what all the world must perceive, that it is the original of his *Manfred*. Victor Hugo, in his Claude Frollo, is a more servile, but far less worthy, imitator; both, however, retain the leading features of the resemblance. Göthe's hero is simply one of those gifted but unhappy mortals, whose misery is the consequence of the very brilliancy of their powers; for whom the limits of humanity are too contracted, and who, grasping, in their unnatural craving after happiness, at objects which Providence has placed beyond mortal reach, draw bitterness from the very pleasures of less gifted but humbler and

* See a passage from the *Blatter für Literarische Unterhaltung*, cited by Hayward, xxvii.-viii.

more healthful spirits. He has exhausted all the sources of intellectual enjoyment which merely human means can minister. He has drained, with still unsated lip, the last drop from the shallow cup of human learning:—

> "Alas! I have explored
> Philosophy, and law, and medicine,
> And over deep divinity have pored,
> Studying with ardent and devoted zeal.
> And here I am at last, a very fool,
> With useless learning curst,
> No wiser than at first!"

He has fed his lamp for years with the choicest oil of earthly wisdom; and at the end finds nothing but the rank and noisome vapours emitted by its expiring flame! And yet, failing to deduce from all this the lesson which nature and reason would therein convey—that perfect happiness, even in the intellectual order, is not allotted to mortals—he turns aside into dark and unlawful courses, and investing himself with unholy powers, seeks to wrest from nature, as a conquest, what she has denied as a boon.

So far, Göthe's play presents little difficulty either to the reader or the translator. But Faust is not left in solitary communion with his own diseased heart: he is not, like Manfred, his own tempter. The real difficulty of the subject is, the mysterious companion assigned to this ardent and aspiring mortal: or rather the association of the two—a union as incongruous as the imagination can possibly conceive. The demon Mephistopheles is in everything the very opposite of him to whose service he attaches himself: the one an impersonation of generosity, honour, enthusiasm, and poetry; the other, in word and in act, the direct negation of them all; sneering at honour, setting truth at open mockery, and freezing up all the creations of poetic enthusiasm by the cold prosaic irony of his tone.

Mephistopheles is essentially a creation of Göthe's own mind. There is not a particle of the human about him; nor, indeed—if the conceptions of former poets be taken as the standard—is there much of the diabolical, except its falsehood. He has neither pride, nor that discontented ambition, which we are wont to associate with our idea of the character. Indeed, taking passion in its ordinary acceptation, he is altogether passionless: and in this he differs essentially from Milton's Lucifer; cynicism, malignity, and falsehood, absorbing or concealing in him the higher qualities which our poet has

assigned to his impersonation of the diabolical character. This strange association of elements, so little in accordance with pre-established notions, is precisely the sort of subject over which the dreamy taste of Germany loves to speculate; but which, as it is dark and shadowy in the extreme—in fact, almost purely *negative*—it is proportionably difficult to transfer from one language to another. Dr. Anster has well estimated the delicacy of the task:—

"Had the language given to Mephistopheles the support of passion or of metaphor, it would have been easily translated; but there is no aid of the kind. It is mere outline, wholly unshadowed. Here, it may be supposed—here, if anywhere—mere literal translation is the only style which can be adopted. There is not any room for those compensations, as they have been called, by which the translator—satisfied to lose some graceful turn of thought or dignity of expression, which he finds it difficult to preserve—endeavours to supply its place by something more suited to the genius of the language in which he is writing. Unfortunately, there is a peculiarity in the style given to Mephistopheles, which baffles all these calculations, and deprives the mere literal translation, equally with that in which more freedom is assumed, of any chance of altogether preserving the effect of the original; without going so far as to make Mephistopheles speak a different dialect from Faustus, yet, by the introduction of Swabian words, or words used in a sense different from the pure German, and at times by the use of French words, he is made to speak in a tone and accent, as it were, wholly different from Faustus; which, while it is at once caught by a reader of the original, a translator can scarcely hope for such indulgence as to give him a chance of successfully expressing. For this is undoubtedly among the difficulties which the translator must make up his account to meet. The prominent passages in an original poem will probably be read with no ungenerous or uncongenial feeling. Where Passion, or Sentiment, or Reasoning, speaks its appropriate language, sympathy and indulgence may naturally be hoped for. How different is it in a sneer or a sarcasm, one of those comments in which the turn of the eye, the tone of the voice, is all in all—which, deprive them of the body in which they exist, cease to have a continuing life?"

Further, Mephistopheles is not only a very difficult, but also a very unequal character; nor is the contrast between his manner and that of Faustus more striking than the discrepancies of his own manner under different circumstances. The juggling buffoon of Auerbach's cellar, or the director of the devilries of the Brocken scene, is a very different being from the philosophising sceptic, who, while he seems to remove, in effect but deepens, the doubts of Faustus—perplexing his reasonings while he appears to resolve them, and weaving a web of

fallacies round his bewildered mind, which, with all our knowledge of the fraud, we may often find it difficult to disentangle. The free and easy gentleman who wheedles old Martha Schwerdtlein, is very different from the accomplished, though whimsical disputant, who discusses the *summum bonum* with the doctor in the study; and there needs but slight knowledge of the original to find the difference delicately but distinctly drawn in the language assigned to him on the different occasions.

In the "quizzing scene" with the young student at entrance, as long as Mephistopheles speaks in the assumed person of Faust, he is almost utterly unintelligible to the bewildered youth; but the moment he tires of the mask, and begins "to play the devil properly again," all obscurity, both in matter and language, disappears, and the pupil declares that he perfectly comprehends his meaning. A comparison of the language put into his mouth on these two occasions, will enable the reader to understand the distinction which we would draw between the opposite moods of Göthe's devil. In the first, he is little more than a mischievous buffoon, with a spice of merry, but malicious devilry. In the second he is a refined and plausible sophist—delighting in irony rather than open ridicule—winning his point by doubt rather than denial—never for a moment without a sneer upon his lip, yet seldom relaxing into the downright laugh of scorn. For the former mood Mr. Mitchell suggests a parallel in Aristophanes. Lucian, had he been a poet, would have come near the latter; —or perhaps Juvenal, if he could forget the severe morality of his satire, without parting, at the same time, with the cold but cutting malignity, which is its leading characteristic.

We have prefixed to these pages a catalogue of the English translations of *Faust*. Many of these have been so frequently before the public already as to require little from us beyond the mere enumeration. As regards the facility of preserving, not only the substantial forms, but also the delicate and shadowy hues of the original, Mr. Hayward, in adopting the prose translation, has had the advantage of all his rivals. We shall not enter here into the question how far the advantage thus secured counterbalances the loss in spirit and fire, which the abandonment of the poetical form necessarily induces. Certainly, if there be any poet whose matter is so thoroughly poetical as to be entirely independent of form, we might say that poet is Göthe, in some of the higher scenes of *Faust*. And perhaps the failure in Mr. Hayward's case may be taken as setting

the question at rest for ever; for, in the same scenes, as read in his translation, while you cannot but admire the beauty and sublimity with which the page teems, you feel a want, even in your own despite; nor is it necessary to look back to the harmonious frame of the original, in order to be convinced that you see before you only the *disjecta membra poetæ.* As a prose translation, Mr. Hayward's, except in a few instances, is all that can be desired. His notes and illustrations contain a mass of most valuable information; but however he may have succeeded, by the fidelity and spirit of his version, in proving, as he proposes, "to a certain number of his literary friends, and through them to the public at large, that they have hitherto had nothing from which they can form any estimate of *Faust,*" there needs but little study of the original to show that he has not himself—simply because his plan precludes the possibility—supplied the want which he had so ably exposed.

The earliest poetical version (we do not speak of the extracts published in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1820, nor of the fragments translated by Shelley) was that of Lord Francis Egerton; which, however, omitted a very considerable and important portion of the original. His lordship's labours have already been fully canvassed, both in praise and in censure; and indeed, we fear he has been unfortunate in his critics, both favourable and unfavourable. The injudicious and indiscriminating praise, lavished upon him by the one, provoked the critical bile of the other; and afforded too tempting an opportunity for the display of ill-natured scholarship, to be easily neglected. Mr. Hayward's overstrained, as well as overheated, exposure of his lordship's defects, while it is as unfair a criticism of his work, as the extravagantly laudatory comment of *Blackwood* or the *Quarterly*, is also much more likely to be remembered. Men never fail to look at the worst side. We are sure Mr. Hayward has not raised his character as a German scholar by his strictures on Lord Francis Egerton; but we are also sure that the subsequent attempts to defend his lordship, however just they may be, have done but little to remove the unfavorable impression. We do not think so highly of his *Faust* as the writers before-mentioned; but we disagree from Mr. Hayward in many of his emendations. The work, unquestionably, has many gross defects; yet certainly not enough to warrant the use which has been made of Göthe's chance expression, "*Faustus travesti.*" As a specimen of poetical talent, it possesses great merit; and as such, we place it second to one only of the rival translations.

The year 1834 produced three poetical versions, those of Messrs. Syme, Blackie, and an anonymous author, whose work is eighth upon our list.

The first, a modest and unassuming volume, possesses considerable merit, as regards general accuracy. The versification is correct and agreeable, but is very deficient in spirit, wanting the march of the stately, and the flow of the playful rhymes of the German original. The conception of the Mephistopheles especially, in which the author seems to have been afraid of giving a loose to his pen, is a very remarkable failure. Altogether, its pretensions are far inferior to those of Mr. Blackie's version. The latter contains an interesting historical introduction, and is enriched with numerous notes, especially on all matters relating to witchcraft and demonology. The translation is far more accurate than that of Lord F. Egerton; but in poetical power it is decidedly inferior. The author professes "to follow, except in a very few cases, the measure of the original, and, in so far as is possible, to echo back the tones of the Göthian harp." Unhappily, the necessities of the rhyme have left their traces in his poetry, which not unfrequently falls below the standard. It is scarcely possible to conceive how completely the effect of a noble passage is destroyed by an unhappy word introduced, as in the following couplet, because it happens to fill up the rhyme:—

> "Then dost thou know the secret *tether*
> Which binds the planet-orbs together?"—

A conceit utterly without warrant in the simple original:

> "Erkennest dann der Sterne Lauf?"

Examples like this, however, are of rare occurrence.

But without descending to details, which indeed our limits will not admit, we shall only briefly say, that, in our judgment, the great failure of Mr. Blackie's translation is his Mephistopheles. He has failed from a cause precisely the opposite of that to which Mr. Syme's want of success is to be attributed He is as far beyond, as Mr. Syme falls short of, the mark. Mr. Syme's Mephistopheles affects the fine gentleman,—Mr. Blackie's is too often a buffoon. The former is for ever in his buskins: the latter delights in the broadest comic mask, and is never so much at home as when

> "Non adstricto percurrit pulpita socco."

In the comic parts, indeed, he is frequently very happy. But he has carried his broad comedy into scenes where Göthe never dreamed of introducing it. Mr. Blackie's Mephisto-

pheles laughs aloud, where his original can scarcely be seen to smile, or where, if he smile at all, it is only under the corners of his mask,—his front-face, that which is presented to Faust, preserving all its ironical solemnity. The irony, by losing half its delicacy, loses all its power; and in passages where Göthe represents Faustus as duped by the tempter, he would be an arrant simpleton indeed, if he did not read in Mr. Blackie's tone that he is mocked at to his very face. All this is done without any substantial deviation from the original;—a mere over-doing of the tone, an over-stretching of the delicate irony, dissolves the charm and unmasks the actor;—Göthe's Mephistopheles disappears, and the clumsy devil of the puppet-show is seen in his stead. It were easy to find examples of this in what is called the compact scene. We shall merely refer the reader to one passage, in which it is very remarkable (Act III. 6, p. 122), where Mephistopheles, in a rage, announces to Faustus the loss of the jewels, which have been claimed by a priest for the service of the Church. The original appears to us in its way one of the most characteristic scenes in the drama. The devil's passion is painted after Göthe's own fashion; but, from the cause just explained, the point is completely lost in Mr. Blackie's, humorous certainly, but not *Mephistophelean* verses.

In 1835 two translations appeared; one by the Hon. Robert Talbot, the other by Dr. Anster. Mr. Talbot has since given a second edition, in which the work has undergone very considerable correction. We shall speak of this, rather than the first, which, it seems, was published under all the disadvantages which the protracted illness of the author may be supposed to have induced. It is unquestionably a work of great merit; and, for a poetical translation, of great accuracy—far short, however, of that for which the author takes credit to himself. Mr. Talbot has had the courage to print the original in alternate pages; and, with an industry which deserves the highest praise, has translated the German text line by line, often hitting it off almost word for word, and, in most instances, even following the leading forms of the versification. In this indeed, however we may admire the industry and perseverance which he displays, we fear that Mr. Talbot has over-calculated the capabilities of the language into which he was translating. His version, though often spirited and stirring, and, generally speaking, singularly close to the original, is too frequently formal and artificial, preserving but little of the gracefulness by which the German is distinguished. The traces of labour are too often apparent. He has not succeeded in concealing

his flute-player. The rhymes are sometimes unhappily selected; and we are too frequently reminded, by their forced and unnatural jingling, *that it is rhyme we are reading*, and that considerable sacrifices, in collocation, in structure, and in language, have been made to secure us the gratification. Even when he succeeds in avoiding this, the translation is sometimes spiritless; regular and harmonious, it is true, but palling on the ear from the very regularity of its harmony;—like the palm-wine of Xenophon, ἡδὺ μεν, κεφαλαλγες δε. The spirit is apt to be lost in the attempt to imitate the mechanical form; and passion grows cold and evaporates in the search after the appropriate rhyme in which it is to be embodied. Indeed, the labour of translating into rhyme at all is enough, and more than enough, for an ordinary hand. But the chances of following systematically, in an English translation, the wild and capricious, yet singularly flowing, versification of the *Faust*, without sacrificing infinitely more than the success is worth, we consider much the same in our stiff and unpliant tongue, as those of scoring down the fitful sighings of the night-harp, or fixing upon canvass the living, but fleeting, shadows of the camera-obscura. Occasionally, and by a kindred spirit, it may be done; as a system, it is utterly hopeless.

Mr. Talbot often appears to us more solicitous about the words and the measure, than the spirit of the original. He is often cold, where Göthe is the most passionate. There is a scene just now before us, in which this is very remarkable,—that in which Valentine vainly attempts to avenge his sister's dishonour. Göthe's picture of the rude grief of the soldier, and the struggle between his pride and his affections, is natural and touching in the highest degree. In Mr. Talbot's hands we cannot but regard it as little short of caricature, scarcely retaining the most distant semblance of sorrow.

It is true that this is rendered more perceptible by its juxtaposition with the original, an ordeal to which none of its competitors is directly subjected. Perhaps, too, it is inseparable from the nature of his plan; and, in a translation of an original work like Göthe's, is redeemed by the extreme fidelity with which, generally speaking, he adheres to the original. We have marked one or two extracts which we shall hereafter transcribe. The first may be taken as an average specimen of Mr. Talbot's style; the other is in his happiest and most successful manner.

The second translation, published in 1835, as it was our

earliest, so also has continued our cherished favourite. It is by John Anster, LL.D., of whose powers in original composition we have already had occasion to speak in terms of high commendation.* The detached passages of the *Faust* which, as far back as 1820, appeared from his pen in *Blackwood's Magazine*, entitled him, in Mr. Hayward's judgment, to the rank next after Shelley: and the Edinburgh reviewer expresses his "conviction that the author was better fitted for the task than any other adventurer with whose labours he was then acquainted; judging from the singularly free and spirited touches of his pen, and his evident sympathy, no less with the quaint and sarcastic, than the exalted and pathetic, moods of the German Shakspeare."†

The work, as completed in 1835, is not unworthy of the high hopes which the earlier fragments had created. While the easy flow of the numbers bears scarce a trace of the labour or constraint of translation, the true spirit of the original is well maintained, whether in pathos or in humour, in the broad and cutting sarcasm, as well as in the almost impalpable irony which pervades many of the scenes. The principle upon which he translates seems to be the very opposite of that followed by Mr. Talbot. With him the spirit is the first object, and, even when he departs a little from the words, it is but for the purpose of embodying more strongly in our language the tone of the original. This is the secret of his success. His translation is never deficient in interest, whether its character be sombre or gay. His delineation of Mephistopheles is almost uniformly very successful. In the passage already cited from his preface he has hit off the true difficulty of this mysterious character; and he seldom fails to express his most delicate peculiarities—the silent and stealthy irony, the malignity which bursts even through his merriment, the falsehood which is stamped even upon the truisms which he utters.

Dr. Anster is essentially a poet; perhaps too much so to be a *perfectly close* translator. It is difficult for a warm and original imagination to resist the temptation of rambling among the fruits and flowers of Göthe's page. He himself makes no claim to verbal fidelity; and it has been objected to his work, especially by the rival translator, Mr. Talbot, (whose strictures certainly overstep the limits of "friendly emulation"), that he permits himself undue license in ex-

* Dublin Review, vol. ii. p. 547. † No. LXII, 37.

panding, and occasionally adding to, the original. In the eyes of those rabbinical critics who estimate the fidelity of a translation by its containing the same number of words and lines as the text, some passages may perhaps be found (like that which Mr. Talbot most unfairly quotes as a specimen of the general manner) which may give the charge an imposing appearance. But no man who looks beyond the surface of the language, and numbers not words, but ideas, in the comparison, will agree in Mr. Talbot's conclusion. If there be an occasional expansion of the text, it is generally "the addition of a clause which does little more than express something more fully implied in the German, than in such English phrases as occurred to the writer." In some instances perhaps (as in pages 120, 276), the license is stretched a little too far. But, in general, he but uses the privilege of what is called *compensation*, so freely accorded and so much admired in Coleridge's *Wallenstein*, and many of our most approved translations. There can scarcely be a better example of this, than in the following beautiful lines of Coleridge, an amplification certainly, but yet an exquisite translation, of Schiller's couplet:

"Die alten Fabelwesen sind nicht mehr,
Das reizende Geschlecht ist ausgewandert."

"The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The Power, the Beauty, and the Majesty,
That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
Or forest, by slow stream or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and watery depths; all these have vanished—
They live no longer in the faith of reason."

Very rarely indeed does Dr. Anster push the privilege so far as in this beautiful passage. But perhaps it is fair to give an example of his manner, by placing a short extract from his version side by side with the literal prose translation of Mr. Hayward. In the following passage Faust is represented as contemplating the sign of the microcosm, and lost in amazement at the wondrous operations of nature. The leading idea is "*Eins in dem andern wirkt und lebt*"—the ceaseless, unchanging, yet changeless, activity, with which the several influences intermingle in the grand but varied order of the universe.

ANSTER.

"See! all things with each other blending—
Each to all its being lending—

All on each in turn depending;
Heavenly ministers descending,
And again to heaven up-tending;
Floating, mingling, interweaving,
Rising, sinking, and receiving,
Each from each, while each is giving
On to each, and each relieving
Each; the pails of gold, the living
Current through the air is heaving!
Breathing blessings, see them bending,
Balanced worlds from change defending,
While everywhere diffused is harmony unending!"

HAYWARD.

"How all weaves itself into a whole; the one works and lives in the other! How the heavenly influences ascend and descend, and reach each other the golden buckets; on bliss-exhaling pinions press from heaven to earth, all ringing harmoniously through the all!"

What could be finer or more expressive of the leading idea of the text than this exquisitely poetical amplification? What, in like manner, could be happier than the storm of the Brocken scene, the contents of the "huckster-witch's" basket, the hurry-scurry scampering flight of the motley groups which throng to the wild festivities of the Brocken. You can hear the "zischen" and "quirlen," the "rutschen" and "klappern" of their flight, in the very march and sweep of the magnificently expressive versification. To proscribe such licences in poetical translation is to exile true genius from this most attractive field, and to hand it over, in undisputed possession, to the creeping pedants or brainless automatons of the lowest walks of literature.

There is, however, another defect charged upon the translation, towards which we are less disposed to be indulgent. We cannot help coinciding in the regret that so successful a master of versification should have drawn so largely on blank verse. We are aware that he has not done so without a principle; but we are unwilling to concede the justice of its application. It is perfectly true that there is a great difference between the English and German languages as regards the facilities of versification. Those who have read the original of *Faust*, or still more, any of the lighter poets of Germany—Wieland, for example, in his minor romances—will have felt that they wrote in a language susceptible of modifications, which it would be hopeless to attempt in ours; one in which "it is perfectly possible to preserve the form without the colouring

of poetry." But that even the lower forms of English versification may be made not only readable but attractive, there needs no other evidence than the eminent success with which Dr. A. has himself executed some passages which, on this score, are unquestionably the most difficult in the whole drama. It is true, as he alleges, precedent may be advanced in defence of the rhymeless verses. Göthe himself has had recourse, in *Faust*, not only to blank verse, but even to prose; and Shelley has dealt much in blank verse in the small portion which he translated. But Shelley's are, after all, but unfinished fragments; and, as such, claim an indulgence to which a regular translation is not entitled; and Göthe, so far from following the principle which Dr. Anster lays down, has reserved his rhymeless verse, and, still more, his prose, for the most vehement and impassioned scenes of the play. Still less can we be influenced by what is said on the other hand,* that in the doggrel of Swift and Butler the interest, if it be not positively injured, is but little increased, by the metrical form. There is very little in the *Faust* that bears the slightest analogy, either in matter or in tone to these compositions; and for the little there is, we should have no difficulty in admitting the principle. The bustling and shifting dialogue of the "Gate scene" is, perhaps, more spirited in Dr. Anster's blank verse than in the rhymes of his fellow-translators; nor should we object to see the principle extended to the buffooneries of the cellar, to the gossipings of Martha Schwerdtlein, or the absurdities of the "Witch's Kitchen.' But we cannot help complaining that the fear of becoming, like Swift or Butler, a "tedious and weary study," should have deterred him from adopting the metrical form in so large a portion of the "Compact scene," and still more in that thrilling interview of Faustus with the maniac Margaret, with which the tragedy closes. Surely there is no capriciousness of versification which the author of the following magnificent passage might not hope to follow with success:—

"Bin ich der Fluchtling nicht?—der unbehaus'te?
Der Unmensch ohne Zweck und Ruh?
Der, wie ein Wassersturz von Fels zu Felsen brauste,
Begierig wuthend nach dem Abgrund zu?
Und seitwarts sie, mit kindlich dumpfen Sinnen,
Im Huttchen auf dem kleinen Alpenfeld,
Und all ihr haüsliches Beginnen
Umfangen in den kleinen Welt.
Und ich, der Gottverhasste, hatte nicht genug

* Dr. Anster's Preface.

Dass ich die Felsen fasste
Und sie zu Trümmern schlug!
Sie, ihren Frieden, musst' ich untergraben!
Du, Hölle, musstest dieses Opfer haben!
Hilf Teufel, mir die Zeit der Angst verkürzen!
Was muss geschehn, lass gleichs geschehn!
Mag ihr Geschick auf mich zusammen stürzen,
Und sie mit mir zu Grunde gehn!"

TRANSLATION.

And am I not the outcast—the accurst—
The homeless one, whose wanderings never cease!
The monster of his kind! No rest for me—
No aim—no object; like the stream that, nurst
With swelling rains, foaming from rock to rock,
Along its course of ruin,
On to the inevitable precipice,
Plunges impatient down the blind abyss,
And violently seeks the desperate shock!
And by the side of such mad stream was she,
A child with a child's feelings; her low cot
In the green field upon the mountain slope,
And all that she could wish or hope—
Her little world—all, all in that poor spot;—
And I, the heaven-detested! Was it not
Enough that the mad torrent grasped and tore
The rocks, and shivered them to dust, and bore
All that opposed me in my downward course
On with me? Her, too, her—her peace, her joy—
These must I undermine—these, too, destroy?
Hell! hell! this victim also! Thy support,
Devil! and the dreadful interval make short!
What must be, be it soon! Let the crush fall
Down on me, of her ruin—perish all—
She—I—and these wild thoughts together!"

Of the last translation of the *Faust*, by Jonathan Birch, Esq. (London, 1839), the less we say the better. Had it appeared while the idea was still entertained that the *Faust* was untranslatable, it might have met some indulgence; but the success of its predecessors has cut away this ground of justification. It is incomparably the worst which has yet been attempted. As a translation, it is bad; as a poetical translation, it is worse; but as a translation of *Faust* it is worst of all.

With so many excellent guides before him, one might suppose it absolutely impossible that a new translator should lose his way, much more that he should be perpetually falling into the grossest blunders. We have compared the entire of the

"Compact scene," as being one of the most remarkable, with the original. It is replete with errors. Instead, however, of going through a detailed examination, we shall merely submit one short passage, as a specimen of the translator's capabilities. It will be found in page 79:

> "Schlägst du erst diese Welt zu Trümmern
> Die andre mag darnach entstehn.
> Aus dieser Erde quellen meine Freuden,
> Und diese Sonne scheinet meinen Leiden;
> Kann ich mich erst von ihnen scheiden,
> Dann mag was will und kann geschehn."

This is a very simple and obvious passage, the sense of which it would appear almost impossible to mistake. Mr. Birch translates it,

> "The 'then' concerns me not—that feeling ceases
> When once the world you've smashed to pieces.
> I take no interest in the next one's riot;
> Out of this earth flow all my joys.
> It is this sun which witnessed my '*passion*,'
> And, am I parted from its *sweet decoys?*
> Then come what will, and in what fashion!"

We should not think much of the absurd paraphrase of *die andre mag entstehn* (the other may arise)—"I take no interest in *the next one's riot.*" But it is almost incredible that any one, with the sense of the passage stareing him in the face, could translate *meine Leiden* (my sufferings) *my passion;* still more, that, in the following line, he should render *mich von ihnen scheiden,* "and am I parted from *its sweet decoys?*" There needs but slender knowledge of German to show that the plural pronoun *ihnen* must refer to *leiden,* and not to *Welt,* and that the meaning of the line is precisely the opposite of Mr. Birch's "sweet decoys," "if I can but separate myself from *them,*" that is, "*from my sufferings.*" Nor is this a solitary example. A little further on (p. 82), there is scarcely a line without a mistake. There are no less than six obvious mistranslations in this single page—in the eleventh, twelfth, fourteenth, twentieth, twenty-third, and twenty-fourth lines. The reader may perhaps suppose that these errors are induced by the necessities of the versification; but the fact is, that, in this particular also, the author sets all rule at defiance. His work is filled with the oddest words, as "keckish," "twinking," lactic," "stellar," "obescular," &c.; and the rhymes are even more absurd. He seems to consider it enough if the last

syllable, or even the last letter, coincide. Rhymes such as "overtowering—hand-wringing," (p. 52); "content—absent," (p. 69); "lecturing—hearing," (p. 89); "drops—envelops," "cellar—obescular," &c. occur at every turn; and in the compass of a single page (88), we find "tumult" chiming to "at fault," "agreement" to "allotment," "studies" to "praises," and "errand" to "off-hand"!

We should not have thought it necessary to advert to this at all, did not the author in his preface lead the reader to believe that his versification may be taken as representing Göthe's.

"Relative to this translation, I have proposed to myself to give the meaning of my author fully, neither skipping over, nor avowedly leaving out, any part; but, studiously masking such passages as might be considered objectionable to delicacy; to give it in poetry *line for line;* and literally, where the genius of the two languages admitted of such closeness; for, if too verbally given, Göthe becomes increasingly obscure, and his beauties remain undeveloped. I have therefore considered it better on some occasions, to give a good liberal English equivalent, rather than a cramped verbality; so that the *verse might flow,* without which no poetical version could ever become agreeable to the English reader, or *approach to a display of Göthe's versification.* In fact, a spirited translation, palpable, interesting, and pleasing from *its euphony* to the Englishman, and satisfactory to the German scholar from its correctness."—Pref. p. xi.

It can hardly be necessary to assure the reader that Mr. Birch's versification gives pretty much as good an idea of Göthe's, as a hurdy-gurdy may give of the organ at Westminster; and as for euphony, if any one can find the smallest trace of it in his verses, he must have formed his ear in the school of Mr. Zachary Boyd, whose poem concludes with the following harmonious couplet, cited by the *Edinburgh Reviewer* of Hoyle's Exodus.*

"Now was not Pharoah a very great *rascal,*
Not to let the children of Israel, with their wives, and their sons, and their daughters, go out into the wilderness to eat the Lord's *pascal?*"

Among the endless theories upon the scope and tendency of the first part of *Faust,* there is one which regards it as a grand, moral, or religious allegory, designed to illustrate the insufficiency of earthly pleasures, whether of mind or of sense, for the happiness of man. The second part, however, if we regard it as a continuation of the first, completely upturns this theory, and destroys the existence of *Faust* as a moral poem.

* Vol. xi. p. 367.

Had Faustus, like Calderon's *Cyprian*, been prepared by repentance and purified by martyrdom, or even by protracted trial, we might see in his ultimate deliverance from the enemy to whom he had forfeited his soul, the realization of some moral lesson which the poem was intended to convey. But the strange and incongruous close of the mystery, in which the magician, unpurified, and as far as meets the eye, almost unrepentant, is at once transferred to the heaven which he had insulted and defied, is utterly at variance with any rational theory of religion or morals, and would almost seem to justify the severity of Coleridge's criticism.

On our part, we have even preferred to regard the first part as an independent, though unfinished, poem: and to consider its object and scope without reference to the strange and incongruous lights thrown upon them by the second. Be this, however, as it may, the first part of *Faust*, with all its wildness and levity, contains many passages replete with the most sublime conceptions of religion, and bespeaking a profound sense, if not of its devotional warmth, at least of its sentiment and poetry. We need only refer to the hymn of the archangels in the Prologue, deformed as it is by its juxta-position with the revolting levity of Mephistopheles,—to the hymns of the Easter morning,—to the temptation and despair of Margaret in the Cathedral scenes,—and above all, to that exquisitely touching prayer in which she pours out her soul to the Mother of Sorrows, in her own hour of sorrow, and alas! of sin.

The devotional poetry of Germany is but little read,—the Catholic portion scarce at all—in these countries. The "*Trutz-nachtigall*," and the "*Guldenes Tugent-buch*" of the Jesuit Frederick Spee, are possibly unknown, even by name, to most readers; Novalis' exquisite "*Hymnen an die Nacht*," perhaps little more. We have seldom seen even an allusion to Frederick Schlegel's sacred poetry, although his little ode *An die Pilgerschaft*, is perhaps one of his most finished compositions; and Stolberg's sacred odes are the least known among all his writings. We may find an occasion hereafter, of examining this interesting subject more in detail. For the present, a few extracts from the *Faust* may show how admirably the German language is adapted, by its extreme flexibility, and its wondrous facilities of combination and composition, to embody the fervour and tenderness of sacred poetry, whether descriptive or devotional.

The "*Prologue in Heaven*" is founded upon that passage in Job i. 6, in which it is told, that, "on a certain day, when

the Sons of God came to stand before the Lord, Satan also was present among them." It opens with the alternate hymn of the archangels. We give it in the translation of Dr. Anster:—

RAPHAEL.

"The Sun, as in the ancient days,
'Mong sister stars in rival song,
His destined path observes, obeys,
And still in thunder rolls along;
New strength and full beatitude
The angels gather from his sight.
Mysterious all—yet all is good,
All fair, as at the birth of light.

GABRIEL.

Swift, unimaginably swift,
Soft spins the earth, and glories bright
Of mid-day Eden, change and shift
To shades of deep and spectral night.
The vexed sea foams—waves leap and moan,
And chide the rocks with insult hoarse;
And waves and rock are hurried on,
And suns and stars, in endless course.

MICHAEL.

And winds with winds mad war maintain,
From sea to land, from land to sea,
And heave round earth a living chain
Of interwoven agency.
Guides of the bursting thunder peal,
Fast lightning's flash, with deadly ray;
While, Lord, with thee, thy servants feel
Full effluence of abiding day.

ALL.

New strength and full beatitude
The angels gather from thy sight;
Mysterious all—yet all is good,
All fair, as at the birth of light."

The third scene is among the finest in the drama. *Faust* in the humiliation and despair which follow the terrific apparition of the Spirit of the earth, forms the resolution of terminating, by suicide, his doubts, as well as his misery. Everything around serves to confirm his purpose; the emblems of science with which his chamber is filled, have lost their charm; the instruments of his unavailing art,—the cog, the wheel, the cylinder,—by reminding him of its futility, but tend to deepen his despair; the scull which garnishes his study, seems to grin

in mockery of his humiliation,—to tell, in his spectral smile, the story of one who, like himself—

> "In unsatisfying thought,
> By twilight glimmers led astray,
> Like him, at length, sank over-wrought.

He takes the fatal phial in his hand; he draws down from its case the antique goblet of his fathers, teeming with memories of earlier and happier days,—touching, and tender memories are they; but finding no echo, alas! in his seared and blighted heart. He fills the goblet to the brim—he has raised it to his lips,—when hark! "*Glocken Klang und Chors gesang!*" "the sound of bells and voices chaunting in choir." It is the Easter morn—the joyous hymn of Easter. The despairing man is stayed for a moment in his purpose. He listens; a thousand tender and holy recollections rush thronging back upon his heart. He wavers,—he yields,—he dashes the cup from his lips,—

> "Tears come, and earth has won her child again!"

It is a scene of overpowering interest. "Never shall I forget," says M. Marmier, "the impression which I experienced when I witnessed, for the first time, the representation of *Faust* in Germany;—when, after that long and terrible soliloquy, those accents of cold despair, that resolution of suicide, I heard that sweet majestic church music resound, that deep solemn voice of the organ, those songs of joy, side by side with the gloomy words of *Faust*,—those sweet rejoicings of religion beside that self-annihilation of the incredulous soul,—and that cry of salvation, that awaking of suffering humanity. 'Peace to the world! peace to the world! Christ hath arisen!'—this sublime appeal of Christianity, resounding in the ears of him who believes no longer, and desires to die! oh, it is one of the most touching and beautiful scenes, which the modern drama has ever presented,—a scene founded in all that is most solemn in religion, and most profound in the human heart."* Those who have heard the simple but majestic hymn, "O Filii et Filiæ," with its glad and bounding, we had almost written gay accompaniment, will easily understand this impression. Göthe's hymn, though it does not follow, is founded upon this simple chaunt, with which Catholic usage ushers in the early morn of Easter. We give the whole scene in Mr. Talbot's

* Etudes sur Göthe, par X. Marmier, pp. 176-7.

translation, in which, however, though accurate, the original loses much of its best charm—its simplicity.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

"Christ is arisen!
Heaven opens its portal;
Joy to the mortal,
Whom, awhile the disgracing,
Native, debasing
Defects could imprison!

FAUST.

What solemn murmurs—what melodious tones
Dash from my lips the chalice all at once?
Deep-sounding bells, ah! do you harbinger
Of Easter's hallowed feast the joyful birth?
Chaunt ye the hymn so comforting to earth,
Ye of the choir, which round the sepulchre,
From angels' lips, the awful gloom to cheer,
Was heard; and to the world revealed
That the new covenant was sealed?

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

With spices rare
We sprinkled him about;
Ours, his true handmaids, was the care
To lay the Saviour out!
Yes, it was our's to bind
With cloth, his limbs so dear;
But now, alas! we find
Christ is no longer here!

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ is on high,
Restored to the sky!
How glorious the loving,
The gentle, the good;
Who, the painful, soul-proving,
Corruption-removing,
Ordeal hath stood.

FAUST.

Ye sweet, yet animating tones, why must
Your heavenly chords thus seek me in the dust?
Go visit mortals of a softer mould,—
I hear your tidings, but my faith is cold!
Faith's darling child the wonderful was e'er!
To seek those spheres, I may not dare,
From whence your gracious news come down!
And yet, from early youth your power I've known;
And now you call me back to life again!

Time was, when on my brow I felt heaven's kiss
Descended in the Sabbath's stillness! Then
Swelled on my ear your joy-presaging peal—
And prayer to me was deep substantial* bliss!
A nameless longing then my soul could feel,
Which drove my steps abroad through grove and field;
Then bursts of scalding tears to me would yield
A better world! This hymn was sure to bring,
Full on my heart, the joys of opening spring,
And youth's gay sports! A childish feeling
Of fond remembrance o'er my senses stealing, [strain!
Thrills this last serious, serious step! Proceed, thou heavenly
Tears flow apace—and I am earth's again!

CHORUS OF DISCIPLES.

The buried One is raised on high!
Living He treads His native sky!
That glorious height 'twas His to climb,
To unfolding bliss sublime.
To joy's creative essence nigh!
On Earth's rude breast we suffering lie.
Alas! He left us here forlorn,
With envious tears the bliss to mourn,
That has our Master from us torn!

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ is risen, and remains
Free from all corruption's stains;
Then, mortals, rise exultingly,
And burst the bonds that fetter ye!
Ye, wont your hymns of love to raise,
Ye who by deeds proclaim his praise,
Ye who go forth a band of brothers,
Preaching his kingdom to all others,
Heralds of bliss, for you He's here;
To you the Master's ever near!"

In reading this and the following scene, which, though opposite in its results, is yet precisely the same in principle, we perceive how well Göthe appreciated the solemn and impressive ceremonial of our Church, and how well he understood the influence which she thus exercises upon the imagination, and, through the imagination, upon the heart, in all its varied moods of cheerfulness or despondency; sending her

* This is far from the *brunstiger Genuss* of the original. Dr. Anster has rendered it more literally, and much more happily.

Und ein Gebet war brunstiger Genuss!
"And prayer was then indeed *a burning joy!*"

deep sepulchral tones of the organ—the awful words chaunted by the choir—a mysterious echo of the despair within—all these might appal the soul in its brightest and most innocent hour. But, alas! with what tenfold terror do they come upon the bewildered senses of the distracted girl!—with what fatal power do they assist the dark suggestions of the evil spirit!—

"Quidquid latet adparebit!
Nil inultum remanebit!"

If it be true that Göthe has borrowed this scene from the temptation of Justina, in Calderon's play, he has added to it all the terror and dramatic effect which the most poetical combination of circumstances could impart. In this strange scene we should observe the original abandons the rhythmical form.

"CATHEDRAL.

SERVICE—ORGAN AND ANTHEM.

MARGARET, *among a number of people.*—EVIL SPIRIT *behind* MARGARET.

EVIL SPIRIT.

How changed is every thing,
With thee, poor Margaret,
Since when, full of innocence,
Thou to this very altar
Didst come, and from the little old thumbed prayer-book
Didst lisp the murmured prayers,
Half with the children out at play,
In a child's happy fancies, thy young heart,
And half with God in heaven.
And dost thou, canst thou think?
Thy brain, where wanders it?
In thy heart, oh! what a weight
Of guilt! of evil done!
Prayest thou for thy mother's soul—
She who through thee did sleep and sleep away
Into undying agonies?
And on thy door-stead whose the blood?
And in thy bosom is there not
A stirring that is torture,
And with foreboding fears
Makes felt the present woe?

MARGARET.

Woe, woe!
Oh! that I could escape
These dark thoughts flitting over and athwart me,
And all accusing me!

CHOIR.
Quid sum miser tunc dicturus.

MARGARET (*fainting*) *to the girl next her.*
Your flasket, friend."

ANSTER, pp. 260-3.

How opposite the conclusion of the temptation scene as we read it in the older dramatist! How different the exulting reply of Justina to the baffled tempter—

"Mi defensa en Dios consiste!"

And yet both are perfectly true to nature. Calderon's heroine is upheld by the consciousness of innocence: Göthe's is borne down by the weight of present guilt and the bodings of coming shame. Alas! alas! there was none to suggest to poor Margaret—

"No tiene
Tantas estallas el Cielo,
Tantas arenas el mar,
Tantas centillas el fuego,
Tantas atomas el dia,
Ni tantas plumas el viento,
Como el perdona pecados!"

There is one other scene less painful, or, at least, possessing more of consolation mingled with the wretchedness which it pourtrays. We cannot resist the temptation of transcribing it. It is a beautiful illustration of one of the most simple yet most touching and natural practices of Catholic piety. Poor Margaret, in the fulness of her simple sorrow, flies to her who hath known sorrow like herself. She pours forth her soul at the feet of the Mater Dolorosa. Who could look, unconsoled, upon that sweetly sorrowful countenance; who could contemplate the wound in that heart, nor feel that it has learned in its own affliction to compassionate ours! Poor Margaret replaces the faded flowers which stand before the shrine—emblems, alas! of her own departed innocence! She weeps and prays. We know not in the whole compass of devotional poetry, saving always some of the noble hymns which the usage of our Church has consecrated, anything more exquisitely tender, or containing more of the true poetry of nature and of religion, than her simple prayer. It is extremely well translated both by Dr. Anster and Mr. Talbot. We are induced to give it in the words of both.

The sword within thy heart!
What countless pangs impart
  Thy son's death agonies!
Up to the Father turn thy eyes,
And to high heaven ascend thy sighs,
  For his and thy necessities!

Ah, who can feel,
Ah, who reveal,
  A grief like this I own?
Or, with what anguish,
I still must languish?—
  Thou, thou, and thou alone!

Wherever I may go,
What woe, what woe, what woe,
  Is in my bosom nurst!
And when I am alone
I moan, and moan, and moan,
  Feeling my heart will burst!

  On the flower-pots in my window
The tears fell fast from me,
As early I, this morning,
Gathered these flowers for thee!

  As in my lonely chamber
First glowed the morning's red,
All sleepless in my sorrow
I sate up in my bed.

Spare me from shame! let me not die!

Mother benign,
Deign to incline,
Thy looks benign
On my necessity!"

With this extract we must close. There is another scene—that in Martha Schwerdtlein's garden, which may be regarded as bearing upon the sense of the *Faust*; but it is too long for insertion here. It is that in which Margaret expostulates with her lover on his unbelieving and irreligious life. It is a beautiful picture of simple and undoubting faith upon the one side, and the solemn nonsense of scepticism on the other: and whatever may have been the intention of the writer, it is impossible not to be struck by the contrast between the sophistry with which *Faust* seeks to disguise his unbelief, in the plausible language of the Pantheistic creed, and the gentle, but firm and unwavering, faith of the artless maiden. The

cessarily disturbed; and we pray that the events which have recently taken place may turn out to be fresh guarantees for the continued repose of the civilized world.

The declaration issued by the pasha of Egypt about two years ago, that he had resolved on raising an independent sceptre over Egypt and Syria, including Candia and other portions of the Ottoman empire, rendered it necessary that a final decision, respecting his position with reference to the Porte, should be taken by the leading powers of Europe. The necessity for some positive and immediate arrangement became inevitable, when his son, Ibrahim Pasha, was avowedly preparing to menace Constantinople, the Turkish fleet had been treasonably steered into the harbour of Alexandria, and a new sultan, of tender years, had acceded to the Ottoman throne. Amidst all the diplomatic contentions and professions with which the press has lately teemed, it is now perfectly manifest to every intelligent mind that Russia on the one hand, and France on the other, sought, each independently of the other,—independently also of the courts of England, Austria, and Prussia,—to take substantially into its own hands the settlement of the question to which the unwarrantable proceedings of Mehemet Ali had given rise. Russia has long been exceedingly jealous of any other state which exercises, or attempts to exercise, influence over the counsels of the Porte. Her object has been, is, and will ever be, to gain an entire ascendancy at that court, and, in effect, to annex Turkey to her own dominions. Let her statesmen and her despatches profess what they may, it cannot be doubted that this is the invariable end which they are endeavouring to accomplish, even when their language appears to be the very model of disinterestedness.

Nor is it less certain that the same spirit which dictated the expedition to Egypt under Napoleon, still presides in the cabinets of France. She desires to interpose as many obstacles as possible to the intercourse—daily becoming more practicable and more valuable—between us and our Indian possessions, by the Red Sea, or such other channels as may be found still more advantageous through Syria. She desires to have under her protection Egypt and whatever dependencies can be added to it. She is already actually in possession of very large districts in Africa, to which she has given the name of French Africa. With reference to the Porte, her relations, to a certain extent, resemble those of Mehemet Ali, for she has conquered a portion of the Ottoman empire,

herself, by using her influence with Mehemet Ali and his son; and procured a sort of truce, which was merely intended to gain time for intrigue. It is avowed that France was disposed to favour Mehemet Ali's views, of asserting his supremacy as far as the Taurus.

Lord Palmerston could no longer hesitate as to his course. He was unwilling to act without the French, but finding them indisposed to co-operate with him in the only course of policy which he deemed best for securing the integrity of the Ottoman empire, as a security for the peace of Europe, he, in June 1839, made known to France, Russia, Prussia, and Austria, that, in his judgment, the only arrangement between the sultan and Mehemet Ali which could effect those great objects would be that which should confine Mehemet Ali's delegated authority to Egypt alone, and should re-establish the direct authority of the sultan in the whole of Syria as well as in Candia and the holy cities; thus separating the conflicting powers by the Desert. He proposed, further, that the administration of Egypt should be guaranteed to Mehemet Ali and his male descendants.

To these proposals France again objected, asserting that they could be carried into effect only by force, as the pasha never would willingly agree to them, and that the exercise of force for that purpose would produce consequences much more dangerous to the tranquillity of Europe than the then state of things. She offered no plan of her own at that time. Lord Palmerston's communication, however, led to a general expression of opinion upon the part of the four powers, including France, which stands recorded in Marshal Soult's despatch of the 17th of July, 1839, the collective note of all the five powers, dated the 27th of the same month, and the speech of the king of the French, delivered to his chambers in December the same year. It was then clearly determined by all those powers, that the integrity and independence of the Ottoman empire should be preserved under the reigning dynasty; that they should all employ their means of action and influence to secure the maintenance of this element, so essential to the balance of power, and that they would unhesitatingly declare themselves against any combination which should affect that balance. The French government even suggested that the Cabinets would be adopting a measure essential to the consolidation of peace, were they to declare in written documents, to be mutually interchanged, and, in case of need, published more or less fully, that thev were actuated by such intentions.

M. Thiers, in his note of the 3d of October last, with which the public must be now perfectly familiar, has confidently alleged that nobody then thought that the "integrity and independence of the Ottoman empire" consisted in the limit which was to separate in Syria the possessions of the sultan and the viceroy. There never was an assertion made by a minister more untenable, to use a mild expression, than the one here referred to. Lord Palmerston most clearly stated his views upon this point in June 1839, to France as well as to the other powers. It was fully discussed between his lordship and the Count Sebastiani (then French minister in London), in September in 1839: the Count even suggested certain lines of demarcation, to which Lord Palmerston objected, and although M. Thiers declares that M. Sebastiani was not "authorised" to make any "propositions" on that subject, nevertheless, it cannot possibly be true to say, that the French government did not know all along that England never would consent to the annexation of Syria to the Pashalic of Egypt.

It is unnecessary to follow up the whole train of the negotiations in which Lord Palmerston was subsequently engaged with the four other powers, with a view to bring these important matters to a satisfactory conclusion. They are fresh in the public memory. It is sufficient here to state that his lordship endeavoured, by all the means in his power (having even consented to give a larger extent of territory to the pasha than was, perhaps, strictly consistent with the interests of the Ottoman empire), to ensure the co-operation of France with England, Russia, Prussia, and Austria, in order to compel Mehemet Ali to acquiesce in the views of the latter powers. France decidedly declared that she would take no part in coercive measures against Mehemet Ali. The negotiations proceeded; France was from day to day made fully acquainted with every step that was taken, and, eventually, a convention between Great Britain, Austria, Prussia, and Russia, on the one part, and the Sublime Porte on the other, was signed, on the 15th of July last. The preamble informs us that the sultan had addressed himself to the sovereigns of Great Britain, Russia, Austria, and Prussia, to ask their support and assistance in the difficulties in which he found himself placed by reason of the hostile proceedings of Mehemet Ali, pasha of Egypt—difficulties which threatened with danger the integrity of the Ottoman empire, and the independence of the sultan's throne. The sovereigns so appealed to, it is further stated, moved by the sincere friendship which subsists between them

and the sultan, animated by the desire of maintaining the integrity and independence of the Ottoman empire as a security for the peace of Europe; faithful to the engagement which they contracted by the collective note presented to the Porte by their representatives at Constantinople, on the 27th of July 1839; and desirous, moreover, to prevent the effusion of blood, which would be occasioned by a continuance of the hostilities which have recently broken out between the authorities of the pasha of Egypt and the subjects of the Sultan, resolved, for the aforesaid purposes, to conclude together a convention. This resolution they carried into effect in the document now before us, which may be summed up as follows:

The sultan and the sovereigns had agreed amongst themselves as to the conditions of an arrangement which the former intended to grant to Mehemet Ali. They engaged to act in perfect accord, and to unite their efforts in order to determine Mehemet Ali to conform to that arrangement; each of the parties reserving to itself to co-operate for that purpose, according to the means of action which each might have at its disposal. If the pasha should refuse to accept that arrangement, active measures were to be taken with a view to effect the arrangement in question. In the meantime the communication by sea between Egypt and Syria was to be cut off; measures were to be adopted without delay, in order to prevent the transport of troops, horses, arms, and warlike stores of all kinds, from the one province to the other, and all possible support and assistance were to be afforded to those subjects of the sultan who might manifest their allegiance to his highness. Should Mehemet Ali, after having refused to submit to the conditions of the proposed arrangement, direct his land or sea forces against Constantinople, the contracting parties, upon the express demand of the sultan, agreed, in such case, to comply with that request, and to provide for the defence of the Ottoman throne by means of a co-operation agreed upon by mutual consent, for the purpose of placing the two straits of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, as well as Constantinople, in security against all aggression. The forces thus called in to the aid of the sultan were to remain so employed as long as their presence should be required by him, and when he should deem their aid no longer necessary they were to withdraw simultaneously, and respectively to return to the Black Sea and the Mediterranean.

It was, however, to be clearly understood, that the cooperation above-mentioned, with a view to place the Dardanelles

scribed, was to remain, provided it should be accepted within ten further days, from the expiration of the previous period, it being provided that the necessary directions should be given for the surrender of every part of the Ottoman empire in his possession, Egypt alone excepted. The Pasha was to pay to the Porte an annual tribute, proportioned to the greater or less amount of territory, of which he might obtain the administration, according as he should accept the first or second alternative; and he was, moreover, in either case, to deliver up the Turkish fleet, without making any charge for its maintenance during the time it remained in the ports of Egypt. Should the offer as to Egypt be also refused, then it was to be considered as withdrawn, and the sultan was to be at liberty to adopt such ulterior course as his own interests, and the counsels of his allies, might suggest to him.

By three protocols it was subsequently arranged, that the sultan should reserve to himself, as heretofore, the delivery of passes to light vessels under flag of war, employed according to custom for the service of the correspondence of the legations of friendly powers; and that without waiting for the ratifications of the convention, the preliminary measures having reference to the cutting off of the communications by sea between Egypt and Syria, the transport of troops, &c., from one province to the other, and the support of those Syrian subjects of the sultan, who might wish to return to their allegiance, should be executed with the least possible delay. It was also solemnly declared "that in the execution of the engagements, resulting to the contracting parties from the abovementioned convention, those powers will seek no augmentation of territory, no exclusive influence, no commercial advantage for their subjects, which those of every other nation may not equally obtain."

Within two days after this treaty was signed, it was communicated to France; and the moment intelligence of this event reached Paris, the French government, under the dictation of M. Thiers, took it up as an unpardonable insult and injury to the French nation. M. Thiers was fully informed, down to the very hour in which the treaty was signed, of everything done by the four powers. He knew officially the results of all their conferences: he was prepared for the result of those conferences in the conclusion of a convention. He distinctly refused to become a party to the arrangements proposed by the four powers: and yet, when they were completed without his concurrence, he declares that ordinary

it had been; and that it should have been accompanied by some expressions of regret, that France, on this occasion, had chosen to absent herself from the counsels of her ally. But in what had taken place he saw no real ground of grievance. M. Thiers, appears, however, to have still remained unconvinced, but the king was satisfied, and M. Guizot returned to his post.

The first official notice which the French ambassador took of the treaty, appears in a memorandum, delivered by him to Lord Palmerston, on the 24th of July. It is a very remarkable paper, inasmuch as it shows how little M. Thiers was prepared for the energy with which Lord Palmerston had already prepared to carry into effect the preliminary measures pointed out in one of the protocols annexed to the convention. The memorandum, after contending that the whole convention was ill-conceived, declared that France was unfriendly to coercive steps against the Pasha, because she could not distinctly see the means which the five Powers (the five parties to the treaty), could dispose of. The only means she could see, appeared to her to be "either insufficient or more injurious than the state of things to be remedied." "France again declares," says this precious document, "that she considers as inconsiderate, and not very prudent, a conduct which shall consist in coming to resolutions without the means of carrying them into execution, or with means of execution insufficient or dangerous."

Words so puerile as these could hardly be supposed to have passed current under the revision of M. Guizot. Was it to be supposed that the eminent statesmen who held counsel together for the formation of the convention, and for the arrangement of the mode in which it was to be put into execution, should be such dolts as not to see the difficulties which they had to conquer, and to prepare the means of attaining their object?

"The insurrection," adds M. Guizot, "of some of the people of Lebanon, is, no doubt, an opportunity which it has been thought might be seized for finding means of execution which had not before been presented. Is this a mean avowable, or, above all, so useful that the Turkish empire ought to act upon it against the viceroy? It is desired to re-establish some little degree of order and obedience in all parts of the empire, and yet insurrections are fomented. New disorders are added to that general disorder, which all the powers already deplore, as contrary to the interests of peace. Will they succeed in subjecting these people to the Porte, after exciting them to rise against

this description, especially at a period when he was well aware that M. Thiers was using every possible exertion, with a view to detach Austria and Prussia from the new alliance; an underhand manœuvre, which of itself, stamps the incapacity of M. Thiers for the arduous office which, for the misfortune of France, had been placed in his hands.

Meanwhile, due steps were taken for putting to the test of action, the very "insufficient," "injurious," "inconsiderate," "imprudent" executive measures, authorized by the sanction of the ministers engaged in arranging the Eastern question; and on the memorable 9th of September, the guns of the Cyclops steamer announced the commencement of hostilities between the allies and Mehemet Ali, he having refused the offers which they had caused to be made to him. "Boats without number passing and repassing, signals flying, drums beating to quarters, the shrill whistle of the boatswain," soon proved that British tars and marines were not idle listeners to their own trumpet of war. *Napier was there.* The line of operations taken up by the British squadron, under the command of Admiral Stopford, extended from Tripoli to Caffa, beyond Acre. Ibrahim Pasha, with nearly 8,000 men, was in sight. At, or near Beyrout, were 7,000 more, under the direction of Solyman Pasha, (Seves, a French officer.) Imagining that a landing of the Turkish and Austrian troops, and British marines prepared for the purpose, would have been attempted to the south of Beyrout, Seves shewed himself in force in that quarter. In a few moments, 1,000 of his men were literally mowed down by the British fire. The landing was effected, without any loss, at two points, from ten to fifteen miles distant to the north of Beyrout, of 5,000 Turks, 500 Austrians, and 1,500 British marines; and in less than thirty hours from the discharge of the first gun from the Cyclops, a strong position was taken up on different heights, the allied troops being disposed in a semicircle, which, we have not heard that either Ibrahim or Seves ventured to attack, although it is supposed that Ibrahim might have moved against them a force of not less, upon the lowest calculation, than 30,000 men. The "insurgents," as M. Guizot styles subjects of the sultan, anxious to defend the rights of their legitimate master, hastened to the allied camp, where they were abundantly supplied with arms. The intended movements of Ibrahim towards Asia Minor and Constantinople, were at once rendered impracticable, and in a short time the Taurus will be covered with snow. 10,000 troops were about

ment, in concert with the powers which are occupied in determining the future condition of the Ottoman Empire. Every enlightened mind was struck with the loyalty of France, who, notwithstanding she was forced to proceed on a separate path, never ceased to exercise her influence to bring about a solution, at once moderate and pacific, of the Oriental question; nor has the wisdom which guided the Viceroy in listening to the dictates of prudence and moderation been less appreciated by the high intelligences of Europe."

The "We" in the commencement of this passage must not pass unnoticed. It is not "The king's government," or "His Majesty's government," but *we*—that is M. Thiers in fact alone, pluralising himself, as is the fashion with editors of public journals, or rather indeed affecting the style of Napoleon when first consul—a style by no means courteous towards Louis Philippe, especially in a document of the highest importance as a state paper. This *we* carries with it throughout the whole note an air of peculiar arrogance.

M. Thiers then assumes to himself the right of limiting this general submission of the viceroy to a particular extent; which extent, Mehemet Ali, who sinks here into a mere satrap of France, would not, forsooth, "consent to declare immediately," but which M. Thiers takes it upon himself to proclaim —viz. the abandonment of the possessions mentioned, the retention of Syria for life, and of Egypt as an hereditary sovereignty. It is very remarkable, that if M. Thiers had previously known the disposition of Mehemet Ali to content himself with the specific terms here set forth, he did not announce them to the powers before so many lives were sacrificed on the Syrian coast. It is still more unfortunate that after disclosing his intentions on this subject to France, the viceroy did not at once direct his son to discontinue all warlike proceedings. The notion of M. Thiers, that he would "guarantee" the fulfilment of such an arrangement, in concert with the powers, is a new element altogether in the history of the late negotiations. To permit the French government to be the guarantee of the viceroy for any course of policy whatever, would be at once to install Egypt as a mere province of France; an open, unqualified recognition of a right on the part of France, to act as the real director of the destinies of the hereditary pashalic. We strongly suspect that Mehemet Ali has been no consenting party to the assumption of any such responsibility by M. Thiers. We presume, moreover, that Lord Palmerston is already sufficiently aware of the value of any kind of guarantee tendered by a French minister, not to accept such a security,

clearly to set himself up as the champion of the Pasha, and the opponent of the legitimate master of Syria. This is not the part of a disinterested mediator, nor even of a power sincerely "proceeding in a separate path" from the four powers in these transactions. By a "separate path" was meant, we presume, a course tending in a direction parallel to their career, and not in one opposed to that direction, with a view to accomplish the same object. The allies, of course, could not suffer France to set herself up under the character of a protector of the vassal against his sovereign. Nevertheless, this was clearly the character to which M. Thiers aspired; nothing could better display his excessive vanity, and his utter incapacity for the office with which he was invested, than this most imperious, and most wanton exhibition of personal temper, and sheer insolence.

Then follows a long string of superficial sophistries, with a view to shew that the integrity of the Ottoman empire is absolutely essential to the maintenance of the balance of power in Europe, and yet that this integrity would be best consulted by separating from the Porte one of the richest provinces of which it ought to be composed.

"France has declared that she will use every means in her power to preserve the peace and the balance of power in Europe. Now is the time for her to explain clearly what meaning this declaration is to have. In accepting, with a religious fidelity, the state of Europe, such as it is settled by existing treaties, France has understood, that during the general peace which has happily prevailed since 1815, this state should not be changed, either for the profit or to the detriment of any one of the existing powers. It has been under this impression that she has always declared in favour of preserving the Ottoman empire; the Turkish people, by their national qualities, amply merited, on their own account alone, respect for the independence of that kingdom; but apart from this consideration, the dearest interests of Europe were bound up in the continued existence of Turkey. This empire, in being prostrated, could only be made subservient to the aggrandizement of the adjoining states, to the detriment of the general equilibrium, and her fall would have occasioned such a change in the existing proportions of the great powers, as to have altered the aspect of the globe altogether. France, and the other powers in common with her, so strongly felt this contingent result, that she, in concert with her allies, has constantly and loyally united in maintaining the Ottoman empire, however deeply their respective interests might be involved relatively to the preservation or fall of that kingdom.

"But the integral portion of the Ottoman empire spreads itself from the shores of the Black to those of the Red Sea. It is as essential to guarantee the independence of Egypt and Syria, as the inde-

new and swaggering title, which M. Thiers has invented for his protégé. Let the existing war go to what extent it will—let blood continue to be effused—let the treasure and the energies of the sultan and the rebel be squandered through campaign after campaign, still the act of deposition shall not be carried into effect, even though Ibrahim and his troops should prolong their resistance to the last!

This, therefore, is the *casus belli* laid down by M. Thiers. Assume that the success of the allies in Syria be as ample as they could desire, and that this success be obtained by hard fighting against Ibrahim, nevertheless the conquerors are to be told by France, "thus far you may go, but no farther;" if you attempt to maintain and enforce the deposition of Mehemet from his Egyptian pashalic, it will be by us considered as an aggression upon France, and we shall oppose it by force of arms. We consider the integrity of the Egyptian pashalic as essential to the balance of power as the integrity of the Ottoman empire itself. Let us read M. Thiers' denunciations upon this point.

"The question with respect to the limits which ought to be established in Syria, in order to divide the possessions of the sultan from those of the viceroy of Egypt, *might with safety be left to the chances of the war now actually in progress*, but France cannot prevail upon herself to abandon to such a chance the existence of Mehemet Ali as prince vassal of the empire. Whatever territorial limits may ultimately separate the two powers, by the fortune of war, their continued double existence is necessary to Europe, and France cannot consent to admit the suppression either of the one or the other. Disposed as she is to enter upon and take part in every acceptable arrangement which shall have for its basis the double guarantee of the existence of the sultan and that of the viceroy of Egypt, she confines herself at present to the declaration on her part, that she cannot consent to the carrying into execution of the act of deposition pronounced at Constantinople.

"In other respects the spontaneous manifestations of several of the powers who have signed the treaty of July 15, prove to us that in this respect we understand the term, 'balance of Europe,' in the same sense that they do, and that in this respect their views are not at variance with ours. We should regret this disagreement, which as yet we do not perceive, but we could in nowise swerve from this manner of comprehending and of assuring the maintenance of that equilibrium.

"France entertains the hope that Europe will appreciate the motives by which she has been induced to break the silence hitherto preserved by her. Her love of peace may be relied upon, as that senti-

wherever it could, injuring and interrupting British trade; and, more than once, insulting our national honour.

The attitude of France at this moment is undoubtedly one which is any thing but enviable. We deeply regret it. It is not for the interests of civilization, that a great country, possessing every quality fitting her to shine out as the mistress of every science, art, and accomplishment, by which human existence is improved and embellished, should have been thus reduced, by the vanity and the blunders of a charlatan, to the degraded position which she is now obliged to occupy. Isolated from all Europe, at a moment when her true policy would have placed her amongst the rulers of the world; stripped of her natural and just influence in the counsels of the great nations, when she might have been a distinguished leader in their deliberations; sacrificing, for a mere sound of rhetorical grandeur, a real grandeur which was well worth preserving; she remains, once more, just as much broken down and mortified as she was in 1815. The incapacity and the insolence of one man, has brought upon her another Waterloo; and it is a striking circumstance, that the manes of Napoleon should, at the moment, have gone back to France to witness the second downfal of that domineering spirit, of which he was, in life, the illustrious champion. May it be a final lesson to that country! May it teach her that her ambition is much too vast for the measure of her power, and that she only demoralizes her government, retards the march of constitutional liberty throughout Europe, and trifles wantonly with the happiness of a very large portion of mankind, as often as she attempts to realize those turbulent dreams of supremacy, which seem periodically to disturb and madden her glorious intellectual faculties.

The conduct of the whole British people throughout these late international debates, has been in every country, not even excepting France, the theme of unqualified and well-deserved eulogy. The lion, although the din of warlike preparations has been constantly sounding in his ears, and thousands of infuriated voices have been provoking him to battle, still lay in outstretched repose; not unobservant of the bustle that was going on around him, but waiting, with his characteristic dignity, for the moment when he ought, if it should become necessary, to rouse his dormant energies to action. It would be a great injustice not to acknowledge the consummate skill, the true statesmanlike superiority of view, the activity and success with which Lord Palmerston has discharged his duties,

ously supported, and that the war—in more appropriate words, the anarchical—faction, will speedily perish before the withering sternness of this speech, than which never was one uttered from a French throne more suitable to the necessities of the occasion that called it forth.*

ART. IX.—*Epigramma Greco-Cristiano de' primi secoli, &c. —Greek-Christian Epigram of the first centuries, lately found near the ancient Augustodunum, now Autun, in France; restored where necessary, and commented on by Father John P. Secchi, of the Society of Jesus.* Rome: 1840.

TWO words of preface must keep our readers waiting, before we enter upon the interesting little work before us.

The first regards the science of which it treats. The Christian archæology of the earliest centuries is a branch of sacred study hardly cultivated, as yet, out of Italy, and having its seat and centre in eternal Rome. Even whatever the Mabillons and Montfaucons may have done for it, must be considered as only emanations from that source. This is quite reasonable. Geology could not have sprung up in the midst of the Sahara, where one stratum of unfathomable as well as immeasurable sand presents no variety of physical features; and no more could the study of primeval Christian monuments have arisen, or have been cultivated, where they existed not to attract attention, and to furnish materials for application. Italy possesses, in almost every part, some remnants of the earliest Christian ages. Verona is rich in inscriptions; Milan has its Ambrosian monuments; Brescia contains many curious objects; Ravenna is a perfect Christian museum; city and suburbs are full of splendid edifices of the first Christian ages, churches erected or embellished by Justinian, Valentinian, or Galla Placidia. The domestic chapel, built by St. Peter Chrysologus, still serves, without any essential alteration, his worthy successor the present saintly archbishop; and the beautiful frescoes of Giotto have faded away or have been peeled off by damp, from the church of *Sta. Maria in Porto fuori;* while the mosaics of double their age, in the apsis of the neighbouring basilica of *St. Apollinare in Classe,* display as yet almost their original freshness. But all the monumental riches of these, and all other Italian cities

* Our Catholic readers will turn with great satisfaction to the admirable speech of the Comte Montalembert, in support of the preservation of the peace of Europe.

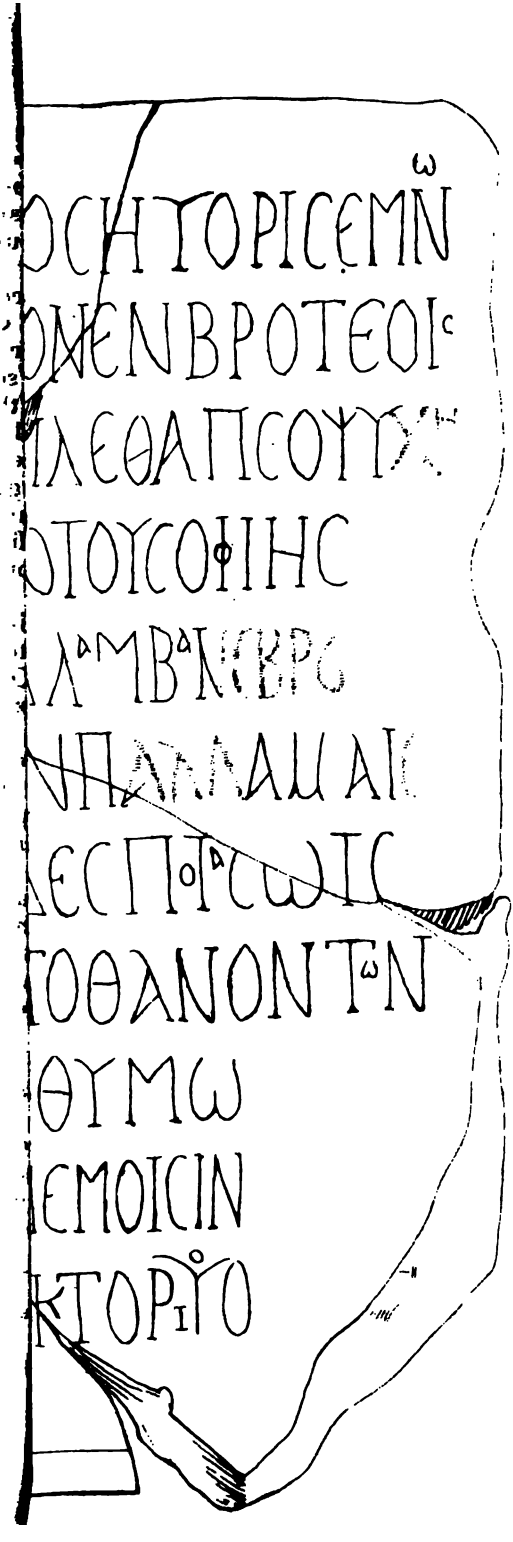
whether wielding the sword or the compasses, whether destroying or repairing, have removed much, and left comparatively little, of what we revere; but still the granite columns or the porphyry wainscoting, the pavement or the outer walls remain; and when all has been covered and whitewashed, the site, with its secure tradition, the shrine, with its certain relics, remains unchanged, to carry back the feeling mind to the age in which the trenches for the foundations of the buildings were opened by an imperial hand, or the sacred deposit laid beneath its altar by a saintly pontiff. After this period, the work of tracing out the visitor's course becomes too complicated for us to undertake it. Every *region* of the city has its claims upon his next attention, every gate invites him—not unallured by the smiling hills that win him forward—to make a pilgrimage of every excursion, and pause on his way at one or more of the hallowed spots, which a large church, or a chapel, or a simple inscription by the road-side, recommends to his devout attention.

While our pen, almost unguided, has been rapidly tracing these paragraphs, our mind has been wandering over the scenes they record. We have revisited them all in spirit, and many more which we have not here set down. We have, in the last few minutes, threaded many a subterranean labyrinth with no other clue than memory; stopping here at an angle where the wall of sand is cut away, to admit the pale sepulchral lamp, which lighted the diverging corridors; peeping into half-opened tombs, in which every bone yet lies in its place, unremoved because wanting any token of martyrdom; have read the names of saints beside their effigies painted in the little chapels,—the squares of those subterranean streets. We have almost leapt from sanctuary to sanctuary, with that rapidity, which the imagination itself can only have when the affections lend it wings; have recalled to our minds the exact forms, the nicely-distinguishing features of each, their specific treasures of art and of holiness; we have peopled them for their festival-days, we have worshipped in them in twilight solitude; and we now awake from our trance, to apologize to our readers for having imagined that we could draw others after us as fast as we run ourselves, over a ground which it requires years of familiar and loving intercourse to know as it deserves; years of that intercourse which makes the very stones of a standing temple as dear as were the dispersed ones of Sion's sanctuary to the Israelite, and which gives us friendship for unspeaking forms. It will be, at least, allowed

of the pamphlet which we desire to make known to our readers. Father Secchi is professor of Greek in the Roman College belonging to the Society of Jesus. He is yet young; and though he has not published any large works, he has acquired no small reputation by his able philological and antiquarian essays, chiefly contained in the *Archæological Annals*, published by a German association in Rome, and in other periodicals of that city. In the prosecution of his Greek studies he has gone beyond the limits of ordinary attainments, and has made himself master of Sanskrit, as an auxiliary to his grammatical researches. Now he, with F. F. Marchi, Tepieri, and one or two other members of his order, is chief promoter and prosecutor of this extraordinary most *jesuitical* plan of bringing before the public, and within the reach of all scholars, the ancient monuments of Christianity. So much for the supposition of Rome's interest in concealing the faith and practice of primitive times, and of the jesuits being anxious to discourage such prying researches, and keeping the people in ignorance and subjection.

After what we have said, it will not surprise our readers to find a Christian inscription of the early centuries, found in France, travelling to Rome to be decyphered, nor to see Father Secchi's name on our pamphlet as its interpreter. We shall pretend to do little more than follow him as our guide in this article.

The city of Autun, anciently *Bibracte*, afterwards *Augustodunum*, later, in compliment to the Flavii (Constantius Chlorus and Constantine), *Urbs Flavia*, finally called by the more enviable title of *Ædua Christi Civitas*, was celebrated, even under the early emperors, for its learning and schools. Under Constantius Chlorus, who called to teach in it, the celebrated rhetorician, afterwards his panegyrist, Eumenius, it was distinguished for its *scholæ Mænianæ*, a term perhaps not sufficiently explained. Christianity was early introduced into Autun, and soon took a vigorous root there. St. Benignus, its apostle, about the middle of the second century, found there a senatorial family already Christian. The head of this family was Faustus, who took advantage of the presence of the first missionaries to have his son Symphorian baptized. The youth, under the instruction of his father, and of his mother Augusta, grew up a model of Christian virtue. Persecution soon came to try the stability of the infant Church. From Lyons the fury of the heathens spread to Autun; several of its apostles fell, and Faustus and his son were most



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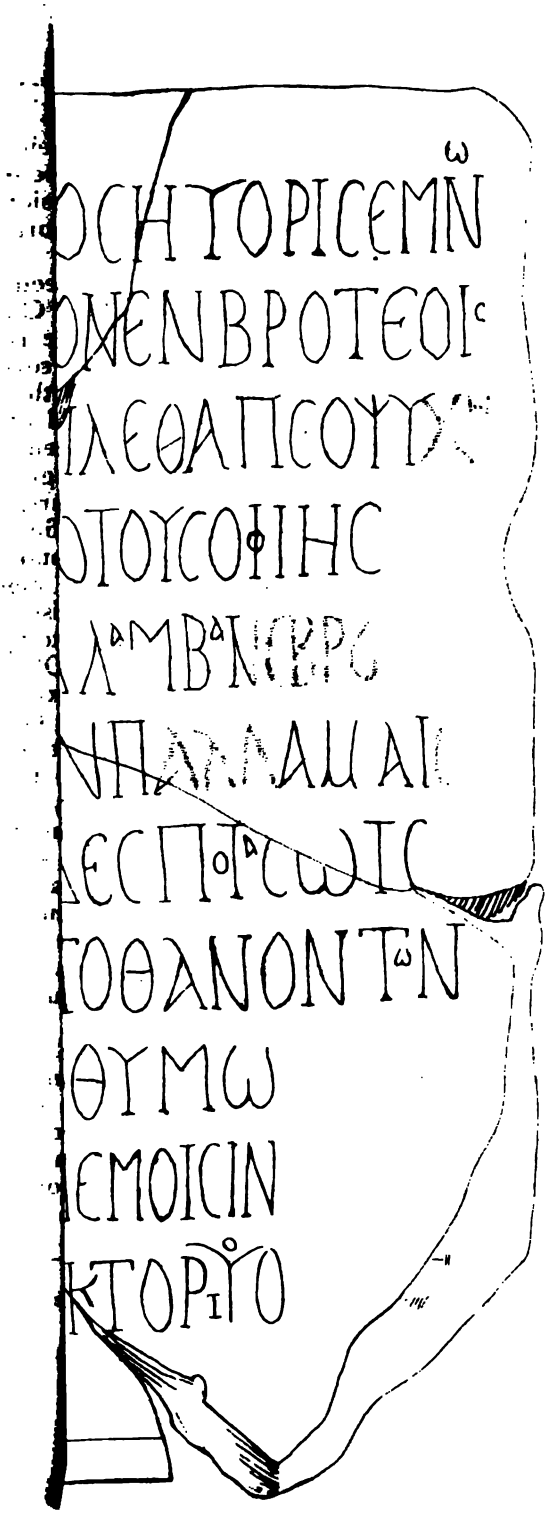

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ΕΜΟΙΣΙΝ
ΚΤΟΡΙΥΟ

Ἰχθυος ο[ὐρανίου θε]ῖου γένος ἤτορι σεμνῷ
Χρῆσε λαλῶ[νφωνη]ν αμβροτον ἐν βροτέοις·
Θεσπεσίων ὑδά[τω]ν τὴν σὴν, φίλε, θάπτε ψυχήν,
Ὑδασιν ἀενάοις πλουτοδότου σοφίης·
Σωτῆρος [δ'] ἁγίων μελιηδέα λάμβανε βρ[ῶμον],
Ἔσθιε, πῖνε δ[υοι]ν ἰχθυν ἔχων παλάμαις.

Ἰχθυι χ[ηρεί]α [γ]αλιλαίῳ, δέσποτα Σῶτ[ερ],
Εὐειδε[ιν] [μ]ητήρ σε, λίταζέ με, φῶς τὸ θανόντων.
Ἀσχάνδ[ε]ιε [πα]τερ, τῷμῷ κε[χα]ρισμένε θυμῷ
Σὺν μ[ητρὶ γλυκερῇ, σύγε καὶ δακρ]ύοισιν ἐμοῖσιν
Ἰ[λασθεὶς υἱοῦ σέο] μνήσεο Πεκτορίυιο

IXΘYC, patre Deo Deus, immortalia sancto
Mortales, inter corde locutus ait:
Rite sacris animâ sepelitor, amice, sub undis;
Dives ab æternis mente redibis aquis:
Sume cibum sanctis quem dat Servator alendis;
Mande, bibe, amplectens IXΘYN utraque manu.
Orba viro mater galilæo pisce, Redemptor,
Cernere te prece me petiit, lux luce carentûm
Aschandee pater, vita mihi carior ipsa,
Tu cum matre mea, nato lacrymante, piatus
Pectorii, pater, ipse tui memor esto precantis.

We must content ourselves with a further translation into humble English prose:—"The divine offspring of the heavenly ἰχθύς *(fish)* in his sacred heart, spoke among mortals with his immortal voice—'Bury, friend, thy soul in the divine waters, the eternal waters of richest wisdom; and take the sweet food of the holy, which the Saviour gives; eat, drink, having the ἰχθύς in both your hands.'

"Lord Saviour! the widow of a Galilean, ἰχθύς, my mother, entreated me to enjoy the sight of Thee, light of the departed! Aschandeus, my father! dearest to my soul, thou, with my dear mother, by my tears expiated, remember thy son Pectorius."

The inscription is, in truth, an epigram, divided into two parts. The first contains three distichs of hexameters and pentameters; the second five hexameters. The subjects of the two parts are likewise quite distinct. The former has reference to the mysteries of faith; the latter is the epitaph, probably, of the mother of the erector of the monument. The first portion has another peculiarity. The five first verses are acrostic, their initials composing the word ΙΧΘΥΣ, of which we shall have to say a few words just now.

Before speaking of the doctrines contained in this epigram, it will be proper to say something concerning its age. The form of the letters, and some peculiarities in their disposition,

much in the same manner: "Græcorum quinque verborum quæ sunt Ἰησοῦς Χριστὸς Θεοῦ Υἱὸς Σωτὴρ, quod est latine *Jesus Christus Dei Filius Salvator*, si primas literas jungas, erit ΙΧΘΥΣ, id est *piscis*, in quo nomine mystice intelligitur Christus.* It is possible that this acrostic explanation may have been an afterthought, to account for a symbol, whose origin was uncertain, and whose application was become problematic. Two things may, however, be added with tolerable certainty: that the term was occasionally even applied to Christians, and that the application was made with reference to their being born again of water. Hence the symbol, when found on a tomb, has sometimes been supposed to indicate the sepulchre of a catechumen, or a neophyte. These two points, which are very useful in explaining our inscription, seem to be clearly ascertainable from the following words of Tertullian: "Nos pisciculi secundum ΙΧΘΥΝ nostrum Jesum Christum in aqua nascimur."† In our inscription we seem to have the term so applied to Aschandeus, the father of Pectorius. From the whole tenor of the inscription, we should conjecture him to have died just after baptism. In this way we can better account for the first part of the epitaph, containing a mention of Christ's two-fold sacramental injunction—first, to be born again of water, and second, to eat of his flesh (baptism and the Eucharist being the two sacraments of new Christians); and thus we can explain the application of that mystical appellation to him. Let us now proceed to examine the dogmatical value of our inscription.

1. The two first lines, notwithstanding their *lacunæ*, give us a sufficiently clear testimony of the divine origin of the *Ichthus* or Christ, speaking as an immortal among mortals.

2. The second distich manifestly teaches the doctrine of baptism. The soul, and not the body, is commanded to be immersed in the sacred waters: those waters which bestow the gift of eternal life, and of choicest wisdom.

3. The third is still more interesting. "Take the honied food of saints, which your Saviour gives: eat, drink, having the ΙΧΘΥC (that is Christ) in both thy hands." In the foregoing distich the allusion to the symbol was couched under the invitation to plunge into the mystic waters: here the divine ἰχθύς is to be taken into the hands, and himself, by one act, eaten and drunk. The reality of His presence could not be more clearly intimated in an inscription composed while the *disciplina arcani* was in full vigour, and forbade distinct

* De Civ. Dei, lib. xviii. c. 23. † De Baptismo, lib. ii. cap. ii. n. 2.

FRENCH CATHOLIC LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

Le Guide du Catéchumène Vaudois, 2 vols. 18mo. This work is from the pen of Monsignor Charvaz, bishop of Pignerol, whose admirable *Recherches Historiques sur la véritable origine des Vaudois*, we had occasion to review in our number for October 1837. That work treated of the origin and history of the Vaudois sect. As a large part of the population of his lordship's diocese belong to it, and as the work of converting them is rendered difficult, by their adhesion to many doctrines on which the usual books of instruction afford but little aid, he has composed the present work. It is in the form of familiar conversations, and is divided into five books. In the first, after a short introduction, he explains, in three conversations, the dispositions necessary for entering upon an inquiry respecting the true religion, and answers the objection of the Vaudois that by their baptismal vows, they are precluded from changing their faith. The fourth conversation introduces us to the opinions of the Vaudois themselves, regarding the origin of their sect, and places the subject of inquiry on its true grounds as a question of fact. In the fifth, Philalethes is put on his guard by his Catholic instructor, against their mis-statements, and is thus prepared for the testimonies afforded by history upon the time and circumstances of the rise of this sect. In the last it is shown that the present Vaudois are the real descendants of Valdo, and cannot pretend to that antiquity which they and their English admirers would fain attribute to them. So far our author goes over much of the ground of his former work, as the reader can easily see by running over the article referred to above. After these statements, so necessary for placing the examination on its proper footing, the second book discusses the reasons which induce Philalethes to think it sufficient to belong to any denomination of Christians in order to be saved, which leads the Catholic to prove the institution of a Church by our blessed Redeemer, as well as its constant perpetuity and visibility. The third book explains the marks of the true church, the question of fundamental and non-fundamental doctrines, schism, exclusive salvation, &c. The second volume opens with the fourth book, which turns upon the insufficiency of scripture alone, as a rule of faith, private inspiration, and the usual calumnies against the Catholics, about the reading of the scriptures by laymen. This occupies five conversations; in the sixth, the author asks whether Protestantism owes its progress to the reading of the Bible only? In the seventh, he expounds the Catholic rule of faith, and proves in the eighth, that our Saviour instituted a public and authorized body to interpret scripture and regulate points of faith, to administer to the faithful the means of salvation, and to discharge the duties of ecclesiastical government in spiritual matters. In the last conversation, he establishes the infallibility of the teaching body in the Church. The

1. The Church is ever visible. 2. Are the sects dissenting from the Catholic Church in possession of the true faith? 3. Is scripture the sole rule of faith? 4. An external worship is prescribed:—the use of the Latin language in it. 5. Marks of the Church. Several objections from history are answered in the course of the work.

Les Vrais Principes sur la Prédication, ou Manière d'annoncer avec fruit la parole de Dieu. Par M. l'Abbé J. X. Vêtu, 8vo. 12fr.

Lettres d'un Catholique à un Protestant de l'Eglise anglicane, 1 vol. 18mo. These controversial letters, on the plan of the *End of Controversy,* are the work of M. l'Abbé Brajeul, curate of St. Saviour's at Dinan, who has had the happiness of converting more than one Protestant to the truth. He declares that the correspondence given in them, really took place, and that he has not made objections for the sake of answering them himself. His argument leads the reader from a proof of the unity of faith, to the establishment of one settled and invariable rule of faith, visible and infallible.

Théorie Catholique de la Société, ou Recherches nouvelles sur l'identité morale de la liberté avec la religion, prouvée par les rapports des trois faits sociaux, Dieu, le Roi, la Liberté. Par l'Abbé Baret; 1 vol. 8vo. 5fr. 50c.

Manuale compendium Juris Canonici, ad Usum Seminariorum. Each volume 2fr. 50c. M. Lequeux, who is at the head of the seminary at Soissons, has commenced the publication of this course of canon law. The first volume treats of jurisdiction in general, and as distributed amongst the different orders of the hierarchy. Two others will complete the *Institutiones Canonicæ,* and the fourth will be entitled *Specimen Juris Canonici,* and will contain an analysis of the *Corpus Juris Canonici,* with explanations respecting the manner of citing texts from it, &c. It will be closed by notices, prefaces, historical remarks, and a chronological table of the popes and councils.

Les Fleurs du Ciel, 1 vol. 8vo. 6fr. 50c. The Abbé Orsini undertakes to prove the antiquity and reasonableness of the honour paid to the saints, and explains the principal virtues by examples drawn from their lives.

Œuvres de Fénélon. This collection which is already printed, is to be published by subscription, (2fr. 75c. each volume) and will be complete in 39 volumes 8vo. 22,000 pp. It contains his life by cardinal Bausset, his correspondence, and some inedited letters.

Cornelii à Lapide in universam Scripturam sacram Commentarii. They will form ten volumes in 8vo. in double columns, and will be issued in twenty numbers of 600 pages each. A number (8fr.) will appear every month.

Cours de Lectures sur les vérités importantes de la Religion, 2 vols. 12mo. 5fr.

Rituel de Paris, 1 vol. 4to. pp. 840. 15fr. The late lamented archbishop of Paris appointed a committee of ecclesiastics to regulate a ritual for his diocese. They met frequently, and their labours occupied several years. Their reports were from time to time submitted

of Dante. In it, he places upon one canvass, presents at a single glance, all the philosophic doctrines scattered over the 'Divine Comedy,' now hid under the veil of allegory, now unfolded by the sages of antiquity, with whom he converses, or the sainted doctors of whom he spoke with such intimate familiarity, as of the angelic doctor whom he styles *il buon fra Tommaso.* The poet seems to have foreseen, that the deep and mysterious philosophy hidden under the garb of poetry, would escape the ken of many who would read his immortal strains, when he wrote

"O voi ch' avete gl' intelletti sani,
Mirate la dottrina che s' asconde
Sotto 'l velame delli versi strani."

But M. Ozanam has not been content with thus blending into one harmonious whole, the disjointed and scattered fragments; he has linked them to the philosophic systems of the ancient world, or to the more christian and more lofty form in which they were revived by St. Thomas, and the doctors of his age. It has been thought by some moderns, that he anticipated the unholy and profane opinions of the sixteenth century, and that he whom political opinions led to blame some of the Roman pontiffs, held in secret the rebellious principles so openly avowed in later times. M. Ozanam undertakes his defence, and boldly professes in the last chapter of the third part to establish his orthodoxy. That he was no forerunner of the Reformation, as Rosetti has ventured to assert, has been lately shown by the learned father Pianciani, *S. J.* professor in the college of the society at Rome, in an essay read by him in that city, and printed in the last number of De Luca's *Annali delle Scienze Religiose.* The fourth part contains some supplementary notices on the following points: was Dante of the Guelph or Ghibelline party? Beatrice; the early philosophical studies of the poet; the class of poetry to which his poem is to be referred. An appendix contains documents, or extracts from documents, in support of the author's views, amongst which the bull of Innocent IV, on the restoration of philosophy, is worthy of particular attention. Phrenologists may remark the following passages from St. Bonaventure: "The disposition of the parts of the human body presents numerous varieties, which, when interpreted by art, seem to correspond with different dispositions of the mind. Our masters in this art of interpretation, are Aristotle, Avicennes, Constantine, Palemon, Loxus, Palemoteus. We will follow in their train. He then enters into details, from which we select only a few lines. "A very large head is an ordinary sign of stupidity; a very small one betrays the absence of judgment and memory. A head flat and sunk in the crown, shows fickleness of heart and mind; when elongated after the manner of a hammer, it has all the signs of foresight and circumspection. A narrow forehead reveals an indocile mind and unruly appetites; a too wide one would mark want of discernment. If it be square and of just dimensions, it has been stamped with the seal of wisdom, and perhaps of talent." He thus concludes: "In

Par M. Henry.—Mr. Tierney has shown, in his introduction to his *History of Arundel*, the importance of local and particular histories, in filling up and completing the records of nations; and the present work, with the next upon our list, contains many facts interesting to the history of France and of our own country. "The abbey of Pontigny, of the order of Cîteaux, was founded in 1114, by Hilbert, canon of Auxerre, in a lovely plain, on the banks of the Serein. It was the second affiliation from Cîteaux, and had for its first abbot the B. Hugh, of Mâcon, the intimate friend of St. Bernard. Under him and his successors, many of whom, like him, were raised to the episcopacy, or the Roman purple, the abbey increased rapidly. In the space of a century it founded forty-five abbeys in France, Italy, and Hungary. (Of these M. Henry gives an account.) It enjoyed during three centuries the esteem of the Church and the veneration of the whole world. Sovereign pontiffs wrote letters to its abbots, which testify their regard towards it. Princes, princesses, and even kings, went thither in pilgrimage. Louis the younger, Philip Augustus, and St. Louis, visited the holy place, and enriched it with different privileges. It was the asylum of our persecuted English archbishops of Canterbury, of St. Thomas-à-Becket, (the holy and illustrious martyr) of Stephen Langton (during whose exile were composed the lines which describe so well the charity of the abbey,

'Est pontiniacum, pons exulis, hortus, asylum,
Hic graditur, spatiatur in hoc, requiescit in illo)—

and of St. Edmund, who is held in great veneration, and his entire body, that precious relic, is yet in the basilica, placed in a reliquary, upon the high altar. The abbey lasted 676 years. The basilica was built about 1150, by Thibault-le-grand, count of Champagne. In the appendix are more than fifty bulls of different Popes, from Innocent II to Pius IV, and many deeds and instruments in the language of the time. M. Henry is publishing also the history of Seignelay, his birthplace. The first volume has appeared.

Abbaye de Cluny, 1 vol. 8vo. 12f. Par M. Lorain. This celebrated abbey was founded in 909, "In a spot," says the old chronicle, "so remote from all human society, so full of loneliness, of repose, and peace, that it seemed in some sort the image of the heavenly solitude." Its history carries us to the glorious days when the monastic spirit was represented by such men as its abbot, Peter the Venerable, St. Bernard, and Abbot Suger. M. Lorain is full of admiration for the former, and prefers him to the holy abbot of Clairveaux. Although the world has not formed the same opinion, it must be confessed that the life and actions of Peter will in some points bear the comparison; and he may, in the history of that age, hold a distinguished place by the side of the saint, whose life he who has undertaken it is every way worthy to write.

Amongst the biographical works we notice two lives of the venerable Archbishop of Paris, one by Baron Henrion (1 vol. 8vo. pp. 350. 4f.), the other by M. d'Exauvillez (2 vols. 8vo. 7f. 50c.), with an abridgment, by the latter, in 18mo. (80c.)

GERMAN CATHOLIC LITERATURE.

Der Abfall von den Lebens principien der Kirche und des Staats nachgewiesen in der Lehre des Abbé De la Mennais. Aus dem Französischen des Abbé Gerbet.—An apostacy from the vital principles of Church and State, demonstrated in the doctrine of the Abbé de la Mennais. By the Abbé Gerbet; translated from the French; Augsburg, 1839.—There is not, perhaps, a more melancholy phenomenon in the whole history of the Church, than the fall of the Abbé de la Mennais. The example of Tertullian bears the strongest resemblance to this deplorable case; yet Tertullian, soon after his apostacy, preserved, and defended with zeal and talent many catholic truths; but, in the instance before us, we find an absolute and total renunciation of Christianity. Tertullian, even after he left the Church, seemed yet to love to linger within its shadow; but this unhappy spirit, since he abandoned his Father's house, hath been plunging deeper and deeper into those frightful solitudes, where no fountain springs, no herbage grows, and the human voice itself sounds hollow and sepulchral.

How awful, indeed, is the change that hath come over this mighty spirit! We knew him a glorious seraph in the Church; the pride and glory of her sons; the terror of her enemies; and now behold him in his fall an object of mournful sympathy for all Christians, and of cruel derision to those very jacobins with whom he has associated, and who now insult him by their adulation. What a lesson of deep humiliation and self-distrust should this example be to us.

It is remarkable that at the very moment when, by this sad apostacy, La Mennais repudiated the noblest recollections of his life, blasted his own reputation, and renounced, if we may so speak, his very intellectual existence, those disciples whom he had reared with so much care, or who had, at least, received a powerful impulse from his genius, not only have condemned the revolt of their master, but are become the most able and eloquent organs of religion in France. The Abbé Gerbet, the most profound of French theologians; the Abbé Lacordaire, a most eloquent preacher; the Abbé Salinis, a very elegant writer; M. Rio, one of the most eloquent of the Catholic writers of France; Count Montalembert, one of its most learned and ingenious historians; M. de Coux, its deepest political economist; these have made to the Church ample compensation for the loss she has sustained in the services of their master.

The work before us is a masterly refutation of the religious and political errors of M. de la Mennais, as contained in the work, entitled "Affaires de Rome." It originally appeared in the admirable periodical entitled, "L'Université Catholique," and has since been published in a separate form. We have seen parts of the original, and the German translation before us is excellent.

singularity of this view, we are by no means astonished that M. de la Mennais, when he first transgressed the limits of Catholic obedience, should have taken refuge in opinions of this kind. When he abandoned the Catholic church, he must have felt an internal repugnance to looking for an asylum in Protestantism against which, in his last writing, he has manifested a deep indignation. In such a state men naturally seek to bring about a compromise between their ancient faith and their new opinions; but the notion which we have just pointed out, seems, at first view, to bear upon it this character. On the one hand it differs from Protestantism, inasmuch as it acknowledges the divine institution of the Catholic church.* But on the other hand, the destruction of the Catholic church, when it should take place, can occur only at the moment when it has ceased to correspond to its divine destination in respect to the world. And when in its days of decline, it should take a fancy, like the dying synagogue, to crucify the truth, will not their resistance to its unjust commands be the first act, whereby *the children of futurity* will hail the advent of the new kingdom of God? Thus the new heresy, separated from Protestantism at its outset, approximates to it in its progress, and terminates in the same common limit, by denying the obedience due to the authority of the church."—pp. 13, 14.

After showing that tradition constitutes the very essence of the Catholic church, and that the doctrine of the perpetuity of the church and its ministry to the end of days, forms a part of that tradition, M. Gerbet refutes the objection which La Mennais had drawn from the downfall of the ancient synagogue, in the following masterly manner:—

"It is said, if the synagogue, though of divine institution, were perishable, why should not the church be so likewise? Why? because the synagogue was the stone of expectation; but the church the finished edifice; because the one was the daughter of promise, the other the daughter of fulfilment; because the one expected a prophet greater than Moses, 'the desired of all nations,' in whom the human race from the beginning of time had been blessed; but the church since Christ looks for nothing more till the end of time. Lastly, because the synagogue had not, like the church, expressly taught that it had received all ages for its inheritance. And thus it follows, that so far from our being justified in inferring the destruction of the church from the downfall of the synagogue, we should deduce the very reverse, and say the church is perpetual, and for the very reason which will not permit us to ascribe the same perpetuity to the synagogue; for in the tradition of the one the promises of immortality have ever resounded, while in the traditions of the other those promises were not heard, or rather had given place to prophecies of change and decay."—p. 16.

In the second part of his work, M. Gerbet refutes the revo-

these all hastened to join in a chorus of approbation of the measure, and to stimulate the government in its fatal course.

The author passes in review all the important acts in the eventful struggle between the Prussian Government and the Catholic Church; the imprisonment of the Archbishop of Cologne; the defence which the Prussian Government attempted of that indefensible act; the energetic remonstrance of the holy see; the persecution of the inferior clergy in the Rhenish Province and Westphalia; the treachery of the Hermesians; the calumnies of the Protestant and infidel press against the doctrines, institutions, and ministers of the Catholic faith; the fluctuating policy of the Prussian Government; the prosecution of the Archbishop of Posen for enforcing the papal bull, relative to the benediction of mixed marriages; the second vigorous remonstrance of the Holy See; the pretext under which this zealous and intrepid prelate was inveigled from his diocese to Berlin; his sentence of deposition from the episcopal office, and of imprisonment for six months, adjudged by a lay Protestant tribunal, on account of the discharge of duties purely ecclesiastical; his escape from Berlin, and his imprisonment in Colberg; the universal grief which this measure has excited, not only among the clergy, but the nobility, middle classes and peasantry of Prussian Poland; such are the principal events in this momentous struggle, which our author brings before his readers in a rapid but vigorous outline. He shows, moreover, that in despite of all the acts of the government, the falsehoods of the Protestant press, and the timidity or truckling of a small minority of the clergy, especially in the diocese of Cologne, the good sense of the people has not been deceived; but that all orders of Catholics in Posen, Westphalia, and the Rhenish Provinces, clearly see that in this struggle are involved the freedom or the servitude, the existence or the destruction, of Catholicism in Prussia.

The work is closed with some very profound reflections on the present religious and political state of Europe, and on the causes which led first to the reformation, and afterwards to that ungodly revolution in Church and state, which is only its legitimate consequence. This is a favourite theme of Görres; yet it is wonderful to see what endless variations he introduces in the management of it.

Our limits will permit us to make but few extracts. The following passage, describing Napoleon's persecution of the church, and his sudden precipitation from power, when his wicked designs were about being accomplished, exhibits that fine union of eloquence, deep thought and irony, which is peculiar to Görres.

"Perhaps," says he, "this government (the Prussian), stood on the same pinnacle of power, as did Napoleon when he engaged in a similar enterprise; together with France; Spain, Germany, and Italy, then lay at the feet of this strong man, while Russia, in confederacy with him, was subservient to his views and interests. He

eyes at the foot of the Alps,* brought to shame and ruin, by the right arm of the people that bragging, bullying radicalism? Hath He not in Ireland raised up anew the Catholic population, that for centuries had been trampled under foot, and doth not His hand now conduct it, together with the faithful portion of the British nation, amid the hostile array of its infuriated enemies, towards that destination which He hath assigned to it? How carefully hath He not watched over His church in the French empire? How hath He protected her amid all revolutions and insurrections, till, in her poverty, she hath become a marvel and a despair to her enemies? And do we not, at this hour, see Him still carrying on the same work in the Spanish Peninsula? So, *Et nunc reges intelligite, erudimini qui judicatis terram. Servite Domino in timore, et exultate ei cum tremore. Apprehendite disciplinam, ne quando irascatur Dominus, et pereatis de viâ justâ. Cum exarserit in brevi ira ejus; beati omnes qui confidunt in eo.*"

Die Geschichte Jesu Christi des Sohnes Gottes und Weltheilandes. Von Dr. Johann Baptist von Hirscher, Professor der Theologie zu Freibourg; Tubingen, 1839; *Verlag der Lauppschen Buchhandlung.*

The History of Jesus Christ, the son of God, and the Saviour of the world. By Dr. Jean Baptiste de Hirscher, Professor of Theology at Fribourg; Tubingen, 1839. Sold by H. Laupp. Protestantism is in fact a denial of the Christian dogma. Great as were the efforts made by the heretics of the sixteenth century to constitute themselves into an essentially evangelical communion, history is at hand to prove to us, by the inflexible logic of facts, that Christianity cannot maintain itself along with the principles of the Reformation. If, at first, Luther and those of his school warmly maintained the faith in Christ and in his redemption, this faith was a remnant of belief and habits, which had passed from the ancient church to the new communion of dissenters. Life is seldom instantly destroyed, and it is by slow degrees that a powerful living organization arrives at dissolution; there is often an external appearance of vigour, while the canker has reached the seat of vitality, and death is inevitable. This is the history of the reformation. In proportion as the innovators withdrew further from the church, and as time widened the gulph which they had opened, the principle of Protestantism acquired more consistency, developed itself more powerfully, and sought to obtain its rights. From a given cause its effects naturally follow; they may be checked for a time by violent measures, but sooner or later they reach their height; it is thus that from reform to reform, from protest to protest, from negation to negation, the Protestant Church has reached that point when it cannot be said to have any decided dogma or rule of faith; by dint of critical enquiries, and rational notions, the Bible itself, that cornerstone of pure christianity, has become, in the hands of the German

* Görres alludes to the revolt at Zurich, which put down the irreligious government of that canton.

Jesus Christ. We should look in vain for polemics in this work. The author has given a simple recital of the life of Jesus Christ, as it has been left us by the four Evangelists, introducing into his recital a strict and logical chain of facts. When he allows himself to make reflections, they are for the purpose of shewing how completely in the Gospels everything is connected, and tends to the realization of a divine plan. After having narrated the facts which preceded and accompanied the birth of the Messiah, he points out how the infancy, the youth, and the obscurity of the Saviour, form a homogeneous whole, with the public ministry he began to exercise at the age of thirty years. The remainder of the book is employed in the development of the great truth, that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, the Messiah, that is to say, the Saviour of the world. The first manifestation of the Christ, was the symbol of his coming in the midst of men. At the moment when he was about to begin his august ministry, he took his stand as conqueror of the Prince of darkness; as conqueror of Satan. The temptation in the desert was not only to be the emblem of his own victory over the sensuality, pride, and ambition of the world, it was also to be a pledge of the same victory to be obtained in future by all true disciples, over the lying suggestions of the infernal spirit. The author next considers the object which Jesus Christ proposed to himself in his incarnation; and then develops, in a series of chapters, the realization of the glorious purposes of the Messiah, and the gradual establishment of his kingdom amidst the children of men. Everywhere we find our author taking up his position on the ground of the Gospel. And in every line we recognize the profound thinker and the Christian, zealous for sound doctrine. We wish that space allowed our quoting some of the fine passages which have most struck us; but we must be content with the general indications we have given of the plan. One remark will be sufficient to make our readers sensible of the value of the interesting work we are announcing. In spite of the anti-Catholic atmosphere in which he has lived, our author has held the true doctrine faithfully and firmly. In his present work, he has attacked modern incredulity at the root, without wearying his readers by any form of systematic science. While addressing himself to the most enlightened reason, he still touches the heart. His words penetrate the soul of the reader of the life of Jesus—for in it we find the noble simplicity and all-powerful unction of the old ecclesiastical writers. The work of M. de Hirscher is a valuable present to Catholic literature, and will not fail to do much good.

Warum bin ich Katholik, oder gilt es gleich, ob man diese oder jene Religion bekenne? Beantwortet in populären Kanzelvortragen von Aloys Schloer, Doctor der Theologie und Weltpriester. Gratz, 1840, *in der T. A. Kienreich'schen Buchhandlung.* Why am I a Catholic; or, is it indifferent what religion we profess? this Question treated in a series of Sermons, made available for the use of all the

spirit, the Church has instituted ecclesiastical retreats, where, during a longer or shorter time, the clergy may devote themselves to meditation upon their holy duties, and seek to acquire fresh strength for their difficult task. These retreats have long existed in Italy and France; in Germany they become more and more frequent, and even where not at present established, the want of them is felt. The work we have cited, owes its origin to one of these retreats, which took place a short time ago in the diocess of Seckau. The author has taken for his basis the inimitable spiritual exercises of Saint Ignatius; and according to the plan and method of the great founder of the Society of Jesus, he has divided his materials over every day of the retreat. Besides the meditations of Dr. Schloer, which bear the impress of a soul seeking to sanctify itself and others, there is in the collection the opening discourse pronounced by Mgr. Zängerte, the Prince Bishop of Seckau; and three others held upon the same occasion by the Rev. Dr. Buchinger, director of the ecclesiastical seminary. This book has not only the merit of being useful and salutary, it is also another sign of the religious progress now daily making amongst us. We should think we failed in our mission if we registered and analysed, merely the productions of German Catholic literature: it is important that these publications should also be the mirror of the religious and social life of our epoch.

Geschichte der Kreutzzuge und des Königreichs Jerusalem, aus dem Lateinischen des Erzbischofs Wilhelm von Tyrus, von E. und R. Kausler. Mit 1 *Kupfer,* 2 *Planen und* 1 *Karte. Stuttgart in der Krabbe'schen Buchhandlung,* 1840. History of the Crusades, and of the Kingdom of Jerusalem; translated from the Latin of Archbishop William of Tyre, by E. and R. Kausler, with an engraving, two plans, and a map. Stuttgard; at the library of Krabbe, 1840.

There is perhaps no science of which the spirit of error has so greatly abused, in order to extend its own dominion amongst men, as that of history; and during three centuries, the partizans of schism have done all in their power to destroy one of the most solid bases of Christian Catholic truth; they have succeeded but too well, as is proved by the numerous and deplorable ruins which we meet with everywhere in the religious and also in the political world. History rests entirely upon testimony. The historian can neither invent nor alter facts; his duty is to show the chain of causes and effects, by the help of the materials with which time has furnished him. But it is evident, that from the moment when the authority of testimony was rejected in religious questions, and made to give way to the caprices of individual reason, the weight of testimony would become an inconvenient restraint, to be shaken off on the first opportunity. So indeed it was, and history, instead of remaining the science of truth, became the auxiliary of falsehood; instead of being the recital of facts, it became the organ of a party to whom truth was hateful. It became an ignoble romance, a chimera to which all reality was sacrificed.

afterwards he took a journey to settle some family affairs, and at a later period, Amalric entrusted him with the education of his son Baudouin, who appointed him chancellor of his kingdom, when, at the death of his father, he assumed the reins of government. In 1174, he was elected Archbishop of Tyre, and as such, assisted at the third Synod of the Lateran. The period of his death is uncertain. William of Tyre wrote two historical works—the one is lost, its title was *Gesta Principum Orientalium.* The other, entitled *Historia rerum in partibus transmarinis gestarum a tempore successorum Mahumet usque ad annum Domini* 1184. The second is the History of the Crusades, and obtained for its author the reputation of the greatest historian of the middle ages.

Having stated in his preface what he conceives to be the duty of every good historian, William of Tyre proceeds to give the motives which have induced him to transmit to posterity an account of the great actions by which the Crusaders have distinguished themselves, the matters which form the object of his book, and the sources from whence he has drawn them. "It is," says he, "the will of king Amalric, of glorious memory, and the reiterated orders we have received from him, and which we could not refuse to obey, which have principally determined us to undertake this work. We have likewise, in conformity with the will of the monarch, written another history, for which he furnished us with the Arabian books that we required. This book sets forth the events that have taken place since the time of the seducer Mahomet, until this present year, 1184 after the birth of our Saviour, and comprehends a period of 570 years. In our recital we have chiefly followed the statements of the venerable Seid, son of Batrick, patriarch of Alexandria. In the present work, in which we have not required to consult either Greek or Arab authors, we have adhered, (except in a few instances where we were ourselves eye-witnesses.) to oral traditions, and we have begun our recital with the expedition of those pious and valiant princes, who, in obedience to the will of the Most High, have come from the Western Kingdoms, and have conquered, by their bravery, the Holy Land, and almost all Syria; from thence we shall continue our history down to the Sieur Baudouin IV, who is the seventh in the succession of our kings, if we reckon the Sieur Duke Godfrey as the first. This period, at which we have laboured with much care, comprehends a space of eighty-four years. In order that the reader may acquire an exact knowledge of the state of the east, we have preceded the principal history with a succinct account of the beginning and duration of the slavery of these countries, of the state in which the faithful lived during this interval, under the dominion of Mussulmen; and finally of the causes which have determined the princes of the west, after this long and continual servitude, to take up arms to deliver the holy places from the yoke of the infidel, and to expose themselves to all the dangers and fatigues of such a pilgrimage.....We have divided the book into twenty-three books, and each book into chapters, that we might

drunkenness, prodigality, and midnight gambling, stood sentinels. The clergy did not live more regularly than the people; the words of the prophet were realized—'As the people, such are the priests.' (Osea iv. 9; Isaiah xxiv. 2). The bishops were become negligent, dumb dogs that barked not; they were respecters of persons; they oiled their heads with the oil of sinners; and like hirelings, forsook their flocks when they saw the wolf coming. Without considering the word of the Lord, who has said, 'Freely you have received, freely give,' (St. Matt. x. 8), they became guilty of the crime of simony; and defiled themselves by the sale of ecclesiastical benefices; in a word, 'all flesh had corrupted its ways before the Lord,' (Gen. vi. 12). The sinners were not troubled by the signs which God shewed in the heavens and on earth, to terrify, and turn them from evil. 'For there were pestilences, and famines, and the earth quaking,' (St. Matt. xxiv. 7), and other scourges, of which the Saviour speaks in the Gospel. But they continued all the more in the ways of iniquity, 'wallowing in the mire, like the sow that was washed,' (11 Epist. St. Peter ii. 22), and like animals in their uncleanness. As if the long suffering of God could have no limits: to them might be applied the words of the prophet—'Thou hast struck them, but they have not grieved; thou hast bruised them, but they have not received correction.' (Jerem. v. 3)." One sees in this picture an impartial historian, who fears not to shew in all their enormity the disorders of a period very near to that in which he lived—although an archbishop, although the minister of a king, he hides neither the faults of the clergy, nor those of the sovereign. We everywhere perceive upright intentions, sound judgment, a cultivated mind, a man profoundly religious. One is above all astonished at the variety of his knowledge, and his profound intelligence of the sacred Scriptures; and yet, William of Tyre lived in the midst of the 12th century. We think it right to draw the attention of the reader to this circumstance, because our separated brethren still persist in representing the Catholic Church, as having always, and especially before the reformation, been negligent of the study of the Bible, The first part, which we have before us, brings us to the seventh book, and concludes with the arrival of the Crusaders before Jerusalem. The translation is simple, like the text itself; it was in all respects desirable to preserve, in the recital of the illustrious Archbishop of Tyre, its proper characteristics. We can only repeat what we have already said, and give all praise to the Messieurs Kausler, for rendering accessible to the public an author who will do justice to the Crusades. By labours such as these, are prepared, for a future generation, the means of reconstituting the general plan of historical science upon its natural basis.

Vorträge über die in der pabstlichen Kapelle "übliche Liturgie der Hillen Woche;" von Dr. Nicolaus Wiseman, pabstlichen geheimen Kammerer, und Rector des englischen Kollegiums in Rom. Aus dem Englischen übersetz durch Joseph Maria Axingen, Domkapitular von Evreux. Augsburg, 1840, *in der Karl Kollmann's'chen Buch-*

Die neueste Geschichte von Oesterreich unter den Regenten ausdem Hapsburg Lothringer Hamme, vom Jahre 1789 *bis* 1839, *von T. A. Boost. Augsburg,* 1839, *in der K. Kollmann'schen Buchhandlung.* Modern History of Austria, under the Sovereigns of Hapsburg Lorraine, from 1789 to 1839, by T. A. Boost. Augsburg, 1839; published by Charles Kollmann.

The author of these two works has endeavoured by a short statement of the great events which have taken place in the course of half a century, to shew the working of the two contrary principles, which now dispute the government of the world,—the Catholic and the Protestant principle. He has contemplated these events in a religious point of view, the only one from which we can obtain a correct and comprehensive idea of history. Having himself been a close observer of the scenes he describes; having taken an active part in affairs, and thus acquired a tact which is very necessary to every conscientious writer, but which experience alone can give; he has endeavoured to leave to posterity a just appreciation of facts, and to shew that there is no happiness for any people but in their fidelity to the Church: since this fidelity is at once the guarantee of all rights and of all duties. The epoch in which we live is one of struggle and transition; Protestantism has reached its height in the absolute denial of the historical foundation upon which Christianity is based. The revolution, after having realized in the domain of politics, ideas subversive of the Christian mission, has shown its complete inability to contribute to the happiness or the stability of nations. In his history of France, M. Boost points out that the revolution, which has three times driven the lawful sovereign from the throne, was in fact, only the result of the unfortunate system followed during three centuries by the Bourbons, of always protecting the principles of the Reformation abroad, while they repressed them at home. Such inconsistencies bring always their own chastisement. The French cabinet, which lent its strong assistance to the partizans of heresy in Germany, seeking by their means, to sow, and to keep alive discord; and encouraging continual attacks upon those powers who had opposed the strongest barriers against the encroachments of error,—which, in short, had given its assistance to the reformation every where beyond its own dominions, received but a just punishment, when rebellion and reformation assumed the supremacy in France herself, and overthrew the throne which had so long cherished them. On the other hand, in the second history, we find the personification of the contrary principle, in the government of Austria. If we cannot on all points agree with the author, we are bound to admit, that at least he has not concealed the deplorable innovations of Joseph II, which contributed in no slight degree to bring about the degradation of the Catholic Church in Germany. But in works of this kind, it will not do to give a too minute attention to details: we should seek rather to fix our minds upon the leading idea of the author, and by its assistance to attain the full comprehension of his meaning. Instead of entering upon an

of powerful nations and victorious armies, they consider themselves as the authors and masters of events, and to render their views of the future illusory. It is for this reason, that we so often find in history, that on many occasions the most trifling incidents decide great affairs; that things seldom happen according to human calculations and probabilities; that what does really happen is exactly what seemed most unlikely. But at the bottom of all this, we perceive a higher direction, which is no mystery for the man who believes in a more than earthly destiny for the human race. The result is, that religion presents to us the only beacon which can enlighten the past and the present, and unfold to us the mysteries of future times; the religious man alone can seize the thread which can conduct him through the labyrinth of ages. . . . . If, then, we look without prejudice upon the present political and religious situation of so many European states; we are forced to own that it resembles the sea, whose depth cannot be sounded, by looking upon the stormy surface, lashed into fury by the winds of heaven. If we consider attentively these states, we shall see that society corrupts less at its base, than at its summit; that scepticism and epicurism gnaw the heart of the upper classes, and that the first is suicidal of itself, while the second exhausts the intellectual and physical faculties. We shall see that in many countries, a spiritual and moral apathy, stupid routine, ruinous custom, a want of will and energy, the absence of profound and independent convictions, a want of patriotism, and in a word, the utmost dryness of mind and egotistical indifference, are the predominant characteristics of those classes which give the tone to society. We see social order shaken to its foundations, since, owing to the many religious commotions that have taken place, no living faith, no deep conviction, can now take root in the hearts of men. From hence it arises, that in many lands, the domestic hearth is shaken by anarchy, and paternal authority set at naught; since domestic as well as public morals have become insecure, uncertain, and powerless. The hidden as well as the open struggle of our days, is therefore not to be looked upon as a mere political contest, between monarchy and republicanism, despotism and liberty; the question is not now of wars to conquer countries and crown: it is a more universal struggle, one which touches the very existence of humanity. It is the struggle between the affirmative and the negative principle: between Christian faith, and anti-Christian incredulity,—which latter, like religious truth, has its chiefs, its pulpits, its meetings, its mysteries, shewing itself sometimes in the domains of religion, sometimes in those of politics; following now one banner, and now another, as seems most expedient for helping on the great work of the destruction of all social institutions."

An historian who lays down such principles as these, must attain to satisfactory results; for it is clear that he comprehends his mission, as also the essential character of the science to the study of which he has devoted himself; and that such is the author's real method of

judging, is evident from the two works before us. The Almighty Creator, is at once the foundation, and the keystone of history, and must be, or it degenerates into romance. Out of the Divinity there is no truth, nothing but error and falsehood; whoever then would fulfil the first duty of an historian, that of being impartial and true, must learn to see in the succession of events, only the realization of the divine intention; and this M. Boost has endeavoured to do, with the most scrupulous attention. He judges of men and things without passion; he has rendered to all a due measure of justice, without respect to their belief or political opinions. He has shown men and events as they were, and not as he would have preferred to have had them. In a word, he is a faithful narrator.

Hermeneuticæ Biblicæ generalis principia rationalia Christiana et Catholica selectis exemplis illustrata exhibet usibus auditorum Joannes Ranolder, SS. Theol. Doctor, in Lyceo episcopali quinque; Eccles. linguarum Hebrææ et Græcæ, et studii utriusque fœderis professor p. o. Cum approbatione Reverend Ordinarii Episcopi quinque Ecclesiis, typis Lycei episcopalis, 1838.

One of the principal subjects of ecclesiastical instruction, is the study of the Holy Scriptures. We must therefore welcome with eagerness, whatever may contribute to diffuse an understanding of the holy books, amongst those who are called to distribute to the faithful the nourishment of the divine word, and to defend the Catholic Church against her enemies. Especially in our times, it is important that youth should be forearmed against the maxims which have prevailed in certain parts of Germany, by drawing distinctly the orthodox line, within which, only, we can move with security; this Dr. Ranolder has understood and done in his Hermeneutics. He has developed, with great depth of judgment and scrupulous care, the Catholic system, concerning the interpretation of the Holy Scriptures. What distinguishes the present work from many others of the kind, is great clearness in the ideas, and an inviolable attachment to the maxims of our holy religion.

Christ Katholische Dogmatik, von Dr. Anton Berlage, ordentlichem Professor der Theologie an der Academie zu Munster. Erster Band, Einleitung in die Dogmatik. Munster, in der Theissing'schen Buchhandlung, 1839. Catholic Dogma, by Dr. Antony Berlage, ordinary Professor of Theology at the Academy of Munster: 1st vol. Introduction to the study of Dogmatics. Munster, published by Theissing, 1839.

The principal object of this work is to shew the incompatibility of Catholic doctrine with the Hermesian system; and how completely the condemnation pronounced by the Holy See against Hermesianism is justified by theological science. It is easy to see the great importance of giving full evidence to the truth in a country where error still propagates its doctrines, in defiance of the solemn condemnation of the Pope. The author has shewn tact and judgment in the task he has undertaken.

Handbuch der Patrologie, von T. Annegarn, Professor der Theologie in Braunsberg; Munster, in Kathol. Bucher-Verlage von T. H. Deiters, 1839. Manual of Patrology, by T. Annegarn, Professor of Theology at Braunsberg; Munster, at the Catholic Library of T. H. Deiters, 1839.

M. Annegarn is one amongst those German writers who have always possessed the recommendation of sound and orthodox doctrine. One of his first works is an universal history, written for the use of Catholic youth, in which he has taken remarkable pains to represent every fact in its true light, and to guard his young reader against the innumerable falsifications to be found in Protestant histories. It may be supposed, therefore, in what spirit this author has drawn up the Manual of Patrology, which he has just given to the public. The choice of the subject would be in itself a recommendation; even if we had not long known the writer as indefatigable and conscientious. It is indeed to the study of the ancient fathers, that we must bring back our students in theology: if they are to become worthy ministers of the Church. From this source, they will derive noble inspirations, animate their faith and zeal, and here they will find victorious arms wherewith to conquer the partizans of error. The pamphlets of the day may give a certain varnish of erudition; but true, deep, and practical science, must be learned by studying the works of those, who treasured up the teaching of the apostles and their successors, to transmit it to future generations. M. Annegarn's book must certainly inspire in the young pupils of the sanctuary, a strong and most reasonable predilection for the writings of the Fathers of the Church.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

A. *Tables of Logarithms*; London: Taylor and Walton, (under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge,) 1839.

B. *Tables of Six-figure Logarithms, &c.* superintended by Richard Farley, of the Nautical Almanac Office. Longman and Co. 1840.

"There is a river in Macedon, and a river in Monmouth, ... and there is salmons in both." No two books of our day, are more alike than these, yet with an essential difference, which makes them two perfectly different books, to be used by perfectly different people: with this advantage, that when those who use either, have occasion to use the other, they will find no change except the essential one, all other points agreeing. To begin from the beginning; A was suggested to the Useful Knowledge Society, by a gentleman holding a certain office in a certain scientific society. B was suggested to Messrs. Longman by his successor. Mr. Farley is the actual superintendent of the press in both, as proved by the preface of A, and the

of Useful Knowledge, and finally makes its appearance in a separate and cheap form. This is a table of wonderful power, when it is considered that no turning over of leaves is necessary, and that the operation of taking the number to a given logarithm, is made as easy as that of taking the logarithm to a given number.

In fact, the power of logarithms is made most obvious by a sliding rule, and next, by a small table, such as the one we are now speaking of.

In mentioning the appearance of the second volume of Dr. Arnold's *History of Rome*, we are obliged to confine ourselves, on this occasion, to assuring our readers, that the work exhibits increasing excellence. While the scholar will find the amplest satisfaction, to the statesman are presented very profound and just views of constitutional liberty; and to perhaps the largest class—the general reader,—we add the assurance that the book is among the most *readable* we have ever seen.

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MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

SPAIN.—Among the cheering indications of a revival of Catholic spirit in this unhappy country, we may mention, that in the Christino provinces there are no fewer than five journals dedicated exclusively to the defence of Catholic interests. One, *The Religion*, appears at Barcelona; the names of three of the remaining four are, *The Voice of Religion*, *The Genius of Christianity*, and *The Catholic*.

There is likewise, at Madrid, an academy of ecclesiastical sciences, under the title of St. Isidore, in which, among several opinions which unfortunately manifest a tendency towards Jansenistical and Gallican ideas, sound and pure doctrines are maintained. On the first of April, we find, the subject was discussed, how far kings are absolutely independent of ecclesiastical power in temporal matters. At a preceding sitting, M. Garcia Ruiz read an essay on the primacy of honour and jurisdiction possessed by the Roman pontiff over the whole Church. He defended the Catholic doctrines, and replied to several objections. A discussion arose, new difficulties were moved and answered. This was on the eleventh of March; on the eighteenth the subject was again discussed, and the question turned on the infallibility of the Pope. One of the speakers used the following expression in defence of the proposition:—"Infallibility is necessary, as without it error would spring up and grow with impunity." "This," said he, "would have happened in the case of the heresy of Jansenius, if the Sovereign Pontiff had not possessed the exalted quality of infallibility. The dogmatical bulls, *Veneam, Domini, Sabaoth, Unigenitus*, and *Auctorem Fidei*, are additional proofs; and the submission with which they were received manifests the sentiment of the Church on the subject of infallibility." We rejoice to find likewise that there exists at Madrid a society for the amelioration of persons confined in the public prisons. Its members began with the young prisoners confined in one of the houses of correction, and sought to obtain for them the blessings of a moral and religious education. For this purpose, they addressed themselves to the fathers of the *Scuole Pie*, who instruct the youth in many parts of Spain. They readily promised their aid, and two of their body attend every day for the purpose of teaching a school in the prison, and on festivals they say mass and give instructions.

We propose now to give a brief account of the melancholy state of the Church in Spain, compiled by the *Ami de la Religion*, from the *Catolico* and some private documents. It presents a melancholy picture of the ruin and desolation caused by a long internal war, and is a proof of the necessity of the attempts which are now being made by the Spanish authorities to obtain a reconciliation with the head of the Church.

The state of the bishoprics is deplorable. Twenty-six sees are vacant by death, and the Queen Regent has nominated administrators, who govern them, against the canons and the will of the chapters.

Seven bishops are in exile in foreign countries; nine reside in Spain, but have been driven from their diocesses. Twenty-two only reside in their diocesses.

ROME.—On the 5th of October, his holiness solemnly consecrated the high altar of the church of St. Paul, which was destroyed by fire in 1823. He afterwards delivered a homily and celebrated mass. The homily has been since printed.

LUCCA.—The order of Malta has been restored in the states of the duke of Lucca.

AMERICA.—On Sunday, May 17th, 1840, the fourth provincial council of Baltimore was opened. Twelve bishops and one archbishop were present, five others were absent; two sees are vacant. The religious orders were represented by father C. Montgomery, provincial of the Dominicans, and F. Joseph Prost, superior of the Redemptorists. The bishops of St. Louis and Boston were the promotors, and the rev. Messrs. Damphoux and White secretaries. The theologians were seventeen in number. The bishop of Charleston preached the opening sermon. Five prelates made their profession of faith according to the decree of the Council of Trent. Everything was conducted according to the Pontifical. The second session was held on the 21st of May. A solemn dirge was performed by the bishop of Vincennes for his predecessor, Mgr. Bruté, whose funeral panegyric was pronounced by the bishop of Cincinnati. On the same day, the first stone was laid of a new church in honour of St. Vincent of Paul. On the 24th the last session was held in the cathedral, the decrees of the council were read, and the fathers signed them at the altar. The kiss of peace was then given, and the *Te Deum* chaunted. It is said that the council has petitioned for the nomination of a bishop to the see of Richmond, in Virginia, which has been governed, since the translation of its former bishop to Waterford, in 1822, by the archbishop of Baltimore. The fathers have further prayed for the appointment of a bishop to the see of Natchez, erected in 1837 for the state of Mississipi; the rev. Mr. Haydon, priest at Bedford, has declined to accept it. The bishops addressed on the 23rd a pastoral letter to their flock, in which they congratulate with them on the advances that religion has made since the last council. Two new bishoprics have been erected, Dubuque and Nashville; the number of priests and students in the seminaries, and schools of religious women, increased, churches built, and the sacraments have been more frequented; the violence of the press against our holy religion has diminished; the formation of a fund for aged or infirm priests is recommended; the rules are laid down respecting mixed marriages, and the conduct of the king of Prussia justly condemned. The bishops merely express the feelings of their clergy and people in the letter they have addressed to the illustrious confessors imprisoned by him. The fathers describe the evils of secret societies, and pray the faithful not to allow themselves to be carried away by the immoderate love of wealth, or by the

He who hath fought for you, He who hath fought with you, He will crown you.

Disdain not this pledge of love, admiration, and respect, proceeding from the hearts of your brethren in Jesus Christ, in provincial council assembled.

SAMUEL, Archbp. of Baltimore.
B. J. Bp. of Bardstown.
JOHN, Bp. of Charlestown.
BENEDICT, Bp. of Boston.
CHARLES AUGUSTUS, Bp. of Nancy and Toul.
MICHAEL, Bp. of Mobile.
FRANCIS PATRICK, Bp. of Arath, Coadj. of Philadelphia.
JOHN, Bp. of Cincinnati.
ANTHONY, Bp. of New Orleans.
MATHIAS, Bp. of Dubuque.
RICHARD, Bp. of Nashville.
CELESTINE, Bp. of Vincennes.

Baltimore, May 24th, 1840.

END OF VOL. IX.

C. RICHARDS, PRINTER, 100, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, CHARING CROSS.

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spirit of agitation and exasperation that accompanies the elections. Pious associations, conducive to sobriety and charity are recommended. The faithful are invited to pray for the benefactors of the missions, and the generosity of the associations established in Austria and France is mentioned with gratitude.—The bishops then addressed to the confessor-archbishops of Cologne and Posen, the following affecting and apostolic letter.

To their venerable brethren in Christ Jesus, the glorious confessors of the faith, Clement Augustus Droste de Vischering, Archbishop of Cologne, and Martin Dunin, Archbishop of Posen and Gnesen, the Metropolitan and Suffragans of the province of Baltimore. and all the Bishops assembled in council in that city.

Health, grace, praise, honour and glory.

Members of one and the same mystical body, animated by one and the same spirit, united by the vivifying influence of one and the same head, great as is the space of land and sea which separates us, we cannot but feel, glorious confessors, a sympathy in all that you have suffered. For the charity of Christ moveth us and mingleth our tears with the tears of those that are weeping, as our joy with the joy of those who are in gladness. The glory of your heroic acts hath reached even to us. We have been informed of the adverse designs, the calumnies, the menaces, the persecutions, the torments of exile and imprisonment, the arms of the powerful of this world against you and against the Church. We have been informed of the unshaken firmness, the constancy, and the faith of your episcopal soul. We have been informed of your meekness, your patience, your prudence, your wisdom, truly worthy of successors of the apostles. We have heard these things with admiration, with astonishment; and, in truth, in this age, which so many commendations exalt and praise for the mildness of its manners, its perfection in the arts, the loftiness of its science, the liberality of all its conduct, we have reason to be astonished when we see revived in these days the perfidy and the cruelty of the persecutors, and that more especially in countries enlightened by the gospel, and under princes professing the Christian religion. But God, who hath promised to be with his church to the consummation of ages, has, in the mercy and wisdom of his providence, opposed to the Constantius, the Valens, the Julian of our days, another Athanasius and another Basil, who, acting as a bulwark to their Churches, might protect the ancient faith, the institutions, the rights, and the laws of our fathers. We have wept over the oppression of the daughter of our people, over the scattered stones of the sanctuary, over the flocks bereft of their pastors; we have wept, but joy hath superabounded in the midst of our tribulation, and we have bounded with gladness because of the perseverance of the confessors of Christ, of the constancy of the martyrs, of the victory of those who have fought for the faith. Glory to you, confessors, martyrs, soldiers of Christ! Glory be unto you!